JOHN MUIR
of
WALL STREET

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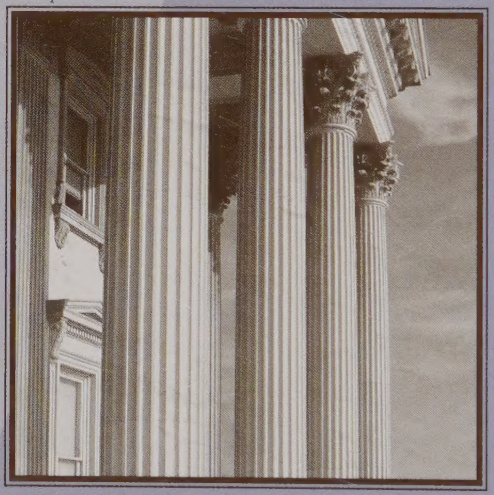

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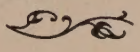
John Muir of Wall Street

A Story of Thrift

By
O. Muiriel Fuller



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by
O. Muiriel Fuller

Made in the United States of America

PREFACE

AMERICA'S familiarity with stories of men of humble origin who have won success, is such as to foster an easy indifference.

Individuals made the history of our country, individuals who led groups.

This story is but a bright thread in the tapestry of the history of the Northwest.

In one life generalization ceases and the particulars which make history personal and vivid are preëminent. Hence, biographies.

Perhaps this story may be a stimulus, a sign-post on the way all travel. If one little Canadian boy read the message of the sombre pines, others may read and run the race.

O. M. F.

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JOHN MUIR OF WALL STREET

PART ONE

CANADA

Oh, land of the dusky balsam,
  And the darling maple tree,
Where the cedar buds and berries
  And the pine grows strong and free!

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Canada, faithful Canada, fair
Canada, beautiful, blooming and rare
Canada, fairest land of the earth,
Hail to thee Canada, land of my birth.

ANON.

Chapter I

BEGINNINGS

THERE is a small town bordering on the blue waters of Lake Ontario, which by the middle of the last century had barely emerged from the Canadian wilderness. Reminiscent of the white cliffs of Dover, the heights of boulder-clay and sand stand out boldly above the water, quite definitely setting apart this bit of the province of Ontario from the rest of the coastline.

In the days of the Indians these lake-shore cliffs were a splendid defence against the enemy. The soil was rich and there were magnificent forests unbroken by the sound of the settler's axe. Fish and game were plentiful and fruits were found in abundance. This spot under the tall pines was an earthly paradise for the red man.

The little town of Scarborough takes its name from the Norse word for the most prominent feature of the landscape. A face or cliff in the Norse tongue is *scar*, the *borough* of course meaning town. In the Forties the Canadian town was as typically English as her British cousin-town after which she might have been named.

Added to the natural features mentioned the land was well drained and water power was unlimited. Wolves and bears roamed as freely as the Indians, with only an occasional trapper and Indian trader venturing there. It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that a Scotch stone-mason, David Thomson, and his wife dared to settle near the cliffs facing Lake Ontario.

The famous border country of England and Scotland, surrounding the Cheviot Hills, has bred many fine men

and women. Not least of these were those sturdy pioneers who ventured forth while the last century was still young to settle the wilds of the United States and Canada.

John Bell was born March 9, 1791, in the parish of Stanhope, county of Durham, England. About eighteen miles northwest of Stanhope in the adjoining county of Cumberland, is the mining town of Alston, where Sarah Walton was born May 14, 1789. John Bell met and married the red-haired Sally with the milk-white skin who was two years his senior. In May, 1818, they journeyed the fifty miles to Sunderland on the east coast of England, where they embarked in a sailing vessel, the *Ursula Hill* or *Horsley Hill*. It took eight weary weeks to cross the Atlantic to Quebec where John Bell decided the States held more promise than Canada. Accordingly they went to Rome, New York, where their first child, Adah, was born November 5, 1818.

Years after, Adah Bell Muir, the mother of John Muir, visited the quaint town of Alston which had seen the romance of her parents. The town with its weather-beaten cross rising like a priestly blessing above the market place; the river Tyne tumbling below the tiny city perched on the crest of the hill above it; the streams and waterfalls dancing over the mountains which surround the town; the brilliant carpets of wildflowers on the hillside; the songs of the beautiful birds which make their home there were all balm to the soul of the woman whose life knew arid expanses and barren ground.

The old-fashioned houses, some of them dating back to 1500 and 1600, held more than a passing interest for her. The streets, zig-zagging in and out as casually as people strolling in the country, whispered to her their history.

Sally Bell's daughter looked up the curious, twisted little alleys and by-streets, whose paving stones are worn

and smooth, and saw her mother, as Sally Walton, running blithely up those very streets. She saw her climbing Parkside, the mountain behind which England's sun sets, and wondered how the girl could cheerfully leave her beautiful mountain home. Love and youth are the best companions for a journey and they went with the young pioneers and helped them over many a hard place.

Life in Canada was much harder than in New York state. The mother of the family was cook, housekeeper, dairy-maid, laundress, and seamstress rolled into one. The lovely white skin of Sally Bell was one of the wonders of the community. The same fine texture of skin with the flaming red hair was passed on to the fourth child of her eldest daughter, the subject of this book. John Muir's grandmother was a lily set down in the midst of the Canadian wilderness.

There were no mills or stoves. Grain was ground as best the men could and food was cooked over the open hearth. The father of a household was carpenter, shoemaker, and blacksmith as well as miller. It was the Wood Age. The housewife saved the fats from her dripping pans and simmered soft soap from the mixture in huge kettles.

Every step in the manufacture of clothing was done by the women. The women of Scarborough were famous for their spinning. They also made their own dyes, obtaining them from plants as did the Indians. There were "sugarings" and taffy pulls for lighter moments, old-fashioned dances, and logging, husking, and paring bees. Pine knots were the first lamps. Vessels of oil with wicks replaced these and finally candles were made. Pigeons and quail were plentiful and there was never any lack of food for the industrious.

After Adah there came to the Bell household a son, William. Fanny, Sarah Ann, and Maria, and a fifth girl who died in infancy completed the circle in the log cabin in the wilderness.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Canada was a solitude of unbroken, silent woods. The level stretches were crossed by rivers, creeks and lakes, and here and there were hills and slopes. The swamps and marshes which dotted the land were a great hindrance in the cultivation of the rich soil of the new country.

John Bell went to the Agent of crown lands and bought one hundred acres in this tiny settlement near Toronto, eight miles out in the bush. He paid a dollar an acre for his land. It was not a farm with highly fertilized fields of waving grains, or broad acres and smooth pastures where cattle grazed. It was a wilderness of trees and shrubbery.

The great difficulty was to get rid of the timber. In the autumn the underbrush was cleared away, and all winter long the axe chopped its way steadily through the forest. Trees were sent crashing to the earth by the score. The beauty of nature fled in horror before the relentless drive of necessity. The trees were cut into logging lengths by the hundreds and burned. Some were slashed and girdled so that they would die. The plow was waiting impatiently for the axe to complete its work so cultivation might begin.

Stumping was the hardest part. Roots were torn up by the grub hoe or mattock. The hardwood stumps were rooted out and the larger ones burned out. The pine stumps were the most stubborn, and often yielded only to the onslaught of blasting powder. The stumping machine finally proved the best means of clearing the ground.

The Bells had one cow and a few chickens. For months life was bitterly hard. One morning the cow got wound up in the rope that held her and broke her neck. It seemed the last straw, and John Bell walked the eight miles into Toronto and told the Agent that he wanted to give it up.

The Agent put his hand on John Bell's shoulder.

"Never mind, John," he said. "You know the old saying, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' Go back to your farm. Take your time paying for it. I won't press you. You'll win out."

So John Bell went back and resumed his struggle with the land, to emerge triumphant.

Friends of the Bells from England settled in Scarborough. It cheered Sally Bell's soul. Deborah Chester was perhaps her closest friend and once in a while they would visit each other, spending the afternoon talking of England and home, and ways dear to them. A cup of tea and some shortcakes were indulged in. Then as the lengthening shadows warned them of evening Deborah would get her cloak, if Sally were visiting her, and "walk a piece" with her guest. This was Sally Bell's chief recreation.

Many times she carried her basket of eggs on her head the eight miles into Toronto to dispose of them at market. Often she had to climb over fallen trees. One time she brought back a basket of apples as a treat for her children. On reaching home she found them fast asleep, the door wide open to the wind, and the place strewn with ashes. Faint with horror at what might have happened she leaned for a moment against the door jamb. Then arousing herself, with a prayer of thankfulness for the protection of her children from possible fire, she set to work to clear up the cabin. She had the room to rights

when the children awoke and was repaid by their joy at the sight of the apples. Of such homely incidents were those pioneer days made.

To the north of the smallest of the mighty quintet of lakes, the land rises gradually from the shore and spreads out into beckoning acres which are today thickly settled by farmers. Although Ontario is now rated as the most populous and wealthy province in all Canada, in the year 1847 only log cabins dotted the clearings and the land was slowly being shaped into farms.

The farm John Bell's little grandson, John Muir, knew later was a beautiful spot. Years of rough, hard labor had transformed the former forest into stretch on stretch of wide fields, baring their fertile breasts of wheat, barley, and oats to the blue sky. A pretty stream wound through the pasture land and fields, in summer mirroring in its clear depths overhanging trees and little floating clouds; in winter supporting on its frozen bosom the youngsters who loved to slide on the ice.

The Forties were stormy indeed, full of uprisings among the people and bitter feeling throughout Canada. A decade before in the city of Toronto, scarcely ten miles away, there had been a small revolution of the followers of William Lyon Mackenzie, the popular hero of that time. Though it had been promptly put down by the loyalist forces, even after ten years the embers of the fire still smoldered and before 1850 there was more rioting and bloodshed. The feeling between the French and English ran high. Old settlers resented the new ones and religious differences only added fuel to the flame. In those days Canada was feeling the birth pains that in 1867 brought into being the great Dominion which lies to the north of an equally great republic.

In the early days which John and Sally Bell knew log

cabins were the only houses. Neighbors helped each other to build the dwellings. The floors were of earth or split logs and the homes thus made served the owners well through the years. As late as 1855 in the oldest settled parts there were many log cabins still in use. The reason probably lay in the fact that there was no tax on these houses as on those of stone, brick, and wood.

Thus it happened on June 10, 1847, Sally Bell's grandson and Adah Muir's second son, John Muir, opened his eyes on the world in one of these log cabins. The wild outdoor life was very close to these people in their crudely-built homes. The forest was still a reality although each year it retreated a bit farther into itself. So close were these people to the dwellers of the wilderness that the boy was told later as he cried for the first time a small snake slipped under the logs and across the dirt floor, darted its head quickly around and as silently slipped back into the outdoors.

When Adah Bell was nineteen she had married a tall, silent man who had come from the land of her father and mother. By trade he was a cutter of garments. His father was John Muir of Nielston, in Renfrew, Scotland, ten miles from Glasgow, and there in the year 1813 Alexander Muir was born. The elder Muir was a strict old Scotchman, stern and perhaps overly severe with his children. However that may have been, Alexander yielded to the "wandering foot" and departed for the new world when entering his twenties. He ended his pilgrimage in the village of Scarboro and found the township to his liking.

There were six children born to Alexander and Adah Muir. Agnes and Elizabeth, James and John, and Fanny and Willie. After the advent of the last, before John could remember things clearly, the family moved to

Hamilton, Ontario, fifty miles from the Bell farm and Scarborough town.

Times were hard. Two years after John was born the Tories burned the Parliament House at Montreal and stoned the governor general. Things calmed down a bit after that but there was much commercial depression and discontent. The excitement and extravagance of the railway development in 1851 led to a financial crisis six years later when John was ten years old, and various municipalities were bankrupt. Money was scarce and the Muir family rarely saw what little there was in the country.

One day, without even one of his few words, the "gudeman" walked out of his "hoose" and never again saw his wife or any of his children, except Agnes and John. Sensational as the action sounds, it called forth no comment and life went on much as before. Agnes, the oldest girl, married into a well-to-do family in Hamilton. James found various odd jobs and did his bit to help. Eliza was engaged and shortly to be married to the country school teacher at Scarborough, which left three little Muirs to be taken care of.

Adah Muir was faced with the fact of three children and the necessity of earning a living for them. She was strong, energetic, and highly practical, and although denied much education, she was a woman of unusual intelligence. The heroism of mothers during countless years and times was repeated once more by Sally Bell's daughter. With undaunted courage, strengthened by a passionate love for her children, she set out as a nurse.

About this time Adah Muir was induced to let John and Jim sing *Annie Laurie* in a performance to be given in Mechanics Hall. The boys were duly trained in the

song, and the night arrived. The hall was crowded and although filled with the qualms familiar to anyone who has essayed a public performance, the boys kept up a brave front. They had barely started "Maxwelton's braes are bonnie," when Jim looked down at the front row and saw one of his boy friends sitting there, grinning from ear to ear.

Seeing he was observed the youngster produced from his pocket one of those whirring rattles which are still popular with boys. Jim forgot to sing, his mouth remaining open, but John's childish treble went bravely on alone. Someone snickered and just at that moment the boy in the front row turned loose his rattle, drowning out every other sound. The performance was abruptly ended but John had gained a taste for the footlights and public applause. Probably that night was born John's artistic soul which was later to mature into that of a love of literature and poetry. Within him he felt the first faint stirrings of response to popular approval which he was to win so often in later years by his histrionic ability.

Once, several years earlier, John awoke to a consciousness of his appearance. Laboriously he climbed up on a rickety chair in the kitchen below the cracked looking-glass. Standing on tiptoe he was just able to see into the makeshift mirror on the wall. For long minutes he surveyed himself and his reflection looked back at him with worried eyes. He saw an anxious little face, bespattered with freckles, that bane of fair-skinned people, and crowned with a thatch of flaming red hair.

"How could anyone love me?" he mourned. "I got so many freckles and I'm so homely."

James had found a fairly profitable means of earning a few shillings by sawing and splitting firewood, and when John was ten or eleven he helped Jim in his work. The

wood sold for something over six shillings a cord and the boys worked at it steadily.

It is almost a pathetic, certainly a wistful picture of the small boy doing his best to help his bigger and huskier older brother. John's hands and feet were exceptionally small for his size and remained so throughout his life. His hands were delicately fashioned and it was extremely difficult for him to do manual labor.

James, on the contrary, was strong and almost burly in appearance, easily splitting the big logs and hoisting them onto the pile. Later, Jim was to be baggage master of Hamilton and the contrast of the future controller of trunks with the brainy railroad official-to-be would have interested any psychologist. So with hands not only untrained but ludicrously unfit for his task, John toiled on, until the older boy good-humoredly took over his small brother's task as well as his own.

At best the days were gloomy. The house, though small, without the mother's presence seemed lonely and forlorn. It was of stone, cool in summer but chilly in winter. The house was built on good lines and for the small family it was almost spacious. It was set in a tiny garden, one of the very earliest gardens in the city of Hamilton.

Darkness closed in early during the long winter months and with its coming each afternoon, the house would grow in the children's minds to huge proportions, and dread of what the black shadows might hold would seize them until they were paralyzed with fear.

Ghostly knockings of a shutter, a dead branch falling against the house, or a board creaking under foot would terrify their small souls. As they scuttled about the house on duties that had to be performed, Fanny would look fearfully over her shoulder and wait for John to join

her before venturing farther. Little Orphan Annie's goblins of some years hence were a terrifying reality to the youngsters.

Adah Muir came to visit her little brood whenever she could get away from her duties. Her coming would be hailed with shouts of delight, only to be saddened by the knowledge that idle time and her presence meant less money, sometimes none at all, and the question of where the next meal was coming from was ever-present.

In the mother's visits home she crowded all she could into the hours. She mended, washed, and cooked for her children, trying at all times to be a mother, the while shouldering the double duty of a father. A bread-winner in times when such work was indeed a pioneer achievement for a woman and a mother. The children looked to her as the world looks to the rising sun. She was their hope, their all.

The bond of love sweetened cakes which were oftentimes not much better than sawdust. In later years surrounded by his children in a home which had every comfort, there was a grumbling at the table at the continual recurrence of "parritch" for breakfast. John Muir regarded his offspring grimly, but not without the latent humor which so often seasoned his remarks.

"Oatmeal tiresome, eh? You should be thankful and consider what I had when I was your age. Sawdust and water!"

The incident passed into a family slogan and years later even grandchildren who dared to grumble at any dish served them were reprovingly told of the sawdust cakes.

At last school days rolled around for John, and he studied hard. Some four or five years before, in 1853,

the first real school building of which Hamilton boasted was built. A staff of eleven teachers was installed in the Central School, as it was called, its principal being Dr. John Herbert Sangster. Succeeding him was Archibald Macallum, M.A., L.L.D., gentleman and scholar, who happened to live next door to the Muirs.

Adah Muir was called in to nurse Mrs. Macallum through an illness and Dr. Macallum became interested in her and her little family. Especially did the boy who was studying under him attract his interest. He supplied John with books and helped him in many other ways. Once when the Macallums were called away from home the principal gave John the key to his house.

"Go in whenever you like, John," the good man said. "Read all the books in my library and feel free to study there if you wish." John's eyes shone at the offer and he gladly made the most of it.

The assortment of subjects offered at the Central School was unusually fine for the time. Reading, including literature, writing, bookkeeping, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid grammar, composition, object lesson—probably the forerunner of the modern project method—geography, history, natural history, natural philosophy and astronomy.

Each night John studied the six lessons for the following day. His goal was perfection in the morrow's recitation. Achievement rewarded hard work, and each perfect week meant an "Honor Card." These cards won each week in the session passed the student without examination to the next grade. At twelve John was the only student promoted from the second to the first division in this manner.

The reward the Honor Card carried with it was the privilege of walking sedately in the green parkway

Adah Bell Muir at the Age of 65.

near the front of the school where usually only the teachers walked. No student dared venture into those sacred precincts ordinarily, and John with much elation trod the verdant pathway, glancing tremulously at the teachers who walked slowly up and down, doubtless discussing grave and weighty problems.

Casting aside the dignity enforced by this rare privilege, John rushed home glowing with enthusiasm. Waving the promotion card he burst into the cottage.

"Mother," he cried, for it was during a time when the mother was at home, "I passed: See! I'm the only one who was perfect. Aren't you glad?"

Adah Muir kissed her son.

"Yes, John, I am indeed glad that you have done so well. But, my son, I have sad news for you. I cannot let you stay longer and study at the school. We need money so badly. It hurts me to ask it, Johnnie, but it must be."

Concealing as best he could his keen disappointment, John rallied bravely.

"All right, mother. I'll help."

The word thus given was for a lifetime. Until his mother's death in Glasgow, Scotland, at eighty-six, her fourth child John made good his boyish promise, "I'll help."

Interesting things were happening in Hamilton as John entered his teens. It was a city of good stores, warehouses, and handsome streets with a population between twenty and thirty thousand. An exciting item from the newspapers of 1863 was: "California rings with preparations for war against England . . . for the capture of British Columbia." Further down the page was the news that "Brigham Young, Jr., was in London on March 21st, looking up recruits for Salt Lake."

When John was thirteen the Crystal Palace was built in Victoria Park in Hamilton. It cost the tremendous sum of $20,964 and this "glorious glass house" was for years the home of the great Central Fair of Hamilton. All the "high-class doings" of the city took place there. It was finished in 1860, and the gay young Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, who was then only nineteen years old, came to Hamilton in September to open the building.

The visit of the young prince was a great event for the city. All the school children were drilled for weeks as to how to behave when Hamilton welcomed him. An enthusiastic schoolmistress had composed a song in honor of the occasion and when the Prince visited Central School all the youngsters were lined up and with hearty accord burst into

"Laud we our Queen
With love that never fails,
And give hearty welcome
To her son the Prince of Wales!"

The last line of the song was

"God bless the Prince of Wales!"

and John sang it lustily with the other little Hamiltonians. As the Prince turned to leave the room his eye fell on John. Only little more than a boy himself, he was unable to resist the eager interest that shone from the blue eyes of the lad with the flaming red hair. Impulsively Edward smiled at him, and flushing with pleasure John smiled back. For many days he cherished the memory of the smile of a prince.

Some years before, when John was ten, a tragedy happened in Hamilton which the city was always to remember. Burlington Bay was the waterfront of Hamilton and froze solid enough every winter for skaters to frolic

on its surface. Carroll Ryan enshrined this stretch of water in a poem included in a collection entitled *Oscar and Other Poems*, published in 1857. For the curious, "Oscar" was a young soldier who met a tragic and duly lamented death on the battlefield.

In 1837 the Desjardins Canal was built which connected the Toronto branch with the Great Western Railway across Burlington Bay. For twenty years the bridge over the canal served the railroad faithfully. Late in the afternoon of March 12, 1857, a train crossing the bridge was plunged into the water below, killing between sixty and seventy people. The details of the accident are given in a writeup at that time.

> The front wheel of the locomotive cracked just before the train entered upon the bridge. The locomotive left the rails and tore away the side supports of the wooden bridge causing their collapse. One car followed another over the top of the wall into the icy abyss.

News of the disaster flew over the city. John and his brother Jim joined the crowd which stampeded across the ice to where the ends of the cars were seen projecting from the water. The cries and groans of the injured and dying were terrible and continued all through that evening. When the Muir family gathered around the supper table, white-faced and shaken, the noise could still be heard faintly.

John never forgot the occurrence. It stamped itself indelibly on his mind. Early the next morning the screams of those who had gathered to rescue the bodies of their loved ones from the Canal were heard for blocks. The whole city was in mourning, business was suspended and a day of fasting and prayer declared. Of course a poem was written commemorating the catastrophe.

It was finally decided John should be sent to his mother's sister Fanny, who had married a William Boice. They lived in the town of Guelph, forty miles from Hamilton. Founded by John Galt, the Scottish novelist, in 1827 and lying in a rich and fertile section of Ontario, the town had attracted settlers from everywhere. As early as 1845 the first provincial exhibition of cattle was held there. This feature stock show is still held annually in December. By 1859 Guelph was a town of some importance and maintained a good business section.

William Boice kept a general store in Guelph, over which the family lived. To the Muirs the Boice family seemed rich indeed and the prospect of an extended visit to these relatives gave John a thrill of pleasure. Alas for any expectations he might have had of his reception! John was given an attic room and the slight feeling of homesickness increased.

There were three cousins, two boys and a girl, all much younger than John. The Boices employed a nurse for the children, a girl of perhaps fifteen. When she would take the youngsters out for an airing John would go with her and help push the baby carriage or keep a small cousin from straying into bypaths.

It was nearly sunset one day and the nurse and John were strolling down a pretty lane with the children. The world seemed very good just then to the boy, far brighter than it had for some time. Even the nursemaid stood apart in a rosy glow and John felt moved to song. He burst into an old Scotch air

"Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New draw frae the Forth."

The girl was not Scotch, neither was she overly bright. To her suspicious and untutored ears the verse sounded like rough street-corner talk. She turned upon John in horrified astonishment.

"What was that? Oh, you naughty boy: Don't you dare say that again or I'll tell your aunt."

Bewildered at the unexpectedness and subdued by the injustice of the rebuke, John felt his good spirits oozing out of his shoes. He knew he meant no evil but the depression lasted throughout the evening.

To John's taste the butter served on his uncle's table was not always fresh and after one trial at his first meal he had passed it by. The action had not gone unnoticed by his uncle. This particular evening good butter was on the table. John noticed its freshness and joyfully helped himself lavishly. Furious, his uncle scolded him well for the act and more depressed than ever John stole away to his bed under the eaves.

A couple of mornings later John was called into the kitchen.

"Hereafter you are to shine the shoes of my family each evening, John," his uncle informed him. "You will find the polish and brush just outside the door there."

John's soul rebelled and he drew himself up very straight.

"I won't shine your shoes," he burst out, "and I'm going home today."

Chapter II

THE MESSAGE OF THE PINES

ADAH MUIR decided to send John to her father and mother where his sister Eliza was. So again John set out on his adventures. Several months before the Bells had turned over the actual management of the farm to their only son, William, who with Mary, his wife, lived a short distance away. The daughters were all married and gone.

Some fifteen years after coming to Scarborough John Bell erected the *Blue Bell Inn* on a corner of his farm. He divided his time between his inn and his farm, managing both with the efficiency and thoroughness of the English. The *Blue Bell* soon acquired a high reputation and for years was the most popular inn in that part of the country. A neat brick house on the west corner of the Bell farm had replaced the log cabin which had served as a home for nearly forty years and the Bells were enjoying a well-earned prosperity.

Sally Bell had completed mankind's allotted span of life and the rose-leaf of her wonderful skin was a crumpled petal. She could not remain idle. She was as active as when she was a young married woman bringing up a family, spinning the cloth for their clothes, milking the cows, and later helping to fight the plague of army worms and frogs that deluged the land. Keenly alert to life and her little world, Sally Bell refused to be an Alice-sit-by-the-fire, knitting away the hours and dwelling on bygone days. The driving force and energy which she had passed

on to her grandson, stirrings of which were already evidencing themselves in John, kept her busy and happy. She dominated the family and superintended the farm's welfare.

One of the cows she had kept for her own, and twice a day she walked the half mile to where the herd was pastured, milking her cow and carrying home the pailful of milk. That had been women's work in her younger days and as far as she was concerned it still was. The small boys took care of the cows as they do yet on many farms, and John's voice was often raised in a "Co', boss—co', boss," as he guided the cows on their homeward way.

The rich milk was poured into large, deep pans and set in the cool pantry for the cream to rise from which Sally Bell made the butter for her family. A fascinating thing to watch, so young John thought, was the way Grandmother Bell gently lifted the yellow wrinkles of cream off the milk. A rare privilege was to be allowed to skim a whole pan himself. Then from the old dash churn came the heavy sounds cream makes as it thickens. Slowly a ring of butter would gather around the hole in the cover, and John would eagerly reach for a glass to hold the bubbling buttermilk which Sally Bell poured for her little grandson.

The milk from her cow was no whiter than Sally Bell's soft skin. The slightest tap would cause a bruise and one day some years later, when packing away winter things in the attic, she struck her breast against a trunk's edge. Cancer developed and in May, 1873, after John Muir had been settled some two years in Kansas City, he was saddened to have his mother write him from Hamilton of the death of his grandmother on the tenth of that month.

The country school was half a mile away. The schoolmaster, who was engaged to John's sister Eliza, was named

John Muir. His brother, Alexander Muir, had also taught in Scarboro. Alexander Muir was the author of several songs, among them the widely known one, *The Maple Leaf Forever*, which has been very popular with several generations of Canadian school children.

Poetic tendencies evidently ran in the family, for John Muir wrote his financée tender love poems which Eliza's little brother, John Muir, discovered and read aloud to tease his sister. It was most disconcerting to the schoolmaster to look down the room to where young John sat and see a knowing smile curve the lips of the red-haired lad.

About fifteen girls and twenty-five boys learned their three R's in the one room which served for the school. No one might address the schoolmaster without first raising his hand to attract the teacher's attention and gain his permission to speak.

A pail of water with a cup attached to it by a string served as a drinking fountain, one from which the modern school child turns with a shudder of horrified curiosity. Justice was swift and sure, rough punishment being meted out promptly for any offence no matter how slight. Stinging blows from a rawhide whip descended on the offender and often boys spent chilly half hours in the woodshed adjoining the schoolroom. The prospect in the cold winter months was far from pleasant.

The rugged discipline there under which he came, together with the home example of stern builders of England's empire, did much toward molding John Muir's character and his outlook on life. Conscious always of poverty, concerned ever with the need of pennies for the common necessities, John took no chances with the sportive side of life. He saw others come under the ban of the teacher's displeasure and receive their punishment, but he un-

flinchingly held to the serious side of things and got all he could from the lessons. This, with his days in the Central School at Hamilton, comprised his entire schooling.

Occasional jaunts to Toronto, eight miles away, enlivened the long summer days which followed the hard, cold winters. Sometimes on Saturday John would drive into town with his Aunt Mary. As Sally Bell before her had taken her eggs to market, so Mary Bell would take her butter and other dairy products to sell at the Toronto market. Sally Bell had walked but Mary Bell rode. The journey took two hours each way in the horse and wagon and John would solemnly enjoy the deliberate jog-trot of old Betsy, jouncing up and down with each jolt of the wagon as it rattled along the sun and shade of the country roads.

Once John did a job on the farm in a way that pleased his Uncle William Bell very much. His reward was a dinner at the *Black Horse Inn* in Toronto on a Saturday market day. The dinner cost Uncle William a shilling apiece and what a meal they had: Everything which ever appeared on bountiful farmhouse tables and some city delicacies which were new to John. The memory of that dinner lingered a long time.

In common with the youth of the time John submitted to the memorizing of Bible verses as an essential part of his education. Every night he read aloud to his grandparents a chapter of the New Testament. After this part of the Bible had been gone through four times the Old Testament was essayed. This proved more difficult and the grandmother soon wearied of the chapters of genealogy so the boy returned thankfully to the New Testament. Although he found it tiresome at the time, much of John's real gift of eloquence in later years was developed in the hours spent in reading aloud passages of the Book of books.

The majesty of the phraseology and simple, sonorous sentences remained with the boy and gave him a keen appreciation of the good and beautiful literature of the ages.

Closely connected with the reading of the Bible were the Paraphrases. During the long evenings John would vie with his sister Eliza in memorizing the endless verses. Not only the Psalms were thus done into verse but Job, Proverbs, part of Genesis, some of the Gospels and a good many of the Epistles. From the 1799 Glasgow edition, "Approved by the Church of Scotland," with the quaint old *f* for an *s*, the brother and sister learned verse after verse. When John would come out with

> "That man hath perfect blessedness,
> Who walketh not astray
> In counsel of ungodly men,
> Nor stands in sinners' way,"

Eliza would retort with the beautiful promise of the Ninety-first Psalm.

> "He that doth in the secret place
> Of the most High reside,
> Under the shade of him that is
> Th' Almighty, shall abide."

Having developed an interest in reading, back in Dr. Macallum's library, John now looked around for other books. Prowling through the house one day, he discovered a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The small type in which the book was printed, common to all books of the time, did not deter him and he tackled it at once. So absorbed in it did he become that the hours flew by unnoticed. Fortunately it was Sunday and he had the

long afternoon to himself. During the week he read it in snatches and by the next Saturday night had finished it.

The mighty vision of the erstwhile tinker so gripped the boy's mind that he half believed the allegory. He was dreamy at the midday meal, calling forth a reproof from his grandmother. His afternoon was his own, and moved by something stronger than he knew the boy of thirteen set out that Sunday in spring to find the City Beautiful.

As he trudged along the country road Bunyan's description of the city would keep recurring to him. He pictured the City set on "a mighty hill," and remembered that Pilgrim had two men to help him up the hill. Could he do this without help? He did not know it but his helpers in his own pilgrimage were Courage and unquenchable Optimism.

The couplet about the hill ran through his head.

> "The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
> The difficulty will not me offend."

He pondered over its meaning. "Covet." That meant envy. He remembered the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." "I *envy* to ascend." That sounded silly. He said the lines over to himself again. What did that last line mean, he wondered. As he puzzled over it, he vainly looked for the reflection of the sun upon the city of gold which was the object of his quest. Could he find it? He believed he would and he kept on. Not until the long shadows on the budding trees reminded him it was getting toward evening did his faith and determination waver. He realized at last he was not finding the City Beautiful and that there was no city at all in sight. Weary and discouraged he turned back toward home to find his

grandmother entirely out of sympathy with an afternoon walk that took him away during the supper hour.

He could not explain, nor would he have done so if he could. Not to anyone was that vision of his to be revealed. All through his life, at least the early part, that boyhood conception of the City Beautiful was to remain. It was his very own dream, his goal, and he resolved to find it. Some day he would glimpse the gate with the "writing of gold" over it, and pass through its portals to the city with its "streets of gold and men with happy faces."

Another book or series of books which made a great impression on John were *Tales of the Borders and of Scotland*, by John Mackay Wilson. There were five of these books and their subtitle was *A Companion to the Waverley Novels*. Even today they are interesting reading and to the youngster just entering his teens they were like the gold of Havilah—"and the gold of that land is good."

There was one story of Wark Castle, which told of the origin of the famous Order of the Garter. Chronicles of the deaths of James I and James III, and a legend of Holyroodhouse were fascinating reading. "Recollections of Burns" gave intimate glimpses into the life of the poet whom from that time on John put above all other poets in his heart. "Leaves from the Diary of an Aged Spinster" and "The Scottish Veteran" were more recollections of other years, while for real excitement there were *The Faa's Revenge, a Tale of the Border Gipsies*, *The Pirate's Doom*, and *A Tale of Vengeance*. Less exciting but equally interesting were *The Royal Bridal*, *The Hermit of the Hills*, *The Laird of Ballachie*, and *The Gipsy Lover*.

Under the eaves of the neat brick house of the Bells was an attic, the same attic where Sally Bell suffered the accident which resulted in her death. Many things

were stored there, the accumulation of years. The attic had no window so when John went on his tour of exploration he took with him an oil lamp. Rummaging through a box one day, turning over letters and other articles with his boyish hands, he came across a pile of paper-covered books.

John's Uncle William had at one time indulged a taste for highly romantic novels. After he had read them they had been thrown aside in the attic to gather dust and attract mice. Palpitating with all the excitement of an explorer, John gathered up an armful of the books and moved over to the lamp. He opened the first one.

"The Life of Richard Palmer," he read, "better known as Dick Turpin, the Notorious Highwayman and Robber, by Henry Downes Miles."

That sounded promising and he laid it aside for reference in the immediate future.

The next one read, "The Life of Richard Turpin, a most notorious highwayman, giving a particular account of all his daring robberies and burglaries, trial, execution, burial, etc."

There is a curiosity excited in passing as to what was meant by the "etc."!

John shivered and crept closer to the lamp. This held great possibilities, he thought, and he placed the second book with the first. The next title he read sounded promising, although it was tantalizingly brief.

"*Rookwood, a Romance,* by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq."

Seeking further information John turned the page. It started with a bang.

"Within a sepulchral vault, and at midnight two persons were seated on a coffin."

On the opposite page was a weird Cruikshank Illus-

tration of the "sepulchral vault." Fascinated, John read on until he reached a paragraph which told of one of the coffins lining the wall of the vault falling with a crash. It burst open, disclosing the body of the mother of one of the two persons in the vault. He couldn't stand any more just then so he closed the book, but he was soon to finish Ainsworth's gruesome romance of the life of Dick Turpin.

> Why the sinners and scoundrels of history and fiction should be so much more interesting than the saints is a problem which has never been satisfactorily solved. It cannot be because we admire them more, because we may not admire them at all and yet feel a profound interest in their careers. Nor is the interest a passing phase of any one period of our lives. A naturally healthy-minded boy will greedily devour stories of pirates and freebooters, of highwaymen and other cut-throats, and shudder at the bare idea of reading lives of saintly persons.[1]

These lines from one of England's present-day magazine writers were as true seventy years ago as they are now. Greatly elated at his findings in the dusty old attic, John delved further into the pile of paper-covered literature.

"Claude Duval, a Romance of the Days of Charles II, by Henry Downes Miles."

The name of the dashing highwayman whom the ladies loved meant nothing then to John. But he was to follow with never-flagging interest the escapades of the courtliest highwayman that ever trod the greensward in his famous dance with a lady. Through pages of fine print, broken by curious engravings and "cuts," he read of shoulders like "Parian marble" belonging to a young lady who

[1] From *National Review*, vol. 81, pp. 885–94, 1923. "*Dick Turpin in Literature*," by W. Roberts.

exclaimed "Unhand me," and who "bursting into tears, sank panting on the arm of her rescuer." Plowing through many "revengeful scowls" and "I conjure you's," John read until his eyes ached and his little body was all atremble.

Other notables of the road whose histories thrilled him were Ned Scarlet, and that notorious highwaywoman mentioned in *The Beggar's Opera*, Jenny Diver. Her name came from her propensities for diving into the pockets of unsuspecting bystanders. Her soubriquet was "The Female Highwayman."

Recently the librarian of the Croydon, England, public libraries has vindicated Dick Turpin and other dime novel heroes. He claims if it were not for the adventurous spirit developed in reading matter of this kind—"penny dreadfuls"—Sir Alan Cobham would never have made his thrilling "hop" to Australia and back. He points out that in these paper-covered romances the hero always has courage and gifts, the villain is never mistaken for anything else but what he is, a desperate character, virtue always triumphs and vice fails ignominiously.

John had found a wonderful world of adventure and his many journeys through the realms of sword and pistol play gave him a fresh determination to do mighty things when his chance came. However lightly opportunity might tap, he would run to open wide the door.

His imagination, set on fire by these wild romances, gave him the questing outlook. The treasure trove of books all unknown to him, gave him a talisman, the surety of success, when he was to fare forth not long hence into a new and utterly different world from that he had known hitherto, the world of business.

Not all his reading was done by the light of the oil-lamp in the attic. He did not have much time during the day, for school and the farm chores took most of the daylight

hours. After supper John's uppermost thought was, "Will the lamp be lighted?"

Old John Bell would stretch out on the couch where he lay part of each day when not at the *Blue Bell*, and say,

"Sally, will ye light the lamp?"

John would scarcely breathe while he tremulously waited for the answer. When on rare occasions thrift went glimmering and Sally said,

"Yes, John, for half an hour," great joy filled John's soul. Another precious half hour to gallop with Dick Turpin on Black Bess along English roads, or relieve a rich and therefore unworthy gentleman of his gold. Those moments were rare oases in his life of restraint and privation which meant more than the pence earned on the morrow.

But if the answer came from the grandmother,

"No, John, we must to bed," or

"Well, Sally, it's bedtime," from old John Bell, John had to close his book and get ready for bed.

He occupied the couch left vacant by his grandfather. In front of it he would place three chairs and over these the ironing board was laid. With his mind full of highwaymen and daring escapades, and his nightly petition said, "Oh, Lord, let not this house burn down," he snuggled down to dream a female highwayman in dark disguise rifled his pockets of the lone shilling which he had been cherishing for weeks.

After the attic supply of reading matter was exhausted there unexpectedly came to light another and more varied assortment. A Mrs. Davidson who lived near the Bells had a large library of the better class of books. Turned loose among these shelves John gained a good knowledge of the literature current at that time. A book which made a profound impression on him was Regina

Maria Roche's *Children of the Abbey*, published some sixty years before. John followed "inexorable Amanda," who shed as many tears as Elsie Dinsmore, through her trials and tribulations until she was at last united to her beloved Mortimer.

The literature of Canada was then far behind American literature of the same period. The United States had emerged from her earliest pioneer state and had more time to give to culture and scholarship. Although Upper Canada had absorbed much of the surplus energy of the British Isles, very little original writing had been produced. What had been written, however, had in it the spirit of the people and the vigor and optimism of a young and growing country.

Naturally optimistic himself, the boy John felt the impetus of the enthusiasm manifested in the books which he read, and consequently was buoyed up by it and longed for bigger things. Hunger and cold often walked with him as companions, but overhead always arched the rainbow of optimism.

Every night before the lamp was either lighted or remained unlit, John would look out of the window into the growing twilight. He saw four tall pine trees standing out in sombre relief against the darkening sky. The two end trees were tall and straight, resembling the figure one. The two middle trees, evidently swayed toward each other by many gales, seemed to meet at the top and bottom. They were stripped of their branches and weather-beaten. To the boy's eyes they seemed to form a cipher, the four trees thus making the figures

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As he sat looking out into the shadows with the trees before his eyes, the boy's mind would speculate on many

things, his thoughts always turning back to one channel. One hundred was the complete unit, the most anyone could attain. Yet the trees seemed to say "101."

More than one hundred? Yes. Was it possible? He wondered. Although he did not phrase it as such then, he was looking at "above par." There must be "more than one hundred." He resolved that was to be the point for which he would aim. "A point which was yesterday invisible. His goal today, his starting post tomorrow."

Chapter III

THE BOY GROWS OLDER

ONE hot Sunday in August, 1861, Adah Muir came up from Hamilton to Scarboro. Life had been jogging along much after the same fashion for months, and to see his mother was an event for fourteen-year-old John.

After the greetings and when dinner was over Adah Muir said,

"Johnnie, I've got you a job in Hamilton."

The boy's eyes shone and he asked eagerly,

"Oh, mother! What is it?"

"There's a new wholesale firm opened up at home," his mother replied. "Sanford, McInnes and Company. I heard they wanted a boy, so I went down to their office and told them about you. Mr. Sanford said you might come down tomorrow and see them. They make men's clothes."

That night a sudden thunderstorm came up. It brought flashes of lightning and heavy gusts of rain. Unable to sleep the boy lay awake for hours on his makshift cot, thinking. What would the morrow bring? He shivered as an unusually loud crash of thunder seemed to rock the house. Was the future to be as dark as the present storm?

When he opened his eyes the rain and clouds had gone. The morning was bright and beautiful and the world awakened fresh to a new day. To the eager boy it was an omen of good fortune. Early in the morning John and his mother started out for Hamilton. Uncle William

drove them as far as Toronto where they boarded the train. They reached the office of the clothing firm about ten o'clock. After a few questions John was engaged for two dollars and a half a week.[1] August fifth was to be a red-letter day in the years to come. His first job!

Sanford, McInnes and Company imported all their cloth used in the manufacture of suits from England and twice a year a buyer went over and selected the material necessary for the ensuing six months.

John's place in the wholesale house was that of boy in the workroom, a large room in the rear of the second floor. Here the material was cut into garments on eight or ten tables and each article was then turned over to the trimmer at a nearby table. The clothes were then tied up in packages of two or four, ready for the seamsters. These people lived all over the city and on Friday of each week they would call for the garments, delivering at the same time the ones they had finished during the week.

A man by the name of Vail was the foreman of the workroom. Like most men with an overweening sense of their own importance and vested with a little authority, Vail was a bully. He lorded it over his subordinates until he gave an atmosphere to the workroom which was full of fear and voices would hush and fingers fly as he passed.

Each Friday when Vail had inspected the seamsters' work they would be paid by the cashier. The attitude of these unfortunate people was much the same as those in the workroom. Always uppermost was the dread of rejection of their week's work, and consequently no money. They cringed at a harsh word as at a blow. If a buttonhole was imperfect on a garment presented by a

[1] A Canadian dollar was worth about $1.60 in the United States in 1861. John was therefore receiving four dollars a week in American money.

woman, Vail would roughly jerk the offending article out of her hands and deliver himself of a tirade of abuse. Sometimes he went so far as to say her back should be "broken in two places," and then he would throw the garment back in the weeping woman's face. A man who could look Vail in the eye and if necessary defend himself would receive gentler treatment.

John's duties as workroom boy were legion. His chief job was to watch for the big pieces of cloth which fell from the shears of the cutters. These he picked up at once for they could be sold again. When there were rush pieces of work he delivered the bundles of clothing to different seamsters throughout the city. Any odd job which came his way was done cheerfully and well. On Fridays he was present in the stockroom for the garment inspection and sorted the clothing out into neat piles.

At the end of each day Mr. McInnes himself closed up the warehouse. It was a long and tiresome business done methodically and deliberately. It almost amounted to a ceremony and John stood at attention throughout, as a page would have done at a medieval court. Finally the door was locked and the huge key solemnly handed to John. Carrying it as perhaps the page would have borne on a cushion the royal sceptre of his lord, the king, John walked respectfully behind his employer on their homeward way. Reaching home, Mr. McInnes would majestically ascend the steps and John would hand the key to a waiting servant.

The days flew on. The workers soon grew to like the bright, attentive boy who attended to his duties quickly and with thoroughness. He was careful in everything he did, always obliging, and his eager, freckled face with its engaging grin crowned by bright red hair became a familiar and welcome sight. His full blue eyes devoured

every opportunity that life handed him. At the end of four weeks the paymaster gave him ten one dollar bills. That was a great day. Dashing home with them, as he had done with his Honor Card of some years before, John waved the bills over his head as he entered the door. Proudly he handed them to his mother.

"Ten dollars, mother!" he cried. "Now you won't have to work any more."

With tender eyes Adah Muir took her boy's earnings and held him close to her for a moment without speaking.

The rear end of the workroom faced an alley opposite which was a three-story brick house. The second floor windows were directly opposite those of the workroom, and every day at one of these windows two girls sat sewing. Jane Carter was eighteen, grave, sallow, evidently bearing the cares of the world on her shoulders. Her sister Elsie was about sixteen. Blonde, gay and attractive she held a fascination for John, who would steal away from his work several times during the day to peek at her through the window. Every night at six it was one of John's duties to close the shutters of the alley windows. One night Elsie looked at him and smiled and the boy trod on air the rest of the evening.

Eagerly he greeted the next day and impatiently wished the dragging hours away until it was six o'clock. Once more as he closed the shutters he looked at Elsie. She was looking too, and again she smiled. The next evening she framed a "Good night" with her lips to the boy across the way. John could see Jane reprimand her sister and coldly turn her back on the window. Not so Elsie. As soon as her sister's back was turned she mischievously threw a kiss at John. Elated, he returned the gesture and this little ceremony was repeated nightly.

The flirtation had progressed for several weeks when

one Friday night Jane was absent from her post. John threw up the window to grasp the shutter, motioning as he did so for Elsie to raise her window.

"I've wanted to speak to you so much," he began shyly. "Will you go for a walk with me on Sunday?"

"Why, I think so," Elsie replied, with maidenly hesitation. "Where shall we go?"

In many small towns in Canada and the United States the cemetery was the favorite Sunday walk for the younger generation and it was so in Hamilton. As every girl knows, a young man is more apt to propose over a headstone, especially if the headstone marks the resting place of a member of her family, than almost any other spot. So falling in with the popular custom John suggested the cemetery and said he would call for her at two o'clock.

The window closed, so John drew the shutter in with a bang and finished locking up. His heart was beating fast and he was very happy. It was his first love affair.

It seemed as if two o'clock Sunday afternoon would never come. On the hour, really a few minutes before, John marched up the steps of the house where his charmer lived. He let fall the rusty old knocker and presently Elsie's mother opened the door.

"Is Miss Elsie Carter in?" John inquired politely.

"No, she has gone out," came the reply.

Somewhat taken aback the boy inquired. "Will she be back soon?"

"I don't know," was the laconic answer, and the door was closed.

In the depths of despair, John walked slowly down the steps and up the street. He could not go home. All afternoon he wandered around the streets of Hamilton until he was tired out. He had counted so much on that walk. How could she treat him so? He thought about

it until he decided to write Elsie a note. He spent most of Sunday evening composing it.

With the clarity and conciseness that was always to mark both his business and social correspondence he went directly to the point.

Miss Elsie Carter,

I called on Sunday afternoon as we agreed. Your mother told me you had gone out and not left any word for me. Why did you fail to be ready to go out with me? I would like an answer. Will you condescend to give me a reason?

Yours truly,

John Muir.

The signature was characteristic. His business acquaintances of later years, his closer friends, his family, even his wife, were all to know that "Yours truly, John Muir." Years might pass but the signature remained unchanged.

He delivered the note at the side door of the house Monday morning. The girl in the kitchen took it and promised to deliver it to Elsie. Through the rear window of the workroom John watched, wondering and hoping. He saw the girl deliver his message and watched Elsie read it. She glanced over at his window unsmilingly and John felt very uncomfortable.

At noon he went out the back door and saw the girl to whom he had entrusted the note.

"Wait a minute," she called, "I have a note for you."

She went back into the house and brought out the message. With heart racing, John walked out into the street and opening the note read,

I will not *condesend* to answer your somewhat impertinent note.

The misspelled word was like a dash of cold water. To John Muir who in the years to come as a young married man beside the evening lamp with his bride, was to learn the *Standard Speller* of his day from cover to cover, and who later on the Pacific slope was to give a vogue to the now forgotten game of Logomachy, this *condesend* did more to quench his youthful passion than any number of hard words. Quickly the following answer was returned via the kitchen girl.

I have received your *condescending* note and for the moment I am *spell*bound.

His dignity was saved and he considered the skirmish a draw. He was vindicated.

All through his life a misspelled word jarred like a discordant chord or a jangle of bells out of tune. Deep-rooted in his nature was an inherent love of words and an instinctive hatred of their abuse. Years later his eldest daughter at the advanced age of thirteen wrote her father when he was away on a business trip. Describing something which had pleased her, she used the word *fascinating*, omitting the *c*.

His only reply was

Next time you write to me,
Please spell *fascinating* with a *c*.

A few days later John was sent on an errand several blocks from the warehouse. He was walking down King Street, Hamilton's principal thoroughfare, when he saw Elsie Carter half a block away coming toward him.

His first thought was, "Will she speak to me?" He watched her as she approached him, her head held high and her carriage more graceful than that of the modern

girl. He made sure that she saw him but she kept her head proudly erect, and passed by. His first love affair had ended abruptly.

One day there was a rush order for a suit and John hastily bundled up the cut garments and raced across the city to one of the seamsters' homes. As he started up the steps of the house a small boy across the street yelled something unintelligible at him. John stopped but the youngster turned and ran like mad down the street. Puzzled, John rapped at the door and presently it was opened by a woman with a white, tired face.

Through the open door there rushed out a powerful and offensive odor. It struck John full in the face and he almost staggered from the foul air. Hastily dropping his bundle he turned and fled from the house. At the corner of the street he paused. He felt suddenly sick and dizzy. The feeling passed and he went back to the warehouse.

Two days passed and John instead of feeling better grew worse. Finally he asked leave to go home in the middle of the afternoon and greatly alarmed his mother put him to bed. Two hours later John was in the clutch of the dread smallpox. Although the fever had raged in Canada in 1842 and again ten years later, there was no epidemic in the Sixties. His was one of the few cases, caught directly from exposure while on an errand.

For six weeks John was a sick boy. It was the only illness in all his long life and doubtless acted as a safeguard against further disease. The rest of the family escaped contagion and finally the ban was lifted and John was back at work. So blonde and fine was his skin that in after years the pock marks were barely discernible.

A year slipped by. All the cutters liked John and if one happened to be standing on a piece of cloth which

had fallen from the tables a slight tug from the boy whose duty it was to pick up the pieces would cause the man promptly to step aside. All but Vail. The gentle tug at a listing under his foot would bring forth a growl and a curse. Easily irritated, his ugly nature leaped out at John and the other employees. John bore it all cheerfully but there is a limit to human endurance.

One Friday afternoon twenty or so people were standing in line waiting to have their finished garments examined. Vail had been cursing the unfortunates and a hush of fear had descended on the small crowd. John picked up a pile of coats which had been approved and threw them over his shoulder to take them into the adjoining room. His movements were too slow to suit Vail. Without any warning Vail raised his foot and gave John a vigorous kick, causing him to fall on his knees while the coats fell over him and on the floor. Stung to the quick, John got up and seizing one of the coats, rolled it into a ball and threw it with full force in Vail's face. With an oath Vail rushed at the boy, struck him and pushed him into the salesroom, slamming the door.

The next morning John went about his tasks in the workroom as usual and nothing was said. About eleven o'clock a woman entered the workroom and stood behind the counter. She was tall and plain of face. Her expression was essentially kind, yet as she stood there something about her gaze and bearing carried the vivid impression of a lioness at bay. Calmly and with quiet dignity she waited a moment, listening to the sound of the shears plowing monotonously through the cloth.

Then she spoke clearly, with a slight emphasis. Each syllable contained a challenge. Adah Muir was doing an unprecedented thing but fear was not in her makeup.

'Is there a man here named Vail?"

The shears stopped as the workers looked at each other in amazement and fear. Not a sound was heard. Who could this woman be who had the bravery to call thus for their foreman?

Vail turned and faced the woman. A glance at her caused him to drop his bullying air, and he came forward.

"That is my name," he said, servilely. "What can I do for you?"

"That was my boy you struck last night," Adah Muir replied. "You are a coward and a poltroon to strike a boy. I will overlook it this time but if you ever do it again I will see you get the full punishment you deserve." She turned and went out.

Furious, Vail stood at his table a moment in silence. He had been humiliated before the whole room. Angrily he strode into the office of the firm and told Mr. Sanford what had happened.

As he talked his spite and fury boiled over and he wound up his tirade with,

"No boy can lord it over me. Before I'll be niggered by a boy I'll leave tomorrow."

Mr. Sanford said nothing for a few moments, then he quietly replied,

"I have no intention of discharging the boy. He is faithful and has done his work well. I intend to promote him from the workroom to the salesroom. If you wish to leave that is another matter."

So John's first promotion and raise of salary came through someone who tried to do him an injury and failed.

There were three large salesrooms in connection with Sanford, McInnes and Company. The firm had salesmen all over Canada who traveled about taking orders for different garments. The orders were sent to the com-

pany and when they had been filled, the packages were sent to the various salesmen for distribution, or else they were called for in person.

Each class of garments had a given number and the garments were labeled according to their class. There were several hundred differently numbered lots and John's task in his new position was to go at once to a number when it was called out and fill the order. His experience as chief distributor in the workroom enabled John to pick out at once the correct number. He filled the orders which the clerk called out from the written orders sent in by the salesmen and when definite sizes were not stated it was left to John's discretion to select them. His salary was doubled and soon when the seasonal buying began he became a regular salesman in charge of the stockrooms.

While making headway in business John was not wasting the hours he was off duty. An enterprising young man in Hamilton, Charles Langmuir, whose son is Dr. Irving Langmuir, the celebrated chemist, had started a class in shorthand, or phonography as it was then called. Quick to see the advantage of this knowledge, John along with twelve or fifteen others joined the class.

It is almost impossible now to disconnect shorthand from the inevitable typewriter but in the sixties the machines were unheard of. Not until some ten years later was the first one to click in a business office. Shorthand was rarely used except for court records. Business got along comfortably without it and the accompanying feminine touch of the stenographer.

Presently interest in the class flagged and John found that only he and the teacher were left. Undaunted, John kept on. The teacher was not much older than his pupil and after John had mastered the system the two of them continued together striving for speed.

Their goal was one hundred and fifty words a minute. The system they had learned was Graham's which was heralded as an improvement on and had in some localities largely replaced the Pitman system. Andrew J. Graham gave his *Standard Phonography* to the world in 1858, stressing the importance of phrase writing. This made the number of strokes required fewer than those called for by the Pitman system but the advantage was doubtful as it made for hesitancy in putting together characters to make a phrase which could be more quickly written by separate words.

To overcome this hesitancy entailed hours of practice. John's mother was a great help to him at this time. She would dictate slowly, increasing the speed of the dictation as his ease in writing grew. The dictation was largely from Graham's *First* and *Second Standard-Phonographic Readers*.

In the course of the dictation one night they came to Harriet Beecher Stowe's selection, *Our Friends in Heaven*. It begins:

> Summer is coming to us once more, with its flowers, and its grass, and its waving trees; and naturally in our gladness our hearts turn to our friends, scattered, driven hither and thither over life's prairie.

It goes on in the same flowery strain.

> Amid our summer wreaths and joyous garlands let there be one to *Our Friends in Heaven*. . . . We have wandered with them hand in hand through the tangled wood of life. We have lost our way together. . . . We have seen them bear the wrench and strain, and cruel agony which life forces inexorably on us, in one or other of its phases; and, last of all, we have seen them at the river of death.

In the next paragraph Mrs. Stowe reaches appealing heights.

> The moment our friend is gone from us forever, what sacredness invests him. Everything he ever said or did seems to return to us clothed in new significance. A thousand yearnings rise of things we would fain say to him—of questions unanswered, and now unanswerable.

Adah Muir was a woman of intense feeling and very recently she had lost a close friend. The year was also not far distant when she was to lose her dearly loved youngest son, just as he reached manhood. Willie developed a sweet tenor voice and often sang at social gatherings. After singing one evening he went from an overheated house into the bitter winter wind, caught cold and died of quick consumption. For days they feared for his mother's sanity and it may have been a sudden premonition of this great sorrow which now suddenly swept over Adah Muir.

The selection moved her deeply and as she read the last sentence quoted, without warning she broke down and began to weep. As the dictation stopped John looked up to see his mother in tears. Wondering, he sprang up and went to her side.

"Mother, what is it?" he asked.

Adah Muir shook her head unable to answer. How could she explain to this boy of hers all that had flashed through her mind just then? So she offered no reason and as his mother was in no condition to continue dictating, the puzzled boy regretfully laid aside his work for the evening.

Often John would work until midnight, his mother fighting the drowsiness which at times almost overcame her. At twelve John would throw aside his pencil and

dash out into the kitchen where he would souse his face in ice-cold water to chase the sleep from his eyes. His mother meanwhile would get out a big piece of steaming mince pie for him, and after eating it hungrily John would work on for another hour.

Another way John practiced was taking down the long sermons Sunday morning. Promptly on the hour the Muir family would be at the Presbyterian church for Sunday school. Later, everyone would be in his place in the family pew listening respectfully to Dr. William Ormiston—the same Dr. Ormiston who from 1870 to 1888 was pastor of the Fifth Avenue Marble Collegiate Church of New York City—expound the Scripture.

Sermons were long and the air grew staler with the dragging minutes. Oftentimes feminine heads would nod sleepily and gentle snores would come from a man unable longer to keep awake. The wary sexton was alert and on duty. Down the dimly lighted aisles he would stalk his prey. A feather on one end of his staff would tickle the ladies back to consciousness and the knob on the other would snap the men out of their irreverence.

John and his friend Charles Langmuir would sit in different parts of the church and take down the sermon. With one eye on the sexton, the other on their notebooks and both ears open they worked fast and furiously. That afternoon or the next evening they would compare notes and see wherein they differed. This method was probably one of the best ways they took to reach their speed goal of one hundred and fifty words a minute.

About this time John and his mother were called down to Scarboro for John Bell's funeral. The *Blue Bell Inn* had been kept by him up until the last and was sold after his death. After the opening of the Nipissing Railway in 1871 this famous old hostelry ceased to pay and was

pulled down about 1876, ten years after John Bell passed away. His grandfather's death saddened John for he had only pleasant memories of the kindly old man.

Literary and debating clubs flourished in Hamilton. After John had mastered shorthand his evenings were free and he joined one of these clubs. They met once a week in a room at the corner of Catharine and King Streets and gravely debated the problems of the day. The practice in debating was splendid preparation for other work in which John was soon to engage.

After a year or two John joined another organization whose aim was to present two evening entertainments a month at the Mechanics Hall. This hall held around twelve hundred people and the admission was a shilling and sixpence which was willingly paid. The receipts paid for the cost of the hall and went into the club's treasury.

Over a decade before, in 1854, six hundred British soldiers made the charge at Balaklava, which Tennyson enshrined the following year in his poem, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. The poem was very popular and John chose to give it at one of these programs. Clad in the full regalia of an English army officer with sword, spurs, in fact everything but the battle scars, John strode on the stage. His first appearance of some years before and its ignominious conclusion had been forgotten, for this gallant figure did not resemble one of the "Masters Muir" in the ill-fated singing of *Annie Laurie*.

The soldier was received with wild enthusiasm, the applause before he began lasting several minutes. Launching into the piece he gave it eloquently and with a tremendous appeal. The appreciation of the audience almost amounted to an ovation.

What would a dramatic performance be without critics? They flourished at all entertainments and in the

next issue of the *Hamilton Spectator* there appeared the following:

> This young man (John Muir) is evidently ambitious. To recite such a wonderful piece of poetry taxes the powers of the most accomplished elocutionist. We would, however, call his attention to the last verse which ends:
>
> *When* can their glory fade?
> Oh! the wild charge they made!
> All the world wondered.
>
> This should be given:
>
> When *can* their glory fade, etc.

Having thus reduced the performer to less than nothing the critic reached for the next victim.

All his life John Muir loved the martial and dramatic. This inheritance was passed on to his eldest daughter who later recited the same stirring poem and many others to interested audiences. Could both the critic and criticised on this occasion have looked forward some twenty-five years they would have beheld a scene to which one of them was destined to thrill. As a reward to his young daughter for some good behaviour, John Muir took her to a performance at the Manhattan Beach Music Hall.

A woman attired in black velvet came out and took her place against a velvet hanging. There was a hush while the audience waited. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore raised his baton and Rose Coghlan with all the genuine tragic force for which she was noted, launched into the same piece the red-haired Scotch boy had given in an obscure performance in Canada years before. Against the realistic bombardment of Gilmore's band the actress recited. Drums volleyed and thundered with her, and she gave

JOHN MUIR AT THE AGE OF 18.

such a rendition of the famous old piece as to bring the audience, composed for the most part of staid middle-aged men and women, to its feet, cheering and huzza-ing.

The song of the day which everyone, including the critics, sang well was *No Irish Need Apply*. The reason for the strong feeling against the Irish at that time is a matter of history. Just before John's nineteenth birthday, in 1866, the Fenians were stationed all along the frontier from Lake Erie to Lake Champlain. A raid was expected at any time and Hamilton was ever in readiness.

When John was eighteen he had joined the Hamilton Volunteers and was always ready to spring to the defence of his city. It worried his mother and whenever the alarm was raised she thought the family should run up to The Mountain—as Hamilton's mountain was called—for protection. An interesting item from a recent *Spectator* tells of an amusing false alarm.

> During the Fenian raid in 1866, the Hamilton Field battery—afterward known as the 4th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery—furnished the guard for the powder magazine, which was located on Burlington Heights. The magazine was on the bank of the Dundas marsh, and close by was a tavern called the Fox and Geese, in which was the guard room.
>
> Great excitement reigned in the town one day. A message came from Burlington that a vessel with green-coated soldiers aboard was passing through the Burlington canal. The town bell rang and a gun was fired to give the alarm. The batterymen hurried to the gun-shed, and they were just about to proceed to the bay front with their guns when word came that the reported war vessel was a tug towing a raft of logs.

A poem John recited and which was well received was *Mary, Queen of Scots*, by Henry Glassford Bell. The

tragic story which begins at "the gay court of Bourbon" gave much scope for dramatic presentation and never failed to move the audience.

The narrative poems of Nathaniel Parker Willis, long forgotten by this generation, were very popular at that time. They were based usually on Biblical topics and John gave several at the various entertainments in Mechanics Hall. *The Sacrifice of Abraham*, with "Morn breaketh in the east," and "purple clouds," was a favorite. *Absalom*, with waters sleeping and "night's silvery veil" hanging low, and the heart-breaking cry of the climax, "Absalom, my son Absalom," was also popular. It made an impassioned recitation.

The one which produced the most effect on an audience was *The Widow of Nain*. "The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall beside the gate of Nain," and watched the miracle which was told in such a way as to, then, reduce listeners to tears and bring a silence such that a pin dropped in the hall could have been heard to the last row. Sometimes the audience was so greatly moved as to be unable to speak until after leaving the hall.

Chapter IV

A BUSINESS AND A WIFE

IT has been said when Nature wants to develop new country she beckons with a finger dipped in gold. In 1867 traces of gold were discovered about twenty miles north of Belleville, Ontario, in the little town of Madoc and later in Marmora and surrounding townships. Wild with excitement the people put thousands of dollars into elaborate machinery for mines which were later proved to be practically worthless. The story after two years was one of disappointments, heartbreak, and legal difficulties. For a time, however, it was thought one of the wonders of '49 had been discovered.

There were once three princes of the Kingdom of Serendip, which as everyone knows is the ancient name for Ceylon. From their island in the Indian Ocean these princes would make many long journeys. As younger brothers of the reigning potentate they were not burdened by cares of state and so could indulge their taste for exploring new territory to the full.

They would set out upon a journey with their only goal that of a distant country or city in that country. Yet on their travels they were always discovering, by chance or by sagacity, things they did not seek. This unusual gift—for it is a gift—made each trip a wonderful adventure and during the period of rest after travel the three princes would look forward eagerly to the new journey and the wonders yet in store for them.

Sir Horace Walpole in a letter to Sir Horace Mann,

January 28, 1754, coined an interesting word. In discussing some current gossip he alluded to these three princes and a tale about them. He coined the word *serendipity*. Walpole said serendipity is the gift of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for. Who has not experienced this accidental sagacity at one time or another? What joy greater than when seeking or doing something, to stumble unexpectedly on something surprisingly interesting and pleasant?

While attending faithfully to his daily routine, with his possible goal that of a salesman for the firm, John Muir all unwittingly possessed a gift, the gift of serendipity. Once before in the case of the brutal foreman Vail it had turned a black moment into a bright promotion for him. Now again it was tapping softly at his door.

The head of John's firm, Mr. Sanford, was at the time out on the road selling with the other salesmen of Sanford, McInnes and Company. Mr. McInnes was acting head of the business and he decided it would be a good idea to take advantage of the sudden growth in population in and around Madoc. The firm had retail branches in Guelph and Hamilton. Why not one in Belleville?

One bright morning in May, 1867, Mr. McInnes called young John Muir into his office.

"Well, sir," said he, "how would you like to take charge of a clothing store up in Belleville?"

John thought he could not have heard aright so he waited for more.

"I mean it," Mr. McInnes continued with a smile. "The firm thinks it would be a good idea to establish a branch store up there and it seems to me you would be just the man. You've been with us five years and know our business thoroughly. People like you and I am sure you will make a success of it."

So the nineteen-year-old boy set out the next week for Belleville. A man twice his age, named Ramsey, who possessed a full beard, went along to lend dignity to the enterprise, but John himself was in charge. The thrill that comes once in a lifetime was his when the sign

JOHN MUIR & CO.

was nailed up over the small store. John fairly swelled with pride and enthusiasm.

Dating back to 1790, the town of Belleville was by the time John Muir went there a center of prosperous activity. Four years after the town was founded, the first brick house ever seen in Canada was built and for eighty years stood on a hill overlooking the city, a landmark of great distinction.

The town quickly learned of its new store. John Muir believed in advertising and soon every fence in the countryside told the people about "John Muir & Co." and what they sold. As a much larger firm in Hamilton had done before him, young John adopted the symbol of an elephant as his trade mark.

The advertisement of the store which appeared in the "County of Hastings Directory, 1869-70," published by Mackenzie Bowell, editor of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, is a fair sample of the other advertisements which sprinkled the countryside.

JOHN MUIR & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
READY-MADE CLOTHING, SHIRTS, COLLARS, BRACES,
FLANNELS
TIES, SCARFS, AND BOOTS & SHOES
TRUNKS, RUBBER CLOTHING, RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, etc.
FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

More than once, bearded farmers came into the store and upon being courteously greeted by the young proprietor, brushed him aside impatiently.

"We don't want you, boy," they said curtly. "We want to see the boss himself," and they looked back at Ramsey whose flourishing whiskers seemingly betokened ownership.

Sometimes the men would not believe the nineteen-year-old lad, with the round smiling face and red hair, was indeed the proprietor of a firm which was doing a good business and fast acquiring a fine reputation in the near-by towns.

Barely twenty and manager of a branch emporium, life looked very good to John Muir. With money at his disposal and a whole store from which to choose clothes he soon blossomed out into the town's Beau Brummel. With that bubbling, driving and at the same time balancing enthusiasm which never forsook him in later years, he entered into the social life of Belleville.

The training he had received in the literary club at Hamilton now stood him in good stead. Like most other communities of the time and many of our country towns now, Belleville had to depend on its own resources and talent for entertainment. Some time before a social club had been organized which exploited local talent, and from time to time gave public entertainments. Before long John was a prominent figure in the organization and took an active part in the entertainments.

Nor was his reading neglected. The novels of Charles Reade were at the height of their popularity and John followed faithfully from month to month the installments printed in a popular magazine. His favorites were *Never Too Late to Mend* and *Hard Cash*. Later, in Chicago, he saw a dramatization of the last-named book.

Since the day when Elsie Carter had passed him haughtily by, John had thought no more of the ladies. Now he found smiles and sidelong looks greeting him. Fans fluttered at his approach and a mild excitement pervaded the feminine ranks when he joined a group. All this was very pleasant but no girl especially attracted him until one spring night almost a year after his arrival in Belleville, he was formally presented to Mary Elizabeth Newbanks at a party.

The Newbanks family had moved to Belleville from Troy, New York, several years before. It seems strange John had not met Mary before this but some turn of fate's wheel had kept them apart. Mary Newbanks, her younger sister Ella, and their mother composed the little family. Their brother Robert was in business in the States.

At the age of fifteen and a half, Mrs. Newbanks, then Mary Taylor Watkins, had eloped with a young divinity student some ten years her senior, John Alexander Newbanks, then peacefully pursuing his studies at Auburn Theological Seminary. John Newbanks' father was born John Banks, but upon coming to the United States from the north of Ireland in the early part of the nineteenth century, by an act of legislature had changed his name to Newbanks.

Brilliant and promising in his youth, John Newbanks the younger frittered away the early years of his life until they had slipped beyond recall. His domestic affairs coming to a startling impasse, the impetuous Mary Watkins Newbanks, taking her three children, one of whom was the future wife of John Muir, left the home abruptly and sought sanctuary with her aunt, that splendid Olive Taylor "whose name led all the rest" in the history of the city of Troy. Mrs. Newbanks found a

place as matron at the Emma Willard Seminary for young ladies in the same city.

When she was ten years of age, two romping playmates carrying her in the "seat" made by their four small hands, dropped her and thus Olive Taylor the straight-limbed little girl became in an instant of time the Olive Taylor who never walked again. She lived the forty-two years left of her life in her bed and her big armchair. Little of money did she see but the warm response to all in distress, the ministering to many unfortunates caused her name to be known and honored by all in the city of Troy. She was a wide reader and had a remarkable influence upon other people. The "best people" of the day, consisting of the literati of the city, came frequently to her home. Her death in 1855 was widely mourned and the account in the *Troy Times* read, "Truly the friendless and orphan have lost a friend."

Mary Newbanks Muir never forgot her Great-aunt Olive. She named the second of her six daughters for this noble woman. When Olive Taylor died, Mrs. Newbanks, at the earnest solicitation of friends in Belleville, Ontario, then called Canada West, took her three children and went there to live. That was in the early days of the Civil War.

At seventeen Mary Newbanks was by common consent the prettiest girl in Belleville. Petite and dainty, hair of pure gold color, and a flawless complexion. Her eyes were a clear grey-green and though somewhat nearsighted her gaze was straightforward and unafraid. Her bearing was reserved and dignified but she possessed a demureness which charmed all who met her. Her straight little nose was pure Grecian and around the girlish mouth there was a trace of wistfulness.

Small wonder that as he gazed John felt a numbness

creep over him which rendered him incapable of speech. Although with a successful business record of five years, and new laurels added to his crown in his little store, John felt suddenly less than the ground pressed by Mary's tiny foot. In his imagination she was removed from the lighted room full of young people to the dizzy heights of a fleecy moonlit cloud. She seemed as unattainable as the one star which twinkled brightly near the crescent moon that April night.

It took most of the evening for John to muster courage to ask to escort her home, and even her gracious assent did not lift his leaden feet from the floor. A smile thrown at him over her shoulder as she hesitated by the door brought him to her side. The "wee bit lass" had speedily woven a net of charm around the red-haired Scotch boy that was to last over half a century.

Mary lived with her mother in a little house surrounded by a garden. In the fence which inclosed the garden was a gate, opening on to a walk leading to the door of the cottage. The picture the girl made in her youth and loveliness against a background of shrubs and flowers, leaning on the gate with lips half parted, was one her lover never forgot.

The vision of the gate leading into the City Beautiful in the Pilgrim's Progress of long ago, which he had once set out to find, again flashed before John's eyes. Surely he had reached the haven of his desires and longed with all his heart to pass through the gate to the girl waiting on the other side, where they two would continue the journey together.

The first call was followed by others and soon John's red-head was a familiar sight to the neighborhood of the Newbanks' house. Every Sunday night John was invited to supper. He would set forth with a pineapple tucked

under his arm, offering the delicacy to his lady love as a token of his regard. The fruit was not the commonplace menu item it is today and was a gift greatly to be desired.

Mary Newbanks' mother was making a determined stand against straitened circumstances. Often their meals consisted only of the things strictly essential to existence. The little luxuries regarded as so necessary in most homes were almost unknown to them. Sunday evenings there would be sugar in the little china sugarbowl which was kept on the pantry shelf all week against the advent of Sunday supper. Lacking enough sugar to cause it to look respectably full, the mother stuffed the bottom of the bowl with white paper, putting the carefully hoarded sugar on top. John soon found this out, and partly with a wicked desire to tease his sweetheart, partly to expose the sham, noisily crackled the paper as he helped himself to sugar, to the consternation of Mary's mother and sweet Mary's pink-cheeked embarrassment.

During his calls in the middle of the week John and Mary would decorously play chess together. Libbie, as John soon came to call her, was an excellent player, thinking out skillful moves far ahead. For lack of a table the chessboard was balanced on the knees of the players and Libbie always won. That is, just as Libbie would raise her queen or some other piece with "Checkmate," on the tip of her tongue, John would accidentally tip the board, and crash! all the chessmen were scattered on the floor.

Libbie would always laugh merrily and help gather up the chessmen and another game would be started. John was convinced not a sweeter-tempered girl existed in all of Canada, or for that matter in the world. In this game and in the game of life John Muir forestalled the word *Checkmate*.

At this time something came up which for a few days

threatened the peace of the sweethearts. John's interest in literary activities had developed into an overwhelming passion for the drama. He had proved to be singularly versatile in portraying various parts in the amateur theatricals during the preceding year. His social club had been planning for some weeks to present *Othello* to the community and John had been given the principal part. Rehearsals had begun and the night of the performance was not far distant.

Mrs. Newbanks strictly adhered to that phase of Methodism no longer featured in the denomination. She allowed no card playing in her family and neither of her girls was permitted to attend a theatrical performance. Once Libbie got hold of a copy of the enthralling *Jane Eyre* and had reached an exciting part of the story on a Saturday night. Despite protests from her daughter Mrs. Newbanks insisted the book be laid aside until the following Monday morning, and laid aside it was. So while John carefully explained about his part in the approaching performance, Libbie was interested but not convinced. Certainly she never thought of informing her mother that her lover was taking part in anything so wicked as a theatrical performance.

Methodist training did not lessen Libbie's keen desire to see her suitor shine as the hero of the play. It was out of the question for her to attend the presentation, so they compromised by John's planning to let Libbie see him when dressed for the part of the famous blackamoor.

Guiltily he stole up the walk toward the cottage on the night of the play, and around to the side of the house where he whistled softly. After a little Libbie came out breathless. At the sight of the black man she shrank back.

"Mother knows something is up," she said in a stage

whisper, "and I had the worst time. Oh, Johnnie, what have you done to yourself?" For this did not look like the boy she knew.

His hands and face blackened for the Moor's part and a black wig covering his flaming hair, John smiled down at her, his teeth gleaming whitely against their black background.

"It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Libbie listened in rapt silence.

"That's wonderful, Johnnie," she said simply. "I wish I could hear you. Tell me all about it, will you? I must go back now. You see," she hesitated demurely, "I'm expecting a visitor."

"You're what?" demanded John.

"Well," said Libbie, "why should I spend the evening alone? Henry is a nice boy and I like him."

With which brief explanation she slipped away leaving the downcast John to his bitter reflections.

It was still early so he waited patiently, hidden by the shrubbery. After a little, sure enough a man opened the gate and came up the walk. John saw Mrs. Newbanks open the door, smile a greeting and call Libbie. The young man had a determined look, one that seemed to

mean business and bode John no good. There was no engagement between them and Libbie was a popular girl. When did a town's prettiest girl ever want for beaux?

Time was pressing and John hurried away. As he walked rapidly down the street he thought once more of his vision of the gate to the City Beautiful and this time in his mind's eye he could see it closing with a jar, leaving him very much on the wrong side. He almost turned back to the cottage to "sit out" his rival, or lie in wait for him at the gate to have it out, but his strong sense of loyalty and the difficult position in which his absence would place his friends sent him along. Also, as always, an obstacle in his path made him the more determined to surmount it. He set his jaw and continued on his way.

Othello was literally a howling success. Part of the howling came at the end of the third act when *Othello* was addressing the young man who played Desdemona. Young ladies in Canada in those days did not take part in amateur theatricals. The scene was where *Othello* has heard from the false Iago of Desdemona's supposed unfaithfulness, and he asks her for the handkerchief which was his first gift to her.

"Fetch me the handkerchief," commanded *Othello*, and as he spoke the wig slipped exposing fiery red hair never seen on head of Moor. Roars of laughter came from the pit, cheers from the gallery. But the wig was replaced and the performance sailed on to a brilliant conclusion. The blond young man was dramatically smothered and *Othello's* death was highly successful from a dramatic standpoint.

John had decided that night that his courtship of Libbie Newbanks was to take first place in his life until the happy terminus. Rival suitors, Methodist restrictions, even his dramatic aspirations were henceforth subsidiary to the

main purpose of his life, winning his wife. The next evening armed with a peace offering, he marched up the narrow walk to the door of the cottage.

His reception was as usual and a game of chess was started. After that, another, and presently Libbie asked for an account of the play. With Mrs. Newbanks out of earshot, John gave a glowing recital. When saying good-night the thought of the other man loomed large in his mind. He put on an assurance he did not feel and plunged.

"Libbie, what do you suppose they're saying around town about us?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Mary replied sweetly. "What are they?"

"They're saying we're *engaged,* Libbie. Shall we make it so?"

He could scarcely hear her "Yes, John," and when he passed through the little gate some time later he knew his dream of the gate to the City Beautiful was a reality and he smiled joyously up at the yellow moon.

With the speed characteristic of him John demanded an early wedding.

"At once."

"Oh, no, Johnnie, I couldn't possibly."

"Well, how soon then?"

"Perhaps by Christmas."

It was then August. The protests which followed bore down Libbie's opposition and October fifth was chosen for the wedding day. Less than six months after he first met Libbie Newbanks they were married.

During the short engagement the girl proved her practical nature and began to be the help to her husband that she was all through their life together. At her request John brought to the cottage all the remnants of

the bright-colored silks which he sold in his store. Libbie was clever with her fingers and had excellent taste in color combinations. Her industrious fingers fashioned the remnants into neckties which went back to the store and were sold there. The girl realized with unerring intuition that her future husband was a "going-to-be." From the beginning she determined to help him in every way. John Muir owes much to the faithful helpmeet of fifty-five years.

One night at a party John spied a friend he had not seen in some time. Eagerly bringing him up to be presented to his fiancée, he stopped short. Libbie waited and John's embarrassment grew. The bride-to-be's name? Who was this smiling young girl at his side? Was he not engaged to her? To be sure, but my George! what was her *name?* The name, the name, his kingdom for her name!

"What *is* your name?" he inquired desperately of his astonished sweetheart.

She told him, you may be sure, and she told others about his *lapsus memoria* to the end of her life. Those within earshot greatly enjoyed the joke and later on, when the painful memory had subsided, John could tell it on himself.

On the fifth of October all was excitement and bustle in the Newbanks' home. Everything was ready for the wedding when Libbie gave a gasp.

"Mother," she cried and mother came running.

"Slippers," came tragically from the young bride. "I *forgot* them."

As if one could forget wedding slippers, yet so it happened. A few precious dollars had purchased Libbie's slender trousseau but slippers had been overlooked.

"What shall I do?" the girl moaned.

Hurriedly mother thought. John, of course. Ella, the young sister of the bride, dashed out to the store. She

caught John just as he was leaving and with two pair of dainty white slippers under his arm this modern Prince Charming set out for his Cinderella. Mary's pair fitted perfectly but the poor maid-of-honor squeezed her feet with difficulty into the bridal footwear.

"Step lightly," John cautioned the maid-of-honor, with an eye to business even when at the altar. "Those slippers have to go back to the store. Don't get them dirty."

The marriage service was long enough, so John thought, for the maid-of-honor to wear the soles of the white slippers quite through. The minister was reading on and on, he thought, just to keep him kneeling in an unaccustomed position. Things began to go around and he wondered vaguely if he would survive the ceremony.

His feelings were no different from most bridegrooms. Everything has an end, and after the final prayer John awoke to the realization that he had indeed passed through the gate to the City Beautiful and his dearest dream had been accomplished.

John had previously realized to be a Beau Brummel was one thing and a moneyed bridegroom quite another. Placing his whole Scotch soul into the undertaking he managed that the honeymoon should be a trip to Montreal. Making their escape from the wedding guests, John and Libbie Muir caught the noon train for Montreal. To John's dismay who should also be on the train but the minister who had just married them.

The Reverend William McLaren had business in the same city that was the destination of the honeymooners and he elected to squeeze into a seat not far behind them. He evidently felt the responsibility of what he had just done for he kept a wary eye on the young couple for several hours. Miserable, John sat stiffly beside Libbie,

Mr. and Mrs. John Muir at Time of Marriage.

afraid to put his arm around his bride because of the watchful eye. At last drowsiness overcame Mr. McLaren and he nodded. Miserable no longer John seized the opportunity and perhaps just then the train went through a tunnel.

On their wedding night John and Libbie Muir took a solemn vow they would never have liquor on their table, a vow kept for fifty years.

During their few days in Montreal John tried again to convince his bride that the drama was not the instrument of Satan which she had been taught. He dwelt at length upon its beauty and its educational possibilities, assuring her she would enjoy it immensely. He called into play all his eloquence, quoting again from *Othello*, and his speeches to his beloved "Desdemona" won her completely. The girl of seventeen was experiencing the first thrill of personal independence from the maternal rooftree and John's persuasiveness won. So Libbie, trustful but with a concealed misgiving or two, allowed herself to be led for the first time through the charmed and hitherto forbidden portals of a theater.

The curtain rose and disclosed a setting of color and beauty. Then onto the stage walked a young girl clad in boys' clothes and began to sing. It nearly killed the young bride and years afterward she told her oldest daughter that she longed for the power to disappear under the seat and wished the floor would open and swallow her. John felt he could no longer justify his love for the drama. His attempt to convince his bride was a total failure and without a word they left the theater.

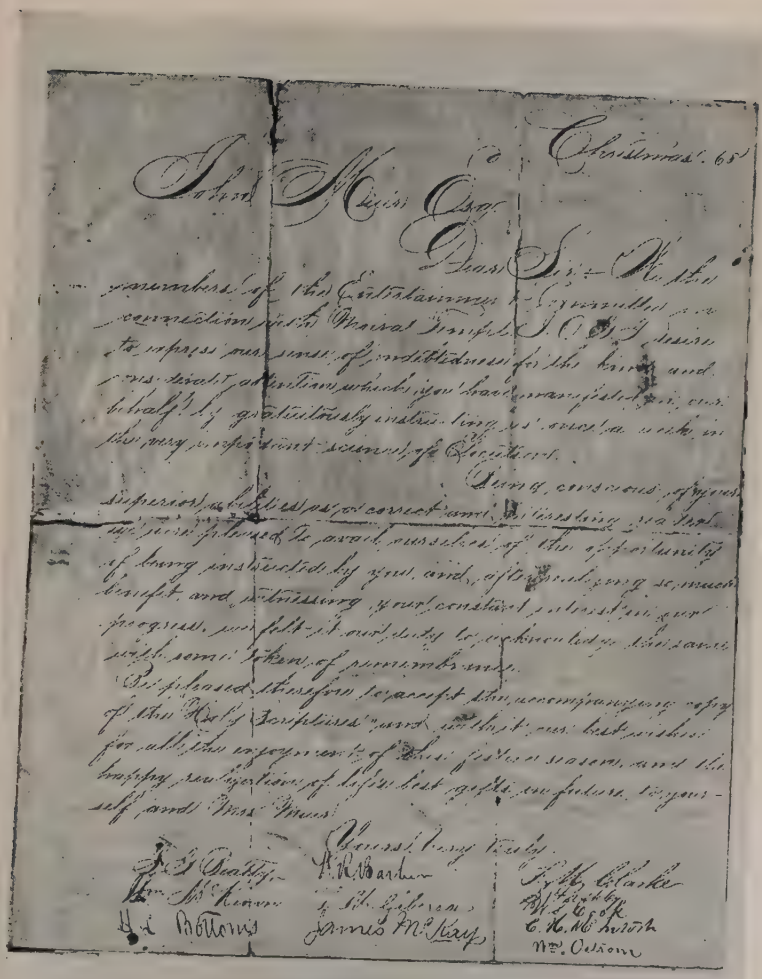
The honeymoon over, the routine of business was once more resumed. The gold excitement began to subside shortly before Christmas and consequently the business of John Muir and Company fell off. That Christmas,

their first together, was marked by the presentation of a letter and Bible from a society John had instructed in the art of public speaking.

In the exaggerated and elaborate script of the time, the eleven members of the Entertainment Committee of the Moira Temple Independent Order of Good Templars, expressed their hearty appreciation of young Mr. Muir's efforts in training them in elocution. John had enjoyed the work and his labors had been genuinely appreciated.

Toward spring John grew weary of seeing one or two customers drift daily in and out of his store and he decided on a bold move. He determined to go to the States to seek his fortune. He needed all his independence and self-reliance for this step, for no longer was he foot-loose. It was decided Libbie should stay in Belleville until John had found a position and could send for her. Trustfully Libbie kissed her husband goodbye and with her few possessions, the most valuable of them a gold thimble which had been a wedding gift, moved to her mother's house.

With exactly one hundred dollars in his pocket John Muir set out for Chicago in the spring of '69, no job in sight and into totally unknown territory.



LETTER PRESENTING BIBLE FROM MOIRA TEMPLE, I. O. G. T.

Chapter V

THREE FACES WEST

TOWARD the close of the "stormy sixties" Chicago was a thriving city of nearly three hundred thousand people. Even then it was a commercial center of immense importance. The Union Stock Yards had been started in 1864, and the sign of the steer was rudely crowding the sheaf of wheat emblazoned on the civic seal.

Robert Shackleton in his *Chicago* reminds his readers that La Salle was a Norman and gives the ancient Norman prayer—also said to be an old Scotch petition—which better than any other word sums up the spirit of the Windy City: "Lord, we do not ask thee for the desirable things of life, but merely to tell us where they are and we will go and get them."

Chicago was then rated as the fifth city in the United States and it boasted many public buildings with several miles of pavement. There were five hotels besides the celebrated Palmer House. Crosby's Opera House had been erected four years before and there were several theaters, the most noted of which was McVicker's.

Vessels made their way to this growing harbor of an inland sea. Railroads had sprung up, weaving their network of tracks in and around the city, every freight train bringing cattle from the West to the Stock Yards. The horse-car flourished and the ever-growing city, unaware of the shadow of trial-by-fire only a year or two away, grew and prospered by the lakeshore. From the sand dunes, swamp and the prairie had sprung a city. A marsh had become a metropolis.

John Muir's old friend who studied shorthand with him, Charles Langmuir, met him at the station, the only familiar face in a city of strangers. Langmuir could not help him to get employment as he was having difficulty getting along himself.

The hot May days during which John searched for a job were very dark. He thought desperately of going out in the street and breaking stones, for his soul could not endure the enforced idleness. Libbie was waiting for him to send her word in Belleville to join him and the days dragged slowly. Her faith in her Johnnie was never shaken and when about a month after his departure word came for her to come, she set bravely out for Chicago.

His second week in the city, at the now world-famous corner of State and Madison, John had met an old school mate, George Kerr. He gave John a warm welcome and almost immediately found him a position as a stenographer.

When Libbie joined him the Muirs rented two small rooms on Halsted Street west of the river. Times were far from easy and rigid economy was the motto at all times. Libbie did all her own work except the washing. Perhaps some stubborn streak of ancient Norman pride, a hang-over from the original Taylor, made her rebel at that.

On the few occasions when the young couple would go out to see something of the city, John would put Libbie on the little horse-car that meandered up and down State Street. He would pay her fare and then prompted by his inborn thrift he himself would run on ahead. Always he would cover the blocks which lay between them and their destination before the slow little horse-car, and be smilingly waiting for his wife when she alighted from the car. While he saved the many mickles which in time made a

muckle, his active mind ran ahead, pondering in what common sense way he could turn his savings, slender though they were then, to something which would bring in the great reward. The *mickles* of those days were literally *nickles*. The old Scotch proverb, "Better say 'Here it is!' than 'There it was!'" was uppermost in John's mind and he ever acted on that principle.

The big city was a never-ending source of interest to the young Muirs. Although comparatively untouched by the Civil War there were many echoes of the conflict and John and Libbie by dint of many questions and much listening caught up on the history which had been enacted in the United States during the last decade. They themselves had been too remote to have a clear impression of all that had transpired.

People were still humming one of the most famous of the ballads born of the War, and upon the lips of Libbie Muir often trembled a verse of *The Picket Guard*.

It was an age—soon to be ended—of flourishing sentimentality. People thought and spoke in terms of song and verse. There was a rhyme for this, a poem for that, nearly all of them overflowing with what passed for sentiment, drenched with near-emotion.

The Muirs found friends in a Mr. and Mrs. James P. Robertson, a young couple just starting out in life together like themselves. Robertson held an important post in the publishing house of Rand, McNally and Company.

About two months after securing his first position, an offer came to John from the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Allan Pinkerton, founder of the Agency, needed a secretary, and William—familiarly known as Billy—the son and partner, also needed someone to take care of his correspondence and do general office work. Highly elated at the offer John was soon installed on the Pinkerton staff

and the time spent in the Pinkerton Office on Washington Boulevard was certainly not monotonous.

Those young couples who drift their canoes down the Fox River on warm spring nights under the Illinois moon, never dream that more than eighty years ago a notorious gang of counterfeiters had their headquarters on one of the tiny islands that dot the river.

Allan Pinkerton had come to Dundee, Illinois, from Glasgow, Scotland, the burial place of Alexander Muir's forbears. He had no fear of anything that walked and his love of adventure amounted to a passion. When he discovered and practically singlehanded brought to justice the counterfeiters he won a reputation for himself which soon spread throughout the state. He was made deputy sheriff of Kane County and later Sheriff Church of Cook County took him from this position and made him deputy sheriff under him. A little later, in 1850, Chicago's Mayor Boone appointed Pinkerton a detective of the city's police force, the first appointment of a detective in the city.

In 1852 Pinkerton's Detective Agency was established, the first institution of its kind in the United States. It grew until eight years later a corps of night-watchmen or "Merchants' Police" was added. Soon "Pinkerton's Preventive Police" were scattered throughout the city. The Agency's trade-mark was the picture of a human eye, glaring unblinkingly, and the motto beneath it read, "We never sleep." The discovery of the thieves connected with the robbery of the Adams Express Company at Montgomery, Alabama, and frustration of a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln on his way to his inauguration were but two cases which added to the fame of Pinkerton and his Agency. Pinkerton organized the first Secret Service division of the army, and toward the close of the sixties opened New York and Philadelphia branches of

his Agency which is now world-wide. He would never touch a case that had to do with shadowing husband for wife and vice-versa. This statement was made in the advertisements of the firm.

After the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, Pinkerton helped many a slave over the border to Canada and freedom. Often crowds of negroes would throng his house on Adams Street, begging him to help friends or relatives and they were never refused aid.

The May before John Muir entered the employ of the Agency, in fact the very month when he was wearily tramping the hot streets of Chicago looking for a job, Allan Pinkerton had suffered a severe stroke of paralysis. From that time until his death in 1884 he was never as active as formerly. Although crippled he could not stay out of his office and for months afterward was on hand attending to business. The stroke had paralyzed one side of his body and as he walked he slowly dragged one foot. He held his arm on that side close to him, for it was shrunken and semi-useless. In spite of his handicap Pinkerton was an imposing figure. His full beard and bushy eyebrows, together with his large features, made him resemble slightly the well-known pictures of Brigham Young.

He was as close as is characteristic of the proverbial Scot. One day he dropped a nickel on the floor. The coin rolled for a short distance and then dropped through a crack out of sight. Everything in the office was called to a halt while the men took turns trying to rescue the nickel. Eventually it was found and the busy wheels of the Agency were permitted to turn again.

Among his other duties John was paymaster of the Agency and every week the men lined up to receive their wages from him. One day as he was sorting out the

money preparatory to paying off, he dropped a five-dollar bill on the floor. Allan Pinkerton happened to be passing the cashier's desk just then, dragging his withered limb. He stopped short and stood there watching John. Then he moved over close to him and continued to stand there. Long minutes went by and still Pinkerton remained at John's elbow. Nervously John wondered what he had done amiss. Then Pinkerton spoke.

"Look here, Muir."

John looked and Pinkerton raised his foot under which lay the five-dollar bill.

"Next time be more careful," said he, and John heaved a sigh of relief as he picked up the money.

Another son of Allan Pinkerton was Robert, better known as Bob. Although John knew him in Chicago, Bob was later put in charge of the eastern branch of the Agency in New York, and lived on Eighth Avenue in Brooklyn when John Muir and his family lived around the corner on President Street in the same city. Bob was a big genial man, quiet in voice and manner, with a most unassuming personality. He was a devoted husband and father and very modest about his unusually fine work in his profession.

In common with all other residents on the Prospect Park Slope in the early nineties, Bob Pinkerton took the horse-car to work in New York every morning. He would seek the rear of the car and hold his newspaper up to his face, pretending to read, while in reality he was studying the people who got on and off the car. He spotted more criminals in that manner than any other man.

At the great horse races held at Sheepshead Bay, Bob Pinkerton would marshal his men and then watch personally for the racetrack *touts* and confidence men. He made a speciality of this work and rapidly excelled in it. A man

more unlike the commonly accepted idea of a detective is hard to imagine. The phrase "I seen my duty and I done it," originated with him and was used in the Muir family as a standing joke for years. It later became a catch phrase and is occasionally heard today.

The Pinkerton Agency had charge of a house over which a legal tangle had arisen as to ownership. Their instructions were to keep everyone claiming possession, and one man in particular, out of the house. A sudden rush of business—perhaps the beginning of the Chicago permanent crime wave—had left only John and another man in charge of the office.

The hot August afternoon was droning along. Somehow there had been no excitement for several days, reflected John. Suddenly Allan himself rushed into the office, impatiently dragging his lame leg behind him.

"Boys, where are you?" he exclaimed. "Here, Muir, I forgot. They're out on that murder case. You know that house over on North State Street? One of the men who claims it is on his way over there now to enter it. I've got to get right up to police headquarters. Here, take this," and Pinkerton thrust a pistol into the hands of the astonished young man.

"Now you get the key and go up there with these papers. They're legal authority to keep him out and if they don't then use your head. Don't use the pistol. Pretend to if you have to but you won't have to. Understand? Yes, of course. Now get on up there fast."

John was out of the door and up the street before he had grasped the last half of Pinkerton's instructions. In fact, in view of what happened it is extremely doubtful if he heard them at all. Here was excitement with a vegeance. The heat forgotten, he tore up State Street.

At the house he breathed again. It was apparently

vacant and all seemed as usual in the neighborhood. Key, papers and pistol in hand he entered the house and went upstairs to watch and wait for the invasion.

For about half an hour nothing happened. Then he saw several men approaching, and he recognized the foremost one as a claimant of the house. Waiting only for them to reach the front door, John leaned from his second-story perch and waving the papers in one hand, with the other shot the pistol into the air above the heads of the besiegers.

Then the neighborhood woke up. Policemen came running and the infuriated claimant shouted at the top of his voice for the arrest of the red-haired gunman at the window. John was arrested and a complaint entered against him on the grounds of intended assault and battery with a personal threat to kill.

Allan Pinkerton had left police headquarters but he was promptly called back to extricate his unfortunate young aide. After considerable difficulty this was accomplished but the sun was setting beyond Halsted Street when a weary and subdued young man made his way home to his wife. Explanations were very much in order and they proved somewhat of a strain on Libbie's credulity. It was John's first and last attempt to pull the strong-arm stuff.

In amusing contrast to this valiant episode was one, years later, when living near Bob Pinkerton. Exceedingly elaborate burglar alarms were placed in the new houses on President Street. John Muir bought Number 912 in 1889 for twenty thousand dollars and simultaneously Laura Jean Libbey, novelist adored by morons, moved into the house two doors above the Muirs. Each of the brownstone fronts had one of the burglar alarms, that of the Muirs being located on the wall of their second floor front bedroom. It was set each night and if any window was

raised the fraction of an inch—this was evidently before the day, and nights, of open windows while one slept—there would be a deafening racket from the alarm. One night the alarm was not set and John Muir's wife woke up in the wee small hours and began to hear real or imagined sounds. Unable to endure it longer she woke her husband and asked him to please get up and see who was trying to enter the house. No valiant defence now! "Oh, turn on the burglar alarm," was the sleepy response, and in a few minutes he was peacefully asleep.

On November 30, 1869, their first child was born in the little house on Halsted Street. He was named George Allan Muir after two friends, and was an added incentive to the new father's zeal in his work.

In 1857 J. H. McVicker built a theater in Chicago. It seated twenty-five hundred people and was the finest, most up-to-date playhouse yet offered to the public. J. Wilkes Booth, J. H. Hackett, Lotta Crabtree, Charles Kean, Joseph Jefferson, and many other players whose names are famous in the annals of the stage had appeared there. *The Black Crook*, that play which shocked our grandmothers, was given at McVicker's "for the first time anywhere" July 8, 1866.

In the August of 1869 Edwin Adams presented *Enoch Arden* for the Chicago theater-goers. John and Libbie had thrilled over Tennyson's poem. Part of it had seemed written for them especially.

So John and Libbie went, the latter protesting silently. It was an extravagance they could ill afford but Johnnie had worked so hard, she thought, and he did want to go. In spite of herself Libbie was moved by the play and John responded with a thrill greater than anything he had experienced before.

A few days later the application of twenty-two-year-old

John Muir was filed at the McVicker Theatrical Agency. The manager received it doubtfully. What had he done? Many recitations, debates and the like. What else? Amateur plays. The manager looked even more doubtful. Well, he would see and Mr. Muir would be notified.

That night Libbie was informed her young husband was considering a stage career. At that her silent protests became quite audible. She stated at length the reasons why her husband should not become an actor.

"I'd look nice now, wouldn't I, Johnnie Muir," Libbie cried, "trailing you all over the country?" There were tears in Libbie's eyes.

She could not foresee that as the wife of a railroad man she would indeed trail her husband across the country from city to city, with a baby in her arms and always three or four small children. The one advantage she had over an actor's wife was her private car and no lack of help. She little knew the prophecy unwittingly made.

Doubts arose in John's mind and as day after day slipped away and no notice came from McVicker's, he concluded it was the best thing after all. Dramatic possibilities were an integral part of John Muir's make-up. The power to visualize, the gift of imagination of a high order, sweep and breath of vision, a pleasing voice and intuitive perception of the fitting were all his. Perhaps a good actor was spoiled for a better business man.

One of the activities of the Pinkerton Agency was checking up the conductors of different railroads on the personal cash fare concessions they allowed themselves. One of the Agency's best customers in work of this kind was the Kansas Pacific Railway.

Stenographers were still very scarce. Heads of departments shifted what letters they could on underlings, but

most of the correspondence in every organization and of course all the important letters were laboriously written out by the chiefs themselves. General Superintendent Adna Anderson of the Kansas Pacific Railway decided one morning he had written his last letter.

"There is a need for someone to do this work," he argued. "Why should not this need be filled?"

On his next visit to Chicago he called at the office of his friend Allan Pinkerton. He explained the situation to the Agency's head and Pinkerton thought a moment.

"I have a very efficient shorthand writer"—that was the term in those days—"on my staff. His name is John Muir. That is," this with a dry chuckle, "he is a splendid young man in the office but I'll never trust him with a pistol again."

And the tale of the invaded house was told for Anderson's amusement.

"I'd be sorry to lose him, Anderson, but you need him worse than I do and then it seems to me it's a good chance for him. His talent is under a bushel in this place," and Pinkerton smiled again.

"I tell you," he went on, "I'll talk it over with him and let you know if he is willing. Will you be here some time?"

"No, I'm going back to Kansas tonight," Anderson replied. "But if the young man will come, send him right along. Your word is enough."

So it came about that John and Libbie Muir with their little son left Chicago for Kansas in the spring of 1870. It was just a year after they had ventured into the untried territory of the States, and a year before Chicago's great fire.

It was another gate. Exultation thrilled the future transportation manager. The Gate Beautiful had opened to permit him glimpses of the unconquered territory

beyond. Cities linked together, pouring their resources into the swelling tide of national wealth, may not have been fully visioned but the spirit which had stirred in John and Sally Bell now rose indomitable within him. Empire builders indeed they had been. Had he remained in Canada John would have been their worthy successor.

Toward the West John set his face. He could not know the large share he was to have in the building of a great Republic which is united from coast to coast with rails of steel. The Iron Horse had preceded him by a few years but the task had just begun. Conditions rich in promise he was to find, and ever ready to recognize the summons of Opportunity's fingers he set forth to larger fields which thrilled him with their possibilities.

PART TWO

BALLAD OF KANSAS CITY

. . . . . .

The herders and the traders and the sod corn crew,
They planted 'em a city when the world was new,
They planted Kansas City, and the darn thing grew.

The bearcat killers and the Dan Boone clan,
The boys that taught the panther his respect of man—
They planted Kansas City where the bull trains ran.

Ships made Carthage, gold made Nome,
Grain built Babylon, the wars built Rome,
Hogs made Chicago with their dying squeal,
Up popped Pittsburgh at the birth of steel;
Come, Kansas City, make your story brief:
"Here stands a city built o' bread and beef."

. . . . . .

C. L. Edson.

MY PORTLAND

Were I to choose again I'd still
Live on my wonder-wooded hill
Above the sands and willows where
The broad Willamette's waters bear
The painted ships that lazily
Ride in from sea.

. . . . . .

Were I to choose again I'd not
Have other than that lovely spot
Where all the city's twinkling lights
Peep through the friendly firs o' nights;

. . . . . .

Where spendthrift roses lavish all
Their beauty on a garden wall;
Where silver boughs of white birch trees
Bend gossiping with every breeze—
Boughs burgeoning with song
The whole day long.

Were I to choose again I could
Not find such friends—so good
So staunch, so dear,
As friends are here.

. . . . . .

ANTHONY EUWER.

SAINT PAUL

(*Forty degrees below zero*)

Matins are singing from the Romish Mission,
And the faint music radiates afar
Through the dim silence, like those streams Elysian,
Which wander voiceless where the angels are

. . . . . .

One after one from countless roofs ascending,
Soft fleeces of white vapor float; the plains
Ebb off from the uplands, and the river, wending
Vaguely between, distinctive form attains.

My watchtower, as an eagle's rocky eyrie,
Impregnable arises over all;
Westward, towards Croak-menah, sleeps the prairie
Beneath the terraced city of Saint Paul.

. . . . . .

THOMAS YARDLEY.

Chapter VI

THE ROMANCE OF THE RAILS

THE state of Kansas in 1870 was slowly recovering from the terrible deeds of the two previous decades. In particular was this true of the town of Lawrence. Here was the case of a small and obscure community thrust suddenly into the spotlight of public notice and earning for itself undying historic renown.

In the Fifties and again in the Sixties the town had been raided. Houses were burned, offending printing offices sacked, men, women and children killed without mercy. Small wonder that Sumner had thundered in the Senate on the *Crime Against Kansas.*

> Kansas, sir, is the Cinderella of the American family; she is insulted, she is smitten, and disgraced; she is turned out of the dwelling, and the door is locked against her. There is, however, always a fairy that takes care of the youngest daughter, if she be the most honest, the most virtuous, the meekest and the most enduring of the domestic household.

Now people dared breathe freely again, for the great slavery question had been settled by the Civil War and was fast becoming only a bloody memory.

The Site of Lawrence was one of great beauty. When the Shawnee Indians were possessors of what is now the state of Kansas the loveliness of the prairie, forest and winding stream can easily be imagined. Today the city slopes up from the plateau that borders the river to the

heights above, and from these heights there is a view no visitor to Lawrence can forget.

The Kansas Pacific Railway, or what is now the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific Railroad, was the first railroad to reach Lawrence from Leavenworth. It touched the town in 1864, having changed its name the year before from the Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western Railway Company to the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division.

For awhile the headquarters of the company were in Kansas City, Missouri, but in 1866 the offices were moved to Lawrence. Early in 1869 it assumed the name of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company and the line was completed September 1, 1870.

John Muir moved his little family to Lawrence and rented a brick house of five rooms on Massachusetts Street. Another young couple shared the house with them and in this way living expenses were reduced for both families. The popular joke on the Kansas Pacific was too painfully true to be humorous. Kan't Pay Right Away!

Indians were even then an ever-present fear. If John lingered too long outside in the twilight chopping wood, Libbie would call anxiously to him, fearing to have him remain out after dark, although he was near the house.

A trans-continental railroad! "There has always been something about this idea of binding ocean to ocean with imperishable links of steel to fire the dullest imagination."

When a business man today takes the Twentieth Century for Chicago "and points west" from there, it is no more than a commonplace, and it is vastly irritating if the crack train is a few minutes late pulling into Chicago the next morning.

In *The Covered Wagon*, Emerson Hough made the nation realize the weary months it took our grandparents to cross the continent. Before the Civil War an old gentleman

standing on the bluffs of a Missouri town, addressed a group of young people.

"My young friends," he said, "I will not live to see it but you will see mile after mile of tracks winding their way over the prairies and mountains to the Pacific Ocean."

He was gaily ridiculed for his words.

To Thomas Jefferson goes the credit for the first expressed thought of a link between the East and West. Congress on his recommendation authorized the famous Lewis and Clark expedition whose task was "to trace the Missouri River to its source, to cross the highlands (the Rocky Mountains) and follow the best route thence to the Pacific Ocean." The fruit of the two-year expedition was the report that it was "feasible to cross overland."

From 1819 until the Fifties, while a little Canadian boy was passing from childhood into a boyhood full of hardships and struggles, stray newspaper editorials and articles discussed the advisability of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Some of these articles were written years before there was a mile of steam railroad in the world. These discussions awakened public interest which grew like a giant snowball, agitated further by Asa Whitney's years of earnest endeavor.

During the decade from 1850 to 1860, just before John Muir got his first job as an errand boy in a clothing firm, the question of a trans-continental railroad vied with the slavery issue in interest in the public mind. Everywhere the practicability of it was discussed and argued pro and con.

At last the Curtis Bill was passed June 20, 1862, granting the Union Pacific Railroad the right to construct a railroad across the continent.

This same bill also authorized the Central Pacific Railroad to start building a road from Sacramento to the

eastern boundary of California where it was to connect with the Union Pacific. A company called the Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western, which as we have seen later became the Kansas Pacific, was also authorized to build a line from Leavenworth west to a junction with the Union Pacific. So not one, but three railroads which ultimately became one, started operations little more than sixty-five years ago with their goal the Pacific Ocean.

The Kansas Pacific's line eventually ran from Kansas City, Missouri to Denver, with a branch line from Leavenworth to Lawrence, Kansas. So when John Muir went to Lawrence in the spring of 1870 to join the forces of the Kansas Pacific, he became a stenographer in the offices of General Superintendent Adna Anderson.

The thrill which ran through the nation May 10, 1869, was still upon the railroad companies. In the joy of the completion of the trans-continental railroad the hardships and difficulties of construction days were remembered only as hair-raising stories with which to stagger the imagination of the tenderfoot.

Tale after tale was told in the offices, where John Muir worked, of the days just past, when Indians with wild whoops would attack the construction parties. The greatest fight of all was the one in July, 1869, at Julesburg, Nebraska, when many a redskin "bit the dust," as old Cooper used to put it. Only the "heap big smoke wagon" finally drove the Indian back to his last stand in the West against the men who came with pick and shovel and wooden tie, revolver slung on hip, to bring the East to the West and open up a country whose resources stretch from ocean to ocean.

With the California laurel of the last tie laid, the golden and silver spikes driven by President Stanford flashed the news across the continent. The nation promptly forgot

the trail which had literally been blazed with bullets and drenched in blood and went wild with joy.

The chimes of Old Trinity in New York rang out *Old Hundred*, while in the church below the *Te Deum* was sung. A salute of one hundred guns was fired in the harbor by order of the Mayor, and three thousand miles away San Francisco took two days to celebrate. The Liberty Bell rang in Philadelphia, and Chicago had a parade four miles long. So quickly does humanity forget the sorrow of the night with the coming of a day brilliant with promise.

Those who see no romance in the miles of steel track either have no love of adventure in their souls or are hopelessly ignorant of one of the most stirring stories of adventure ever enacted.

Ring out, oh bells! Let cannon roar
  In loudest tones of thunder,
The iron bars from shore to shore
  Are laid and Nations wonder.

Through deserts vast and forests deep,
  Through mountains grand and hoary,
A path is opened for all time,
  And we behold the glory.

We who but yesterday appeared
  But settlers on the border . . .
. . . Wake to find ourselves midway
  In continental station,
And send our greetings either way
  Across the mighty nation.

What irony! Pullmans with sleeping passengers, comfortably ensconced in their berths after a good dinner in the dining-car, now steamed across mountains and by the

side of deep ravines, where scarcely thirty years before explorers had died of hunger.

Bret Harte in his poem *What the Engines Said* expressed a little of the feeling which ran through the country as the two engines of the Central and Union Pacific touched smokestacks that May day.

> What was it the Engines said,
> Pilots touching,—head to head,
> Facing on the single track,
> Half a world behind each back?

The Engine from the East spoke:

> Listen! Where Atlantic beats
> Shores of snow and summer heats;
> Where the Indian autumn skies
> Paint the woods with wampum dyes,
> I have chased the flying sun,
> Seeing all he looked upon. . . .
> And before my flying feet
> Every shadow must retreat.

And the Engine from "Sierra's crest" answered:

> You brag of your East! You do?
> Why I bring the East to you!
> All the Orient, all Cathay,
> Find through me the shortest way;
> And the sun you follow here
> Rises in my hemisphere.

This railroad was the very child of the western-world freedom. Though motor buses and airplanes are whirring through and over the land, doing in months what the railroads took years to accomplish, yet in history the place

of the railroad is with the ocean cable as an epoch-marking marvel. The conquest of a continent.

Less than ten years before the Muirs moved to Kansas men were required to check their pistols at the hotel desk when they registered or entered the building. It was as matter of fact as the requirement to check books at the New York Public Library.

The management of the hotels insisted and rightly so, that all gun play take place in the street. This request was prompted not so much from any feeling of humanitarianism but more from pure and undefiled utilitarianism. Farther west, in Leadville, Colorado, the sign above the piano in the town dance hall read, "Don't shoot. He is doing the best he can."

James Butler, known to history as "Wild Bill" Hickok and described by his biographer as "the prince of pistoleers," was as much a household word then as was Jesse James later. This tall, yellow-haired giant did not know the meaning of fear. He was a great Indian fighter and rode the Pony Express with Buffalo Bill.

Although on the right side of the law, indeed at one time he was town marshal, he always carried two guns and shot to kill. Buffalo Bill's widow in her *Recollections of Buffalo Bill*, describes "Wild Bill" as a mild appearing, sad-faced man with a quiet voice, and declares he never shot except in self-defence. Many legends have grown up about this "eminent gun-toter" for he never missed his aim.

The Wild West certainly earned a well-deserved reputation.

During the railroad construction period in the Sixties an engineer named Hill in the preliminary survey in Wyoming was killed by Indians. Hillsdale, that state, is named after him to commemorate the gruesome deed.

Not far from this place in Ogalalla, Nebraska, the Indians twice attacked construction trains and in 1868 derailed an engine and cars. At a town of almost similar name in Kansas, Ogallah, a decade later, a brakeman of the Kansas Pacific missed his jump from a water tower to the rear car of a freight train and was found the next day lying across the tracks, scalped.

In Lawrence, spelling bees were at their height of popularity and John and Libbie took them up with enthusiasm. Certain groups in the community would hold these spell-downs regularly, and in between times the Muirs would drill each other rigorously in spelling. One would call the words and the other would spell them. While doing tasks which must be performed around every home the game went on. Libbie put the coffee on to boil as she called out *daguerreotype*.

As John spelled it he reached for the baby's shoe, never noticing whether it was the right shoe on the wrong foot. Then as Libbie rushed to see if her first-born were properly clothed, a suspicious odor arose from the oven where the biscuits were browning. After they were rescued the coffee inevitably boiled over. The result of this unending drill—for it came to be played with every meal—and long evenings spent with the spelling book, made the Muirs undisputed champions of all bees they attended. They could out-spell all comers and their pronunciation, like Cæsar's wife, was above suspicion.

About the first of February, 1871, after nine pleasant months in Lawrence, the offices of the Kansas Pacific were moved back to Kansas City. John Muir moved his little family to a frame house on Washington Street in the Missouri town built between river and high bluffs.

In 1870 Kansas City was a standing joke. The site of the town was most casual. Buildings perched on hills or

nestled in the ravines with utter unconcern of what the outside world thought. The settlers there remained undisturbed by the comments on their city. "If a hill was in the way they cut it down. If a ravine interfered they threw the hill into it." This was literally true. As a loyal son put it, without realizing the humor of his boast, "The natural facilities for draining cannot be surpassed."

The newspapers of other cities availed themselves of the humor of the situation. At stated intervals they reported fatalities. Often these reports read: "Man killed falling off bluff in Kansas City. Breaks neck on roof of building below."

By 1867 Kansas City boasted an Academy of Music and as one walked up the funny wooden sidewalks, steamboats bearing freight or pleasure parties to the wharves were heard whistling hoarsely up the river.

S. T. Smith, auditor of the Kansas Pacific, and who later succeeded Thomas F. Oakes as the last general superintendent of the road, had a beautiful residence on Tenth Street at the summit of the bluff. Its lovely grounds overlooked the fertile green fields and pastures of eastern Kansas and was one of the show places at that time.

The offices of the Kansas Pacific were housed in a three-story building on one of the many hill slopes of the town. A horse-car jogged by at intervals and the outlook from General Superintendent Anderson's office on the second floor was very pleasant. This office, however, soon knew John no more, for shortly after the change to Kansas City he was transferred as stenographer and clerk to the freight department.

The General Freight Agent of the Kansas Pacific at that time was Thomas Fletcher Oakes and John Muir came under his authority. It was the beginning of a mutual

respect and friendship which lasted for years until the former's death.

Twelve o'clock was the dinner hour for everyone and Chief Clerk Garner of John's former department laughed as he called across the office to a friend.

"I always know when it's noon," he said. "Young Muir comes clattering down the stairs just over my head at a great rate. I ought to be deaf by now from the noise he makes."

John would dash home, making the few blocks in an incredibly short time. It was still some years before the invention of the telephone and a generation before its untuneful jangle was to sound in business offices.

Libbie Muir had a signal arranged with John in case of dire emergency. The back yard of their Washington Street house was visible from John's office window and the signal agreed upon was a bright red tablecloth. If John was wanted at home immediately the cloth was hung out on the line.

One hot morning in July, 1872, John was anxiously peering out of the window on the average of every five minutes. Finally General Freight Agent Oakes noticed his actions and was on the point of asking what was wrong with his valued stenographer when the young man gave an unintelligible exclamation and grabbed for his hat.

He was out of the door before his astonished chief could say anything and he did not return until it was nearly time to close the office. A mildly sarcastic comment was on Oakes' lips when John turned to him, beaming.

"It's a girl, sir," he announced proudly, "and we're going to call her Agnes Ella after my eldest sister and my wife's sister."

A Bostonian by birth, Thomas F. Oakes had early become associated with the railroads. He had by turns

Thomas Fletcher Oakes.

been secretary to the contractors of the road, Purchasing Agent, and Assistant Treasurer. Now he was in charge of all the freight shipped over the railroad. He was keen and active, an able executive, possessing the power to bring out the very best in an employee. When he saw faithfulness and industry displayed in any man in his department, he was quick to recognize it as such and reward it accordingly.

From the very first John Muir attracted him. Oakes soon made the wide-awake Scotchman his confidential secretary and allowed him to familiarize himself with all the details and intricate workings of the freight department. As he acquired more and more knowledge of the business Muir was given greater responsibility and it was a day for rejoicing when Oakes promoted him to chief clerk in the freight department.

The opening months of 1874 saw many changes. The country was recuperating from the terrible panic the year before which had placed the Kansas Pacific in the hands of receivers. These men were Henry Villard and C. S. Greeley. Of the former there is more to be told.

The year stands out as that of the great grasshopper invasion of western Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. It was a year of extreme heat and cold everywhere. During July there had been a general drouth, with minor pests and annoyances. In August people noticed big black clouds coming out of the West. The Rocky Mountain locusts were swarming down on the territory.

They flew at a great height, in such numbers as to shut out the sunlight, and at a distance looked like a snowstorm. They settled to the ground and the havoc began.

Tens of thousands of families had come to Kansas during the preceding year because of its prosperity in agriculture and many farms had been tilled and sowed for the first time.

It is difficult to picture what actually happened. Trees, laden with peaches, pears and apples, and the beautiful shade trees of elm and maple were left fruitless, leafless and withered. Gardens, smooth green lawns, bushes and flowers were as seared as if by a blighting frost. Vine-covered houses were exposed to the blistering sun. Half-ripe fields of grains, the farmers' only hope, were blackened over night.

In an hour luxuriant summer scenes looked like a winter landscape. The country was left as bare as if a fire had swept over it. The insects covered the sidewalks, entered the houses, and ate even the curtains. Their crushed bodies made the rails so slippery trains were held up for hours, as the wheels spun around powerless to make any progress.

Something similar to this last occurrence happened as recently as 1909. The Santa Fé had a line running from Kansas City down through Erie, Kansas. There was a plague of caterpillars in that section and they effectually stalled the trains. The men had to sweep them off the track and sand the rails before the trains could continue.

The destitution and suffering through the winter of 1874-5 was very great. Desperately the states which were stricken tried to help themselves. Unable to cope with their plight, they appealed to the East. Money and supplies poured in liberally. Relief trains were routed free over the Kansas Pacific and other roads. Boston vied with San Francisco in sending help.

Longfellow's picture of Hiawatha's starving people applied equally well to that part of the West.

> All the earth was sick and famished,
> Hungry was the air around them,
> Hungry was the sky above them,
> And the hungry stars in Heaven,
> Like the eyes of wolves glared at them.

The end was not yet. The grasshoppers had honeycombed the earth with their eggs in the fall, and the following spring these eggs hatched and the performance was repeated. To the suffering people it seemed as if the eighth plague visited on ancient Egypt had descended on them.

> For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field.—Ex. 10: 15.

The country infested by the grasshoppers was bare of vegetation until June. Then the insects suddenly took wing and were gone as they had come—overnight, and the fields and orchards languidly put forth a few venturesome shoots. Corn was planted as late as July in the forlorn hope of securing something against the next winter. By a miracle the frosts were delayed until the crops had matured and the harvest of that year was ample for all.

Kansas suffered the most. It was indeed "Bleeding Kansas." Cyclones and prairie fires came to ravage a stricken country. Cyclone cellars were the rule in every home, and more than once when a peculiar dark cloud appeared in the western sky, John Muir's wife fled to the cellar with her little family, terrified at the demoniac howling of the winds around the house and up the deep ravines.

Land dropped as low as one dollar an acre. All the people who possibly could do so left Kansas while those who remained hung on in sheer desperation. A would-be punster jested with doubtful humor and even more doubtful meter in the columns of a local paper.

Here's where the Indian
Lived, fought and bled;
Now the inhabitants
Are white with nary a *red.*

The land had been too dearly won to be relinquished even during that terrible time. Kansas thought of her motto: *Ad astra per aspera*—Through difficulties to the stars—and the settlers struggled on somehow through days that were even darker than those our country's first pioneers endured.

November 1874 brought another girl to the Muirs, Mary Olive, named for her mother and her great-aunt Olive Taylor of the brave soul and brilliant mind.

Once again John Muir announced to his superior the advent of a baby girl. He waxed eloquent and almost gave an oration. Oakes congratulated him and then called him to his desk.

"Look here, Muir," he said with an amused smile. "Read that letter."

The letter in question was one Muir had just written for his chief to sign and instead of his customary terse, conciseness he had wandered for the first and last time in his life into bypaths of flowery nothings.

Confused, he turned back to his desk to rewrite the letter and his chief laughed at his confusion.

"I'm afraid this baby has turned your head completely, Muir," Oakes jested. "If a trio produces such an effect on you what will you be with a sextet?"

Oakes could hardly envision his trusted chief clerk with the double quartet of future years. Three youngsters kept the husband and father hustling and he displayed even greater industry.

In the summer of 1875 the General Freight Agent was called to New York on business and a young relative of

General Superintendent Bowen's was put in charge of the freight office. Bowen had succeeded Adna Anderson in May, 1871.

The substitute for Oakes was exceedingly ill-informed as to the routine of a freight office and tried to cover up this lack by being particularly offensive to his subordinates. He placed irksome restrictions upon them and caught them up on trifling details about which they knew more than he.

Muir had been handling all the freight correspondence, often writing his own letters and signing his superior's name to them, for Oakes placed a great deal of confidence in his ability and knowledge of the business of the office.

The freight agent pro tem called Muir before him.

"Hereafter all letters which you write," he ordered, "are to be submitted to me for approval and I will sign them."

The chief clerk rebelled. Give this interloper the benefit of his three years hard-won experience? Put before him those letters over which he had toiled, to be signed as originating from the other man? Certainly not.

Muir stiffened.

"Those are *my* letters," he said. "Mr. Oakes lets me write them and sign them. I don't see why I should turn them over to you."

Furious at the refusal the substitute promptly discharged the chief clerk and momentarily dispirited Muir went home. Love and encouragement were waiting for him there.

"Johnnie, Mr. Oakes won't permit anything like that," Libbie Muir said emphatically when informed of what had happened. "I tell you what. You go to Mr. Smith. He likes you and will give you some good advice. Maybe he'll find you a place in his department. You've done too

much over there to be thrown out this way. And then, there are the children."

Muir's spirits rose at every step back to the Kansas Pacific offices. Briefly he placed his position before S. T. Smith, the auditor of the road, who listened sympathetically.

"That young upstart in yonder is very small potatoes, Muir," Smith said. "Mr. Oakes won't tolerate what he has done. I'll tell you what I'll do," the good man went on, "my chief clerk claims he has enough work for three people so you come in here and help him out until Mr. Oakes returns and you can tell him your story."

The place so kindly made was gratefully accepted and Oakes on his return immediately reinstated his right-hand man. Again a promotion awaited him. It seemed that the animosity of anyone toward him only rebounded to his favor with all the force of a new tennis ball. The aftermath of the scene with the brutal foreman at Sanford, McInnes and Company was acted over again when after his abrupt dismissal and reinstatement Oakes made Muir his Assistant General Freight Agent.

Serendipity!

The Kansas City *Journal of Commerce* wrote up this promotion enthusiastically. It was high praise—and unusual.

> An official circular from the Kansas Pacific general freight office announces the appointment of Mr. John Muir to the position of Assistant General Freight Agent of the Kansas Pacific Railway and operated lines.
>
> Mr. Muir has been connected with the Kansas Pacific for the last five years, steadily advancing from one grade of promotion to another, for some time past filling the position of chief clerk, which he now vacates to accept a higher responsibility.

Probably there is no man in the country more thoroughly qualified for the place by reason of long experience and an intelligent comprehension of its duties, or who possesses a better executive capacity. His never failing energy and promptitude, associated with high personal rectitude and fidelity to every trust, have won alike the confidence and regard of the official management as well as his associates, and there is no one connected with the Kansas Pacific whose personal advancement has been more justly earned or will be more heartily commended by the general public.

. . .

Mr. Oakes has organized the freight department on the best system which experience and capacity can suggest, and with Mr. John Muir, his lieutenant, there could be no better assurance desired that its efficiency will be fully maintained, and every detail so adjusted and carried forward as to meet alike the convenience and necessities of the country, and advance the prosperity of the pioneer road to Colorado.

Hard on the heels of that promotion, in the August of the following year, came the advancement of Oakes from General Freight Agent to the Vice-Presidency and General Superintendent's office of the road. With his added duties he turned over most of the responsibility of the office of General Freight Agent to Muir, although Oakes did not relinquish the title until the following December. When he did so John Muir was appointed General Freight Agent of the Kansas Pacific.

He was not yet thirty years old and the father of four children. A second boy, John Muir, Jr., had arrived in October.

It is interesting to note the salaries paid at that time to the executives and employees of the Kansas Pacific. The highest salary went to the General Superintendent who received six thousand a year. The General Freight Agent

received five thousand, chief clerks twenty-seven hundred, and the clerks and stenographers alike twelve hundred a year. Needless to say it went much farther then than now and the General Freight Agent was considered a highly paid executive.

With the promotion Muir stepped from the ranks of employees into the councils of the officers of the road which was then the sole Kansas trunk line between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains.

Just about this time officials of the Kansas Pacific and other roads had a general agreement to shut down on the number of passes heretofore freely issued. This was a prerogative of John Muir. It was one he prized. By it he was enabled to favor friends and business acquaintances.

Practically all the officers had unlimited passes to every railroad in the country at any time, each pass good for a year. Their immediate families were also thus privileged, not to mention the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts." So the edict went forth that hereafter there would be NO MORE PASSES, save for those rightly entitled to them.

Wags made the most of it and in the newspapers and in signs tacked on bulletin boards appeared many verses of Scripture to emphasize the new ruling. Probably men became more familiar with their Bibles by searching for the texts than they had been hitherto. A leaflet was gotten up and printed and passed around among the railroad officials and their friends.

They suffered not a man to pass.—JUDGES 3: 28.

The wicked shall no more pass.—NAHUM 1: 15.

Though they roar, yet can they not pass.—JEREMIAH 5: 22.

So he paid the fare thereof and went.—JONAH 1: 3.

JOHN MUIR AND ASSOCIATES AT TIME OF APPOINTMENT AS GENERAL FREIGHT AGENT OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

M. R. Werner in his excellent biography of P. T. Barnum tells how the great showman was always besieged by individuals who wished to see his show but had no inclination to pay for the privilege. Evidently Barnum seized on this incident and put it to good use in his own case.

He elaborated on the verses given above, in all quoting some dozen texts to prove his point that no passes were to be given, the most pointed being perhaps. "No man may pass through because of the beasts," Ezekiel 14:15. Barnum continued to give clergymen passes, however, proving that he, even as the railroads, had his own exception to a rule.

Chapter VII

FREIGHT

FREIGHT was the very life blood of the railroads. To hear the heartbeats of the various companies one's ear had to be placed to the freight rates. The roads were building, pushing westward, binding the trade of the East and West together, and freight was the burning question of those years. Increasingly bitter, the fight was sometimes in the open, sometimes under cover of secret arrangements and treaties.

A notable one of these last was the pooling of the entire earnings for two consecutive years of the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. This was done to prevent cutting of the freight rates on the part of each. In spite of this, extensive cutting of rates went on between the roads particularly on the live stock shipped, with the view of getting the largest tonnage in order to make the best showing for a new deal.

John Muir traveled back and forth, East and West, upon the business of his company. Frequently his trips took him westward. Waiting with a party of friends at a small station on the plains of western Kansas, John Muir looked far up the tracks for the train. An exclamation from one of the men with him caused the group to look upward. Sharply defined in the atmospheric distance was a train, with the funny little engine puffing vigorously. The men looked at one another, startled, for the train was not due for another half hour.

The phenomenon was none other than a mirage such as is witnessed by travelers across a desert. The atmospheric condition occasionally threw such sky pictures on the vast screen of the heavens in the distance and John Muir saw this happen more than once.

The daring deeds of the two James brothers furnished inspiration for outrages on the part of other robbers. On one of his business trips to Chicago the train on which John Muir was traveling was held up. Although all efforts were confined to the express car, the passengers waited in momentary expectation of being marched out of the train and according to all tales they had heard lined up and relieved of their valuables.

Desperately they dodged around, trying to find nooks and corners in which to hide the possessions they valued most. One excited man dropped his watch in the water cooler. News of the robbery appeared in the morning papers and when the train pulled into Chicago several hours late on account of the hold-up, throngs of people turned out to gape at the express car which had been so dramatically robbed.

The state of Missouri was a paradox. Half slave, half free, during the war it grew used to riots and wild dissensions within its borders. As long as Jesse James lives in the memory of America so will Kansas City be connected with his name. John Muir's old employers, the Pinkertons, hunted the James brothers relentlessly but had nothing save the search for their pains.

Among the many patrons of the Kansas Pacific freight office was the T. M. James and Sons Company, a crockery and glassware establishment. T. M. James, Senior, was a cousin of the notorious outlaw and his firm, founded in 1863, was one of great importance. Their records showed a business of four hundred thousand dollars for the year

1877. They imported French china, all sorts of dishes and glassware, silverware, and lamps.

The firm shipped regularly to six states and consequently T. M. James came in frequent contact with John Muir. James's relations with the genial Freight Agent of the Kansas Pacific were always ones to leave a pleasant memory. Their relations were most friendly and James was grateful for the kindness shown his firm on many occasions.

It should be noted here the immense power vested in the person of the general freight agent of a railroad. The authority given one individual seems incredible to the reader of today.

It was still some ten years before the Interstate Commerce Commission which did away with unjust freight rates, discrimination in rates to different shippers, undue preferences to companies or cities, and the pooling of freight rates. Then, however, all these things were done as an ordinary matter of course.

John Muir, as general freight agent of a powerful railroad, ruled undisputed and no freight of any description could be delivered to the Kansas Pacific without his approval. Woe be to the transportation agent or business concern which incurred his displeasure!

It was highly important that firms who had much freight to be shipped keep on the right side of the freight agent. Any disagreement and the freight rates would suddenly swell to exalted proportions, leaving the shipper poor indeed, and sometimes their freight might be left on sidings for days and weeks at a time.

In short, the general freight agent was undisputed dictator of rates and rebates.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Muir, with her friend Mrs. Armour and other good

Mr. and Mrs. John Muir About 1877.

women of the city would often go down to the negro quarters of Kansas City and distribute tobacco and red flannel to those who had formerly been slaves.

A character among them was old Auntie Menser, one-third negress, two-thirds Indian. She acted as *accouchouse* when the Muir babies arrived and was much in demand in this capacity throughout the city. Her threat to crying children was invariable.

"Ah'll call Jesse James in heah ef yo' don' quit yo' row!"

It never failed to produce results.

At the supper table one night word came in from the kitchen that the cook, a respectable mulatto girl, was having trouble with an unwelcome visitor.

"Johnnie, will you go out and see what's wrong?" Mrs. Muir asked her husband.

"Oh, I don't think anything is the matter," Muir responded absently, for he had a good deal on his mind.

Mrs. Muir's uneasiness grew. Certainly all was not well in the kitchen. Presently she left the table and went out.

A big negro, after throwing a flat iron at the cook, had her pinioned against the wall, choking her, Mrs. Muir's eyes blazed and her tiny figure took on added height.

"Stop that this instant!" she commanded in authoritative tones. "How dare you do such a thing in my house? Leave this house immediately and if you ever dare venture back I'll turn you over to the police."

The negro cringed at the word of command and dropped his hands. Without a word he slunk out of the door and disappeared into the night while the mistress consoled her sobbing handmaid and then went quietly back and finished her dinner.

That was the period when the services of the family physician were engaged for fifty dollars a year. Dr. William H. Jenney lived next door to the Muirs and

promptly answered every call. He had come to Kansas City in 1869 and had a large practice. A kindly man and a friend to everyone, he was greatly loved.

An exponent of the homeopathic school of medicine, he would put a few drops of colorless medicines in a glass of water, a spoonful to be taken by the patient hourly or every half-hour. Those were also the days of sugar-coated pellets in little bottles. One of the smaller of the Muir tribe was discovered one day placidly finishing a bottle of these pellets. Dr. Jenney was sent for in haste.

"They won't hurt him," was his sole comment.

Another time the eldest boy ran into his mother's bedroom where she lay ill. Hot and thirsty from a game of shinny—the western brand of hockey and also its Scotch name—he picked up what he thought was a glass of water standing on the table and drank it down in big gulps. Horrified, for it was her medicine, Mrs. Muir sent post haste for Dr. Jenney.

"He'll be all right," the good doctor assured her. "Nobody would die from that."

An unforgettable memory was the fearful red sticky mud. There were few sidewalks and the magenta seas of clay at each crossing were sights at which to quail. The mud had peculiarly adhesive qualities and rubbers becoming parted from their owner's shoes sank to rise no more.

The story is told by Henry J. Haskell of two Main Street merchants in the early Eighties who were standing on the wooden sidewalk contemplating the sea of mud that was the street.

"You've got the worst mud hole of a town here I ever saw," said one. "Why don't you pave your street?"

"Me pave it?" exclaimed the other. "Hell, I don't care if they never pave it. I live in Louisville."

It is depressing to have to say the story illustrated the general attitude of many people in Kansas City. They had energy and self-confidence but they did not expect to settle there. Go-getters, fighting to make a living, who were satisfied with the mud and content with its boxes for houses. "Dollar-swappers" who made no effort to transform the city from the "raw trading post" it was then, into a town of progress and civic pride.

Another sight often seen was the quaint old velocipedes, the forerunners of the safety which inspired the song, *A Bicycle Built for Two*. Their big front wheel and tiny rear wheel made mounting one a feat and only long practice gave any degree of expertness.

The May before his promotion to General Freight Agent a deep sorrow had come to John Muir's household. Little four-year-old Ella had caught a heavy cold and instead of recovering, slowly grew worse. Dr. Jenney was out of town and another doctor was hurriedly called in. What he gave her was never discovered but the child slipped into a stupor from the drug and sank rapidly. Not realizing the end was so near, her father anxiously bent over her crib.

"Ella, baby," he called to the little one, "look at papa. Do you love me?"

He repeated his question and the child stirred and opened her eyes.

"Do you love me?"

With an effort the little girl roused herself and in her childish lisp gasped "Yes," and the smile remained on the baby face as she breathed for the last time. It was the first death in their home and not for almost half a century was the shadow of the grave to fall again across the threshold.

From the house on Washington Street the Muirs moved into an apartment in the famous Coates House, which had

been built by Kersey Coates about 1876 at Tenth and Broadway. The man who directed traffic over the sole trunk line of a whole state was never distinguished for being what is known as a handy man around the house. Ice was practically unknown in Kansas City and people depended for their water on large cisterns that had a cooling shelf above them on which were placed perishable articles of food.

One Saturday night Muir was giving his wife a hand with the evening meal during a period when a cook was not to be had. Directed to put the Sunday roast on the shelf he started blithely for the cistern. Somehow the roast missed the shelf and landed in the water with a sickening splash. Ineffectual fishing did not bring the roast to the surface and it is kinder to draw a veil over the ensuing scene. The easiest way out of the difficulty was to move to a new house.

During the preceding months Muir had joined a Building and Loan Association. He had purchased a lot just two blocks from the Coates House and on it had built an attractive brick house. It cost him three thousand dollars. This was the first prophetic note of a real estate venture which was to find its fruition decades later in the world's largest city. From the little brick house to an apartment towering sixteen stories among Manhattan's skyscrapers.

With glad anticipation the Muir family moved into their new home. Encouraged by the success of his enterprise Muir bought the lot next door and on it erected another brick house. This he sold for five thousand dollars, making a nice profit.

The famous evangelists Moody and Sankey came to Kansas City in December, 1876, and held revival meetings. The city was swept with religious fervor and enthusiasm

and turned out *en masse* for the meetings. The old gospel hymns were sung everywhere.

P. P. Bliss and his wife were on their way to join Bliss's friend and co-worker, Dwight L. Moody, at Kansas City. They boarded the train which later crashed through a high trestle at Ashtabula, Ohio, into the river below, killing scores of people, among them the Blisses. It was a heavy blow to Moody and a shock to the rest of the country.

In particular did this wreck affect the railroad officials. John Muir felt the horror of this accident for days and spoke of it often.

. . . . . .

Muir performed on a jews-harp at this time and he played very well. His favorite tunes, caught from the back-wash of the revival, were *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*, and *Oh, That Will Be Joyful.* He played and sang these alternately. His spirits rose with the times.

The freight business was growing by leaps and bounds and the West developing mightily. Muir responded to the feeling and often burst out into verse in the middle of a meal, even singing snatches of songs at the table, to the great delight of his children and vexation of his wife.

When one of the several Titian-haired youngsters was sent from the table in disgrace over some breach of table manners or misdemeanor, their father would reverse the quotation and blandly recite,

> Never shake thy gory locks at me;
> Thou canst not say I did it.

When satisfied by a bountiful meal he would say solemnly,

> The table was loaded with delicacies of every kind,
> Yet—he—could—not—eat!

The unfortunate referred to was the Syracusean flatterer, Damocles, made famous by the sword suspended over his head by Dionysius the Tyrant.

The Deserted Village was a favorite and the children would join him with zest.

> Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a *pr-hay*,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men *de-ca-hay!*

A family slogan adopted at this time and often chanted by one member at another was

> It is not wealth, nor rank, nor state—
> It's *git up and git* that makes men great!

In leisure moments Muir was in great demand at social gatherings, those of the church and other places, as a reader. He was very popular and usually responded with selections from Shakespeare and other authors and poets whom he loved.

On one of his many trips to Colorado in the interests of the Kansas Pacific, Muir took along his wife and a party of friends. A natural-born host, he gave his guests a time they talked about for years after. They had a private car at their disposal and from Denver, the terminus of the road, they took a stagecoach trip up to Estes Park. To while away some of the hours on that trip, Muir read to his guests from a popular novel of the day.

One of the sights which disappeared years ago from the western plains was the spectacle of hundreds of thousands, and even millions of buffaloes ranging the prairies. Time and again trains would be stalled hours while great herds of bison crossed the tracks. During construction days and the day of the covered wagon, travelers would journey for weeks at a time without losing sight of the great crowds of buffaloes.

Not only were trains halted but it is told steamboats sometimes had to stop for the great numbers that swam the upper Missouri River. These herds were really bands which marched in orderly files and on the plains of the West these "buffalo trails" may still be seen. The places called "wallows" where they took their dust baths are also discernible. As in herds of other animals when attacked, the bulls would form a circle of defence about the cows and calves and thus their numerical strength was preserved. They got over the ground very rapidly but when frightened were worse than sheep, often rushing headlong over a precipice.

In those early days nearly every traveler carried a shotgun, pistol, or rifle and when a train was stalled by the buffaloes, the passengers would fire from the windows of the train and eventually succeed in splitting the herd and opening up the way for the train to pass through. Ever since the luckless day in Chicago when John Muir flourished a pistol for the only time in his life, he had been content to watch other men use firearms. So on the occasions when the train in which he traveled was halted by the mad stampede of buffaloes he "let George do it" and counted the animals as they fell. It is almost impossible to imagine a scene such as this but in the United States National Museum at Washington hangs a painting which, so those who have seen testify, is remarkably true to life.

William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) won his name in service for the Kansas Pacific Railway. During the construction days the company was hard put to it to feed the twelve hundred or more men employed in laying the rails.

Cody was becoming well known in the West for his accurate aim and the Kansas Pacific contracted to give him five hundred dollars a month to kill buffaloes for meat to feed the forces building their railroad. In the eighteen

months of his employment by the Kansas Pacific Cody killed four thousand, two hundred and eighty buffaloes, an average of twelve a day, winning the name by which he is known the world over. The heads of the animals were sent into the headquarters of the company, then at Kansas City, where they were nicely mounted and used as advertisements of the road.

Later John Muir acquired one of these heads and it hung for years in the dining-room of his home. A buffalo head was as essential to the properly furnished home as a horse-hair sofa.

The wholesale slaughter of the buffalo is easy to account for, although looking back on it the method seems not only to have been an extraordinarily wasteful one but one of the saddest histories ever enacted. The reason for extermination is traced back to General Sheridan's contention that the buffalo supplied everything necessary to the Indian's existence and if the animals were wiped out it would be an excellent and comparatively easy way of getting rid of the savages who were doing their best to stop the laying of the rails across the continent.

Sheridan's argument became popular at once and everyone started in killing buffaloes. It was a wanton proceeding as in nearly every case the carcasses were left to rot on the plains. Later, the skins were sold and buffalo robes were soon seen on every farmer's wagon in the East. Two beautiful buffalo robes were purchased by John Muir for his family sleigh.

The flesh of the animals was also shipped over the railroads and even the bones rattled over the rails, bound for manufacturing purposes to the Eastern States. The Indians themselves unwittingly aided in the slaughter of their greatest necessity and it is estimated that between 1872 and 1874 the red men killed over a million buffaloes.

A Kansas Pacific Train in Western Kansas Halted by Buffaloes.

Used by permission of the United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., where the original painting hangs.

During that same time the white men killed over three million.

Stockyards and Chicago are synonymous but it must not be forgotten Kansas City is also a great packing center. The history of its cattle industry is an interesting one. In the sixteenth century when the triumphant Spanish soldiers occupied Mexico, Cortez introduced into that country the long-horned cattle of Spain. They found their way north and grew and thrived on the plains of western and southern Texas.

In the late Fifties the first attempt to drive these cattle to a Northern market failed. Persistence established a small trade, however, until the Civil War put an end to what business had been started. At the close of the war the whole state of Texas was overrun with cattle and the situation was beginning to be serious.

In 1866 about two hundred and sixty thousand head of cattle were driven through Indian territory to southwestern Missouri. The cattle spread the fatal Spanish fever among the native cattle and the Northern farmers were furious. Mobs lynched many of the drovers, stole their cattle and the field of a splendid new industry seemed ruined beyond repair.

America did not then have the slogan "It pays to advertise," nor was the country yet aware of that magic word publicity. Its power, however, although unrecognized, was the same as today and all the commotion about the cattle attracted the attention of the North and Middle West to the quality and cheapness of these Texas cattle. People were determined to secure them and after the public has decided that, there is only one thing left to do, give them what they want.

A cattle dealer in Illinois studied the problem and thought a common point might be found in western

Kansas or the Indian territory outside of the settlements or on the Southern rivers, whence cattle could be shipped by boat. With this in view, the dealer came down to Kansas City and interviewed the officers of the Kansas Pacific. They agreed with him that it might pay and there was an understanding that if shipping yards were erected the railroad would arrange matters so the dealer would have shipping facilities and a fair share of the profits.

This was the start of the great cattle industry. Stockyards were built at Abilene, Kansas, and thirty-five thousand head of cattle were received there the first year it was in existence. The cattle were bought at Abilene by the packers and from there they were shipped to Kansas City where they rested, were watered, and then those not killed at Kansas City were re-shipped to Chicago.

The cattle were sold by weight and when dealing with the buyers, in later years, regarding shipment of the animals, General Freight Agent Muir noticed how skilfully the drovers arranged to thoroughly water the cattle immediately before the sales took place. It gave an old adage deeper significance, "A pint is a pound the world 'round."

It was the same idea that Daniel Drew, that illiterate, and well-known figure in Wall Street, had used when selling cattle to old Heinrich Astor, brother of John Jacob Astor, in New York. Drew saw his steers had plenty of salt the night before the sale and kept the poor animals from water until just before they passed out of his hands when he let them drink all they could hold. That incident was the origin of the term "watered stock," which Drew and his partners Fisk and Gould made so bitterly clear to Vanderbilt and others on the Stock Exchange over

the matter of the Erie Railroad. To quote Drew's own words:

> If a fellow can make money selling a critter just after she has drunk up fifty pounds of water, what can't he make by issuing a lot of new shares of a railroad or steamboat company, and then selling this just as though it was the original shares?[1]

Quarantines were also established at Dodge and Ogallah, Kansas, but in spite of all precautions the Spanish fever was spread by these Texas cattle throughout the country and the farmers became very hostile to the cattle trade.

A deadline was established west of Abilene where the cattle were kept about five days to be disinfected. Then it was discovered that after the first frost of each year there was no danger of the disease spreading, and the business became a bonanza one. These events led up to the formation of a joint stock company in Kansas City in 1871, known as the Kansas Stock Yards.

The year before this company was organized Philip D. Armour of Chicago, whose cattle and hog business was flourishing, induced his brother Simeon B. Armour, to leave his farm in New York State and go to Kansas City to take charge of a packing house there.

The Armours and Muirs were neighbors on Broadway, and a friendship sprang up between the two families which lasted for many years. S. B. Armour was a genial, modest and unassuming man. His wife, who had been Margaret Klock, was prominent in schemes of benevolence and various good works. She was liberal in her charities and benefactions and did much to promote the Women's Christian Association, possibly a forerunner of the Y. W. C. A., in Kansas City. The Armours and the Muirs

[1] *The Book of Daniel Drew*, by Bouck White.

attended the same church, the Second Presbyterian, and some ten years later Mrs. Muir named her fifth daughter after her friend Margaret Armour.

One Sunday morning the two families had been to church to hear the new minister. On the way home they were discussing the man and his fitness for the position. The two ladies had about decided in their own minds that he would do, when Mrs. Muir turned to S. B. Armour.

"How did you like him, Mr. Armour?" she asked.

The answer came explosively.

"I counted hogs all through the sermon!"

On one of Muir's trips to Colorado he invited S. B. Armour to accompany him. Armour did so with pleasure. In those days of unlimited passes, as a shipper Armour was entitled through his friend Muir, to free transportation.

At the eating house en route neither of the men were charged anything for their meals. This all pleased Armour mightily but he was not a parasite and when they reached Colorado Springs he took Muir aside.

"Look here, Muir," Armour said, "I'm not going to travel any longer free of charge. You've done too much for me as it is. No," Armour continued, raising a hand to silence Muir's protests, "I mean it."

"There's a little thing I'd like to do for you," Armour went on. "My brother, P. D., up in Chicago, writes me that a big pork pool is about to be started and I'm going to give you a slice."

Armour was as good as his word. He gave John Muir an option on five hundred barrels of pork. The Armours knew pork was rising rapidly in value. When the two men got back to Kansas City, Armour advised Muir to sell and he handled the transaction for him. Muir's share in the pork pool was twenty-five hundred dollars.

Mary Elizabeth Newbanks Muir at Age of 30.

All his life John Muir's friends could not do enough for him.

The most exciting event since the Civil War was the great railroad strike which swept the country in 1877. It began with the Baltimore and Ohio road in July, spread through other roads and reached Kansas City about the twenty-third. The men quit work and demanded more wages before returning to their jobs.

General Freight Agent Muir had his hands full. Shipments of freight stood on station platforms with no assurance they would go out any time in the near future. Night meetings were held by the strikers and mobs of lawless men paraded forbidding people of every occupation to work.

The situation was desperate and rapidly getting worse when Captain H. H. Craig, the police commissioner, took radical action. He raised a company of men, had them sworn in as special police, and crushed the mob which was trying to bring in the reign of anarchy and destruction which held Pittsburgh in its grip. By the end of the month business was resumed, the strike in Kansas City having lasted just a week.

The question of freight rates had been only quiescent. It burst out again with renewed bitterness. The hottest fight of all was the battle waged between the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific which lasted over a period of several years.

There was a railroad traversing the one hundred and six miles from Denver to Cheyenne called the Denver Pacific. This road eventually came under the control of the Kansas Pacific and was used as a weapon against the Union Pacific.

The crux of the fight was the rate on freight to California. Freight from Kansas City to California was routed to Denver, north to Cheyenne via the Denver

Pacific, and at that point the Union Pacific took it and eventually delivered it at its destination.

The Union Pacific wanted all freight from Kansas City sent up to Omaha and thence routed directly over their road to California. To force the Kansas Pacific to do this the Union Pacific proceeded to charge as much from Cheyenne to California as if the freight in question had started from Omaha. The direct result was to place an embargo on freight from Kansas City to California.

Furious at this the Kansas Pacific retaliated when the Union Pacific had freight for Denver. They would charge the latter road as much for the trip from Cheyenne to Denver as from Denver to Kansas City. This had the same result as the action of the Union Pacific and thus both roads were hopelessly embargoed and seemingly against a blank wall. The public, which as usual suffered the most, joined in the row which came to a head toward the middle of the Seventies.

Although not as yet playing a conspicuous part in these freight conflicts, John Muir was not idle. His keen mind missed nothing of what transpired. Many were the conversations he and his immediate superior, T. F. Oakes, had on the events rapidly being enacted. Muir thought much and said little at this stage of the game but he learned more than he had ever hoped about the great scramble that was then the railroad business.

Hitherto the choral of the railroads had not been without its discordant notes. Now there crept into this vast choir a basso pro fundo which was to reverberate through the rails and answer its own echo.

Jay Gould, juggler of railroad stocks, was this new note. In 1857 the "Wizard" became interested in railroads and turned his attention from one road to the next. His method all along was to depress the value of

the stock of the road he was interested in and then buy it up. The smoke of "Black Friday" was still lingering on the financial horizon, when in 1873—possibly with some of the eleven millions cleaned up in that same wild panic—Gould purchased a controlling interest in the Union Pacific.

Three years later Gould became interested in the railroad lines leading to Kansas City. The chief of these lines led to John Muir's office door. The freight war came under Gould's close observation and he hindered or assisted when and where he felt moved to do so.

In the charter of the Union Pacific, under the Act of 1862, there was a clause which required the railroad to pro-rate in equal terms with the Kansas Pacific for the California business. The principle back of this clause was that the various Pacific roads should be opened and operated as one system.

As we have seen, the Union Pacific refused from the beginning to recognize this clause. The Kansas Pacific claimed this refusal was the reason for its own bad financial condition. At which the Union Pacific pointed out with truth that the over-capitalization of their rival road was the real reason for its chronic and almost hopeless insolvency.

They also charged the clause was unjust for the portion of their road lying west of Cheyenne was far more expensive to build and to operate than either their own line from Omaha to Cheyenne or that of the whole Kansas Pacific. Why should they not charge more, they argued, for hauling freight over the mountains than across the plains?

When T. F. Oakes succeeded to the position of General Superintendent of the Kansas Pacific, John Muir was promoted to the post of General Freight Agent. Oakes

brought to his new position his years of experience in the place Muir now held. Oakes was able to give his company most efficient aid in its long struggle with the Union Pacific for its charter rights. Often he called into council his former subordinate, now freight czar.

Oakes was what is called an "early ripe." His younger years were brim full with many and varied duties. Yet he was practically through at fifty. The candle of some men's brilliance burns out early. This was not true of John Muir. Although not lacking in his early years, having much to do and well able to do it, yet by the time his erstwhile superior had finished life's course Muir was at the same age to start a career as different from his railroad life as can be imagined.

Early in 1876 Oakes had introduced into Congress a bill to compel the Union Pacific to respect the rights of the Kansas Pacific. On February 8th of that year a big public gathering was held in Kansas City which gave this bill strong endorsement and proceeded to petition Congress on the same subject. Other meetings were held in different cities and the bill was reported favorably with good prospect of its becoming a law.

Gould could not defeat the measure by opposing it in Congress so he hastily had agents buy a controlling interest in the Kansas Pacific and thus withdrew the opposition to the Union Pacific. In June, 1878, the two railroads pooled their Colorado business but the through rates to California for which the friends of the Kansas Pacific had struggled, were not granted and the people were dissatisfied and felt that as usual they had lost. It was all in keeping with the policy succinctly summed up some five years later by W. H. Vanderbilt, "The public be damned."

Between 1878 and 1880 Gould gradually relinquished his holdings in the Union Pacific until he surrendered his

JOHN MUIR AT THE AGE OF 36.

absolute control of the road. He thus demonstrated his shrewdness in his estimate of the relative value of the two roads, for he realized the importance of the Kansas Pacific. With a view to purchasing controlling interest in the Kansas Pacific he made a careful inspection of the road, traveling in a private car with his family.

The officials of the road went along in another private car and Gould spent most of his time with them, visiting and talking business. In such fashion did the paths of the Scotch boy of Ontario and the young surveyor of New York State cross. A spark from the latter's genius called into being a flame that was to burn steadily and with ever-increasing heat in the life of the Freight Agent of the Kansas Pacific.

George Gould, then a boy of fifteen, would trail his father interestedly on this trip, showing at that early age the keen interest in his father's affairs that led Gould to intrust his eldest son with many of his business projects before the boy was twenty. He was a quiet youth and a close observer of people and events. E. P. Vining, the General Freight Agent of the Union Pacific, was on the trip and taught young George Jay card games while the others talked. Seemingly interested in the cards, the boy would watch the others with his dark bright eyes, missing nothing of what transpired.

> A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it.

Even as young Gould, the boy, took notes of his father's affairs, so this young Scotchman, a child compared to these veterans of the railroads, took notes. And what notes they were. Informed of the very inside doings of two of the greatest railroads of the time, John Muir

watched, listened, observed, noting everything that was done. Nothing escaped him. It was the sowing and tending of the seed that came to perfect harvest later in the Northwest.

Under Gould's control the Kansas Pacific gained rapidly. A first-hand inspection of the compact, non-competitive railway systems of England next gave Gould the idea of the consolidation of the two railroads. At the next meeting of the directors of the Union Pacific, in which though he was still interested he had lost the controlling interest, he made this move, stipulating exchange of Kansas Pacific stock, dollar for dollar, with that of the Union Pacific. The control of the directorate was in the hands of some Boston men and they objected to Gould's proposal and his motion was lost.

Anticipating this, Gould immediately bought up at low prices the securities of the Missouri Pacific, Kansas Central, and minor roads with western extensions. Until that time the Kansas Pacific had been a source of annoyance to the Union Pacific, not a dangerous competitor. At Gould's action the latter was troubled. More was to come.

Irritated at the refusal to consolidate, Gould and his partner Russell Sage, planned to extend the Kansas Pacific west of Denver by way of Salt Lake City to a junction with the Central Pacific. This spelled ruin for the Union Pacific and after a hasty meeting of the directors they agreed to Gould's plan for consolidation.

John Muir watched these proceedings with troubled eyes. Loyalty to his business confrères and fidelity to his chief were basic elements of his nature. He talked about the situation to Oakes and carried the memory of the meetings with him through his activities. He discussed it at home with his wife and even dreamed about it.

Unlike many officials he loved a good tussle. The prospect of an honest conflict was greeted by him with real joy. The same spirit that had moved the red-haired Canadian boy in his successful struggle to win a place in the world of business stirred in him now.

This merger was a highly unethical proceeding but it is not to be imagined the fact troubled Gould. The ethics of Wall Street did not sanction a director in one road building up a rival to the one in which he, with others, was interested. While a director in the Union Pacific he had bought Kansas Pacific securities at ten cents, and now both this stock and that of the Denver Pacific was exchanged dollar for dollar with the Union Pacific stock.

It was a breath-taking escapade in high finance, netting Gould about ten million. Gould's opponents had no come-back and in January, 1880, the consolidation was effected and the great freight war ended for all time.

Chapter VIII

THE FAR WEST CALLS

ONE of the most spectacular careers America has ever witnessed was that of Henry Villard. Losing several fortunes and amassing others as easily, apparently, as the average man goes about his daily work, he left an impression upon the country which will never be forgotten. He had a finger in every pie the nation over.

Writer, dreamer, financier, philanthropist, his was a life crammed with action and adventure. His ups and downs were tremendous ones. Not little hills were his to climb. He scaled mountains which staggered the less gifted and took their descent with equanimity. Remarkable is only one of the many adjectives which describe this far-seeing German, who died when only sixty-six.

Henry Villard was born in Speyer, Bavaria, of a family of ministers. His father was Gustav Hilgard, a judge of the Supreme Court in Munich. His objections to his son leaving for America were so strong that the boy in youthful wrath changed his name to Henry Villard. After success had come to him in the United States he wished to go back to his family name, but his financial friends protested and Henry Villard he lived and died.

He started out to study law in Peoria, Illinois, but migrated to Chicago and became a newspaper reporter. From reporting the Lincoln-Douglas debates he went to the gold fields in Colorado. During the Civil War he was a newspaper correspondent and after a winter in Munich, in January, 1866, he married the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison.

HENRY VILLARD.

Villard's early career was not direct training for his financial one which began in 1873 when he was elected member of a Frankfort committee representing the bondholders of the Kansas Pacific Railway. Two years later with Carlos S. Greeley of St. Louis, he was made receiver for the railroad. By constant and unremitting effort he brought the bonds of the Kansas Pacific up from forty at foreclosure to above par.

There was a lively contest staged between Jay Gould and Villard at that time over the Kansas Pacific. Gould even forced the railroad to apply for the removal of Villard as receiver, and after a bitter fight in which, as we have seen Gould harvested millions, the consolidation of the two railroads was effected.

The methods of these two men, both powers in railroad circles, differed radically. Gould was a destructionist. Villard a constructionist. Small wonder that the star of a certain young Scot was to rise higher and higher, for it was now emerging from the baleful influence of a destroyer, to come under the rugged leadership of the builder of the Northwest.

Villard was now free to concentrate on his Oregon project which he had started early in the Seventies. This consisted of the Oregon and California Railroad Company of Oregon, to which was later added the Oregon Steamship Company. As a member of the Frankfort Committee, Villard was sent out to the west coast to investigate the first road. It seemed to be a bad investment as there had been fraud connected with the building of the road.

Two years later Villard found himself in control of the Oregon and California Railroad, the Oregon Central Railroad, and a line of steamers between Portland and San Francisco called the Oregon Steamship Company.

This last was the only connection Oregon had with the rest of the world.

There was still a fourth company, a rival one, the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and from these various companies, after much financial discussion, disappointments and dallying, a company which Villard called the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company was formed and the events which followed comprise a fairy tale of success, for success is always a fairy tale.

After the consolidation of the Union Pacific with the Kansas Pacific the new company was re-officered. John Muir was appointed to the post of General Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, Kansas Division, by the new controllers of the railroad. This was his same position only under a different name. The General Freight Agent for the Union Pacific was E. P. Vining and soon the two men became warm friends.

One reason for the bond of friendship which held these two men for many years, in fact until Vining's death, was their mutual love of the great master, Shakespeare. Later, Vining blossomed into authorship and wielded the pen most vigorously. Several titles of his books were *An Inglorious Columbus, Israel or Jacob's New Name, Comedy History and Tragedy of Shakespeare*, and the most curious of all, *The Mystery of Hamlet.* This last book undertakes to prove that Hamlet was a woman and Vining devotes some ninety pages to this proposition. The result is interesting but not convincing.

Great things were happening in the far West and taking a long look ahead Villard selected a picked staff from the men he had come in contact with on the old Kansas Pacific. They were T. F. Oakes, C. H. Prescott, C. J. Smith, and J. H. Huddleston. The men of the west coast called these men "The Grasshoppers," and the

Kansas City immigrants retorted with "Webfeet." The wet winters of Oregon had given this name to the natives. In particular had John Muir attracted Henry Villard. Through his years of association with the Kansas Pacific Villard had taken notes on the men who attracted him. Although not an original "Grasshopper," as they preceded him by several months to the coast, yet John Muir was in reality one of this splendid staff of men.

In December 1880 Muir made the journey to Oregon to enter the service of Henry Villard, to whom the Northwest owes a great debt. It was a project to fire much older blood than the young Scotchman's. Full of his inborn enthusiasm he started for the Northwest.

John Muir first glimpsed Portland from the deck of the *State of California* after a five day trip from San Francisco, during which time heavy seas had swept over the decks. A feeling of exultation swept through him as he surveyed his future home and scene of labor. He shared all the indescribable, pent-up emotion of those weary pioneers of the covered wagon days. Like them, he had the impulse to which they yielded when touching Oregon soil, of bending reverent knees on Oregon ground, realizing the great continent had indeed been crossed.

A pioneer no less than they, John Muir partook of their solemn joy in the conquest of new territory. All his life he was a pioneer. As a boy and young man in Canada; then turning his face to America and the middle West; pioneer in railroads, mastering the intricate weaving of the web of freight lines which bound the interests and growth of the country into a united whole; journeying to the Northwest to bring about a great revolution in the freight and consequently industrial world; and finally in the East a pioneer in new methods of finance that were to assist mightily in the birth of American thrift.

Muir's first task was to assume the duties of General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. The following year he took over the traffic of the western division of the Northern Pacific and by 1883 he was Superintendent of the traffic of all the Villard lines, which were absorbed into the Northern Pacific system. He was then thirty-six years of age.

The Portland of the Northwest, named after the Portland across the continent, at the beginning of the Eighties was as lovely as any Eastern city and according to the ardent city fathers surpassed any of them in beauty of location and architecture. Although a hundred miles from the sea, great trans-Pacific steamers lay in its fresh-water harbor and deep, square-rigged ships were docked at the wharves.

There was nothing crude or new about the appearance of the city as with so many Western cities of the time. The business buildings were as solid and as symmetrically beautiful as those of many older towns. Numerous shops were filled with things to delight the heart of the shopper. Churches, schools, a theater and a library completed the public buildings.

In the residential section large houses were on streets lined with shade trees, surrounded by sloping lawns and gorgeous gardens. Royal Annes and Black Republicans glistened in myriad cherry trees through these gardens. Every house had its lawn and its rose hedge and in the summer months then as now Portland was a city of verdure and bloom. The Rose City of the West.

Dean Collins has called Portland the "Victorian outpost in the Wild West." Founded by New England traders and Methodist missionaries it had many virtues before even one vice crept in, quite different from the usual western town.

In 1868 Judge Deady characterized Portland. "Theatrical amusements never ranked high. There is no theater house in the town fit to be called such. On the other hand, church-going is comparatively common."

Jewish traders from California found their way north and thus assured the financial success of the city. Presently the sailors on the boats came, bringing with them vices of every sort. The most naïve statement about the city is that which records the first billiard table, representing Vice, brought to Portland from San Francisco in 1851 and set up in a saloon. So the statement that Portland was eminently conservative seems not to overstate the situation.

It was an attractive city with its trees, lawns, and wonderful roses, lying with rivers at its feet and wooded hills and snow-covered mountains behind it. The Mistress of the Northern Pacific, "where rolls the Oregon," now the Columbia.

Advanced as it was Portland had not yet stepped out of the primeval forest. Owing to its location among the rugged, timber-clad hills that edge the Columbia River, the wilderness close to the town had hardly been disturbed, and the town itself was a huge park. The tall pines and dark evergreen thickets contrasted oddly with the ship masts, the chimneys from which smoke curled slowly, and the pleasant gardens of flowers and vegetables. Great Douglas firs, oaks and cedars looked silently down on scenes of bustling trade and social activity, and across the city to lovely, snow-capped Mount Hood.

In February following John Muir's departure for the coast, his third daughter, Abby Oakes, named after Mrs. T. F. Oakes, was born in Kansas City. When she was two months old Muir returned and in a few weeks had

sold his house and moved his fast-growing family to Portland.

Fred Harvey of restaurant fame was living in Leavenworth at the time, where he was the General Western Freight Agent for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. Business had brought Harvey and Muir into close contact and a most friendly relation existed. Harvey decided his home was to be in Kansas City, so he bought the brick house at Broadway and Tenth Street and Muir's second venture in real estate netted him a profit around fifteen hundred dollars.

One steamer every five days between Portland and San Francisco connected the former city with the outside world. The prairie schooner and the stagecoach were the only other ways of quitting the city. "Steamer day" was always a joyous occasion. The influx of the railroad men at the beginning of the Eighties was like a tonic to the city hitherto cut off from the rest of the world.

J. M. Buckley was Superintendent of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, a man full of nerve and daring, exactly the person needed for that trying position. Later, he was assistant manager of the Western Division of the Northern Pacific. He was an illiterate man, however, and every now and then gave his fellow workers a good laugh at his expense. There was a big snowstorm on the road one winter and in a would-be classical simile he telegraphed to St. Paul, "Old Borealis has broken loose."

The task given to John Muir by Henry Villard was one to stagger anyone less enthusiastic than the young and optimistic Scotchman.

As the only outlet to the world from Oregon had been by steamer, all freight was shipped by water. The freight rates were on the basis of measurement. The

Judge Matthew P. Deady

tonnage carried by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company was charged on the basis of forty cubic feet to the ton instead of one hundred pounds. This included all steamers on the Columbia and Willamette Rivers and Puget Sound.

With the completion of the Northern Pacific the overland freight from St. Paul to Portland, Seattle and Tacoma would be continuous and must all be on the same freight basis charge. For thirty years the shippers of the Northwest had done things their way, by measurement, and now the railroads were penetrating the territory, bringing with them changes in old customs to conform the Northwest to the rest of the world.

The country had to be prepared for the mighty changes the railroads were bringing with them and Muir's great task was to change the old mode of shipping and fix the freight charges on the basis of weight. The new system was at first very confusing to the merchants and there was much dissatisfaction and discontent.

It is difficult to visualize the situation. Henry Villard had studied it from every angle and with his keen insight into affairs of all sorts he knew when he inaugurated his immense railroad enterprises that the success of his gigantic undertaking depended on the ability and integrity of his assistants even more than upon himself.

With this in mind he selected his staff of helpers from men he had tested on the Kansas Pacific, and he chose John Muir for the important position of General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, then in its infancy.

Ripe in experience in eastern railroads and looking beyond the chaos and confusion which confronted him, Muir saw that what was to transpire in the ensuing months would affect in a greater or lesser degree every

dweller in the Pacific Northwest. It meant an entire revolution of the freight-carrying system of Oregon and Washington.

The first progress John Muir made toward this revolutionizing of the worn-out system was in the face of extremely bitter opposition. Human nature resents change and the largest shippers openly protested, refusing to submit to a violation of what they considered their vested rights. During the first six months of his attempts to convince the people of the Northwest that it was cheaper to ship a wagon by pounds than to measure the square of the distance of the pole placed upright, Muir was often weary and discouraged.

The labor in itself was colossal, and the hampering vexations, the captious opposition to the change, the thousand difficulties encountered and overcome, to say nothing of sleepless nights and days crammed full of untiring effort, all made the undertaking a gigantic endeavor.

Muir had brought with him as his private secretary, Edward S. Mayo, and Mayo worked long and faithfully. There is an amusing story told of him by J. W. Hayes in *Looking Backward at Portland: Tales of the Early Eighties*.

> John Muir was General Freight Agent. He was a man of much fire and his laboring capacity knew no bounds. E. S. Mayo was his secretary and was much devoted to his superior. Muir seemed to absorb much of Mayo's individuality, and on an occasion in a letter from Mayo to his home folk, he wrote the usual filial note but wound it up by "Yours truly, John Muir"!

Evidently Hayes was impressed by the overshadowing of Mayo with the stronger personality of John Muir,

although the expression of this impression is far from clear on first reading. The author of the booklet was a telegraph operator in Portland in the Eighties.

On the last lap of his journey to Portland, on the *State of California*, Muir had met a man named H. Maitland Kersey. The man was out of a job at the time and drifting westward with the hope of finding something in the new country. Muir was impressed with Kersey and offered him a job which was gratefully accepted.

Kersey was an Englishman, tall and aristocratic looking. It was whispered later he had come to the United States on account of some escapade in England. Kersey did not work well with Muir's secretary, Mayo, and from the very first there were strong differences of opinion. Mayo was a quick-tempered little Irishman and the old rivalry of Britisher and son of Erin was re-enacted.

Kersey proved to be a splendid worker and loyal to Muir but he and Mayo were constantly at loggerheads. More than once Muir settled their disagreements until he resolved not to countenance the situation longer. Finally there came a quarrel more bitter than any preceding it. Muir happened on the scene at the height of recriminations.

"Boys, boys," he said, coming between the two angry men. "This won't do at all. It has gone on too long. If there is another occasion like this one of you must go. In fact, I'm not so sure but that one of you should go now without waiting for another quarrel."

"I agree with you, Mr. Muir," Kersey said respectfully. "Since Mr. Mayo is your secretary and has been with you much longer than I, I feel I should be the one to go. Will you please accept my resignation?"

So Kersey left with no hard feelings toward his erstwhile employer and his later career was an interesting

one. He went East and later became head of the White Star Line. Most friendly feelings existed during Kersey's lifetime and the two men often exchanged visits later in the East.

Muir organized a small army of clerks, trained them in an understanding of his aim, and gradually began to see results. It was not done in a day nor yet a year. The plan took something over two years, during which time his duties were increased. With the acquisition of the Northern Pacific to the Villard system, Muir became Superintendent of Traffic of that road and in rapid succession had placed in his charge the traffic of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and the Oregon and California Railroad Company.

The vast amount of hard work required was done so quietly and consistently that before the rest of the country and almost before the Northwest realized it, the thing was accomplished. Indomitable energy was perhaps the keynote of the enterprise, yet back of that lay inexhaustible patience—not usually given to red-haired people—firmness, experience, and above all, intelligence.

Muir was the buffer between the capital represented in the railway enterprise and the shippers. Never forgetting for an instant the interests of his railroads and those of his chief, Villard, in particular, Muir had constantly before him the interests of the people with whom he lived and worked. The suspicion and jealousy with which all his actions were at first regarded slowly gave way to grudging admission of the wisdom of the new way and finally open admiration, respect and understanding of the object in view.

The time for steamboats had passed. The era of railroads was at hand and the Northwest at last threw open

her doors with generous admission of the folly of her expensive and old-fashioned ways and the shipping methods of the rest of the railroads of the country marched triumphantly forward.

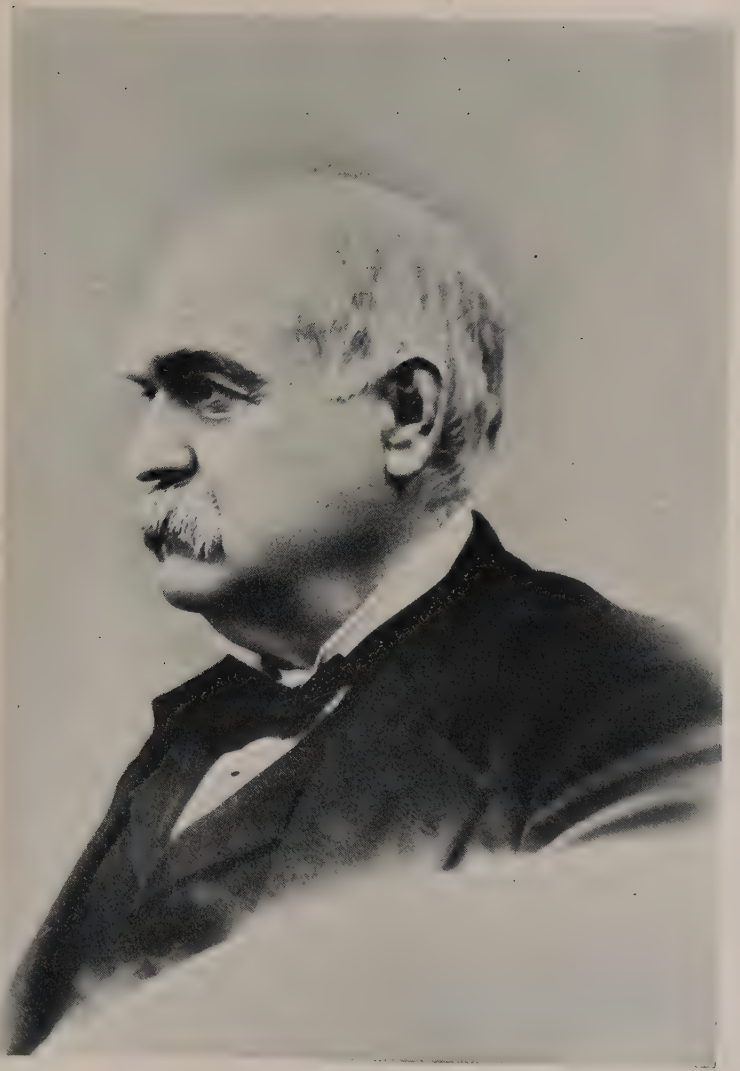
Chapter IX

WESTERN TIES

AFTER the first six months the pressure was not so great and realizing the truth of the old adage about all work and no play, Muir turned his attention to lighter occupations in his leisure moments. His family had settled down in Portland as if they were to remain there the rest of their days. They all loved the place. Their home was at Eighth and Harrison Streets and here was the birthplace of the Shakespearean Club, an organization which throve while John Muir was there to navigate it past the shoals and around the reefs of the dramatist's plays.

John Muir had several friends who were enthusiastic Shakespearean lovers and with him founded this club. It met weekly at the homes of the various members and those nights were gala ones. Many intellectual lights of Portland shone there.

Prominent among the members was Harvey Whitefield Scott, owner and editor of *The Oregonian*, a national character and as well known and quoted as often as any United States senator. He was the type of man which had transformed Portland and the Pacific Northwest from a wilderness. In the early days he had cleared the forests, split rails, and fought Indians. He had seen the ox-team of the plainsmen pass away and the railroad follow the steamboat in its place. He was a lover of the classics and his tall figure with his drooping mustache was a welcome sight. He often drew upon his inexhaustible store of humorous tales after the business of the evening was over for the amusement of the group.



HARVEY WHITEFIELD SCOTT.

Scott held Muir in high regard. It was no small thing to have the editor of the only paper in a large city friendly and Muir valued the association for that aspect as well as for Scott's own hearty personality. John Muir was ever generous with interviews to the staff of *The Oregonian*. So much was happening in which he had a hand that the reporters were glad indeed to have a reliable source of information always ready to give them a good word when they called. As a result of this friendly feeling Muir was often mentioned in the press and nothing he said or did was ever slighted.

Another popular member, later to be one of the best-known educators in the country, was Miss Ellen C. Sabin. At that time she was a teacher in the public schools of Portland and a little later was made superintendent of schools and principal of the high school, an unusual position for a woman to hold in those days. Portland's school system owes much to her splendid capabilities and efficient management. For over twenty-five years Miss Sabin was the loved president of Milwaukee-Downer College in Wisconsin. Her rich voice, breezy personality and brilliant mind lent zest to these evenings, which were such a combination of cultural and prandial successes that they became widely known on the Pacific Coast and rumor of them filtered East.

In 1886 just after the Muirs were established in their first Brooklyn home, Miss Sabin making her first European voyage stopped for a few days with her old friends. Former friendships were renewed, and pleasant hours spent in recollections of the knotty problems found in Shakespeare's plays.

Still a third member was Judge Matthew P. Deady, that magnificent legal figure of the Northwest. No history of Oregon is complete without the record of his

many activities on behalf of his beloved state. He was dean of the United States judiciary for some years and the first judge in either England or America to hand down the decision that one corporation could not be allowed to incorporate in the name of another corporation.

Dignified and fine-looking, his beautiful white hair and full beard giving him a most benignant expression, his presence was always hailed with delight. The Judge would enter with Mrs. Deady on his arm, and after seating his wife with courtly grace, proceed to seat himself. One's imagination supplied the robes of office which were left behind on social occasions. Mrs. Deady was a charming woman. One remembered her large dark eyes and beautiful hair, as well as the pleasant smile which accompanied her sweet voice.

Other members were Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Burrell, in front of whose beautiful home was a garden plot twenty by thirty feet filled with a matchless galaxy of roses hard to find their equal even in Portland.

James Boyce Montgomery was the contractor for the Northern Pacific. His wife was the daughter of a former governor of Missouri, and a lively, wide-awake woman. The Frederick K. Arnolds, with whom Miss Sabin lived, were also members. Arnold was a wholesale chemist and his wife an Eastern woman.

Miss Christina MacConnell, a school teacher and friend of Miss Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. John Cran, and Colonel John McCracken completed the circle. His offices were located diagonally across the street from those of John Muir and he would often drop in to voice some opinion on current happenings.

McCracken was looked up to by the club as the ultimate authority. He was a most genial gentleman with a hand in almost every affair in Portland. Manufacturer, mer-

chant, federal officer, legislator, banker, churchman and philanthropist he was, feeling a kindly interest in every soul in Portland.

Muir was regarded as the leader of the club and his amazing familiarity with the plays of Avon's bard, his intelligent and dramatic readings of passages from them especially *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, and his accurate explanation of obscure passages, justly bestowed upon him the place of prominence.

Judge Deady's great weakness was for the delights of the table. There would always be a lavish spread of good things at the end of the evening, and time and again the good judge would help himself liberally to the cakes and other dainties.

After eating all he could hold, the Judge would take out a large, clean pocket-handkerchief. Everyone present knew it was brought expressly for that purpose and would wait the next remark breathlessly, for it never varied.

A satisfied smile spread over the face of this white-bearded Solon, as he tucked the spoils of the evening into roomy pockets.

"Just a few things to take home to Paul," the Judge said blandly.

Paul was the second son of the old Judge and in his twenties, hardly an age for a doting father to remember with goodies. The incident became a byword among the housewives and meeting the next day one would say to the other.

"How much did you donate to Paul last night?"

One night Mrs. Montgomery brought with her a new Shakespeare, that is, new to the class but a very old edition. She had picked it up hastily, having discovered it when cleaning out her attic and had not examined it. Asked to read her scene from the play they were studying

she started in. She had not gone far before she was blushing in embarrassed confusion. The edition, alas! was an unexpurgated collection of the plays and the good lady's plight was heartily enjoyed by the class, for it revealed the fact she had not duly prepared her share in the evening's study.

It was this same Mrs. Montgomery who electrified the entire group of Portland's brightest and possibly choicest spirits, by exclaiming one evening.

"Mr. Muir, I have a boy at home who is the living image of you. And his hair is red, the only red-head I have!"

The nimble wit of the Scotchman for once deserted him and he could only join in the laughter.

At the end of these evenings when mellowed by food and drink the company chatted, there were always calls for Muir to recite *Imph-m.* Given in his pleasantly low and well-modulated voice the number always pleased. It is a poem little known in this country although it appears in five different recitation books, the latest date on any of them being 1911. It is credited variously to James Nicholson, and the well-known and prolific Anonymous. Although its date fades into the mists of the years it is still as fresh and amusing as when it sprang from the author's pen.

IMPH-M

Ye hae heard hoo the deil, as he wauchled thro' Beith
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot, "Will ye tak mine the morn?"
He waggit his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said, "Imph-m,"
That usefu' word, "Imph-m,"
Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say Aye!

When I was a laddie, langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a "dunce" an' a "fule,"
For somehoo his words I cud ne'er unnerstan',
Save when he baw'd, "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!
Then I gloomed an' said, "Imph-m,"
I glunched an' said, "Imph-m,"
I wasna owre prood but owre dour to say Aye!

Ay day, a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vowed he wad thrash me, if I wadna spell;
Quo I, "Maister Quill, wi' kin' o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word, gin ye spell me anither.
Let's hear ye spell, 'Imph-m,'
That common word, 'Imph-m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means Aye!"

Had he seen hoo he gloured, hoo he scratched his big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain! Get oot o' me gate!
Gang aft to yer seat—ye're the plague o' the schule,
The deil o' me kens if ye're maist rogue or fule."
But I only said, "Imph-m,"
He couldna spell, "Imph-m,"
The auld Scotch word "Imph-m," which stands for an Aye!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean,
O' Avon's braw lassies the pride an' the queen,
When 'neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain
I speered in a whisper if she'd be me ain,
She blushed and said, "Imph-m,"
She smiled and said, "Imph-m,"
A thousan' times sweeter an' dearer than Aye!

An' noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' me ain,
A daintie bit wifie an' mair than ane wean,
But the worst o't is this: when a question I speer,
They pit on a look sae auldfarren an' queer,
An' only say— "Imph-m,"
That vulgar word, "Imph-m,"
That daft-like word, "Imph-m"—they winna say Aye!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph-m," it's no a nice word,
When prented on paper, it's perfect absurd;
Sae gin ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
Just haud ye yer tongue an' say naething ava'.
But *never* say, "Imph-m,"
That common word, "Imph-m,"
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid Aye!

JAMES NICHOLSON.

Glossary

Auldfarren—sagacious
Ava'—at all
Bit—little
Braw—pretty
Deil—devil
Dour—obstinate
Fain—fast
Gate—a way
Gin—if
Gloom—to look morose or sullen; to frown
Glour—to stare
Glunch—to pout
Ilk—each, every
Ken—know
Nebbit—having a beak of nose. Therefore *Lang-nebbit* means having a long nose.
Oxter—the armpit or the arm.
Speer—to ask
Swither—to hesitate
Wauchle to walk as if fatigued; to stagger
Wean—child

Authority: Jamieson's *Dictionary of the Scottish Language.* Abridged by J. Johnstone and revised and enlarged by Dr. John Longmuir. Printed in Paisley by Alexander Gardner.

The Shakespearean Club had an exceptionally interesting guest one winter. Cassie Muir, now Mrs. James Kerr-Lawson, wife of the prominent artist of Chelsea, England, came from Canada to visit her Uncle John. She was the daughter of John Muir's sister, Eliza. Her readings before the Club thrilled the circle.

Miss Ellen C. Sabin.

"Her interpretation of Juliet in the Friar's Cell," remarks Miss Sabin, "I have seldom heard equalled on the stage."

Another prominent figure in Portland was Senator John H. Mitchell. He and Scott were political enemies and could not be in the same room without having words. Mitchell consequently was not a member of the Shakespearean Club.

For more than forty years he was an outstanding character in the politics and history of the Pacific Northwest. His striking appearance, direct, forceful way of talking, and wonderful memory all helped to make him widely known. His daughter, Mattie Mitchell, was a great beauty and some years later married the Duc de Rouchefoucald.

Mrs. Mitchell was something of a Mrs. Malaprop. "You know," she remarked to some people once, "whenever I give a party I always call in the scavenger."

It dawned presently on her startled hearers that she meant the caterer. She and her husband bought pictures in dozen lots to furnish their home in Portland.

It was about this time that splendid figure of the Northwest, John Muir the Naturalist, called on the man who bore the same name as himself. Thus John Muir the railroad man and John Muir who discovered the wonders and beauties of nature for many people met.

They compared ancestry and found each one's forbears came from around Glasgow, Scotland, and although Muirs on their native heath were and are as thick as blackberries in July, the two men concluded they must be distant cousins.

Many years later, in the early part of the nineteenth century, when John Muir was living on West 86th Street in New York City, several doors from "Diamond Jim"

Brady, John Muir the Naturalist again called on John Muir, this time stockbroker instead of railroad man, at his Broadway office. They had a pleasant visit and the naturalist went home to dinner with the broker.

John Muir, host, loved handsome things and he had surrounded himself with lovely possessions of all sorts. Prominent among them was a fine old grandfather clock which stood in the dining room. The huge timepiece not only chimed the hour and half hour, but also announced the quarter hour in no uncertain tones. Its tick was loud and aggressive.

Dinner progressed amid pleasant chat, when suddenly John Muir, the guest, laid down his knife and fork, turned squarely around in his chair and gazed at the grandfather clock.

"That is an unholy sound," he said abruptly.

In his boyhood the naturalist had invented a remarkable clock, which had the amazing power of catapulting him from his bed at the required hour in the morning. Even memories of his own clock did not soften his present feeling toward that of his host.

The remark of the guest was received in petrified silence, and his host started to say something when the naturalist spoke again.

"Stop that noise, will you?" he asked.

"Of course," agreed the broker hastily, and a servant touched the pendulum of the grandfather clock, silencing its racket for the remainder of the meal.

. . . . . .

After a year and a half of hard work which had nearly established the new system of freight rates, Muir decided on what was a splendid stroke of diplomacy. By the sheer force of his personality and hard work he had won not only the Portland merchants but the shippers of the

entire Northwest over to his new way of handling freight. He now invited about thirty people representing the merchants of Portland with additions from The Dalles and Walla Walla to make a trip at the expense of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company to Missoula, Montana, in the interests of the shipping industry in Portland and the Northwest.

This trip, the idea of which was original in conception and execution with John Muir, was unique in that it has no parallel, and in the nature of the case, would never be duplicated.

The invitation was immediately accepted and in July, 1882, the party started. The men inspected all the new towns and reached the end of the railway from the West Coast which was then at Missoula. At the different towns the party of merchants would call on the local merchants and in this way most pleasant relations were established and the business tie which bound the Northwest materially strengthened.

At Missoula Muir found a telegram waiting for him from Villard.

GO UP TO BUTTE SEE MARCUS DALY ARRANGE GET ALL FREIGHT FROM ANACONDA MINE FOR NORTHERN PACIFIC

Although this interfered seriously with John Muir's plans for the party he had with him, his mind instantly grasped the purport of Villard's orders. John Muir always sought a larger issue. The project appealed to him mightily. Stopping only to arrange for the return trip of his guests, Muir left the party and took the overland stagecoach for Butte.

Forty-five years ago, jogging over the mountains of Montana in a stagecoach. The call of the driver to his six fresh horses rang out at intervals. For a long time

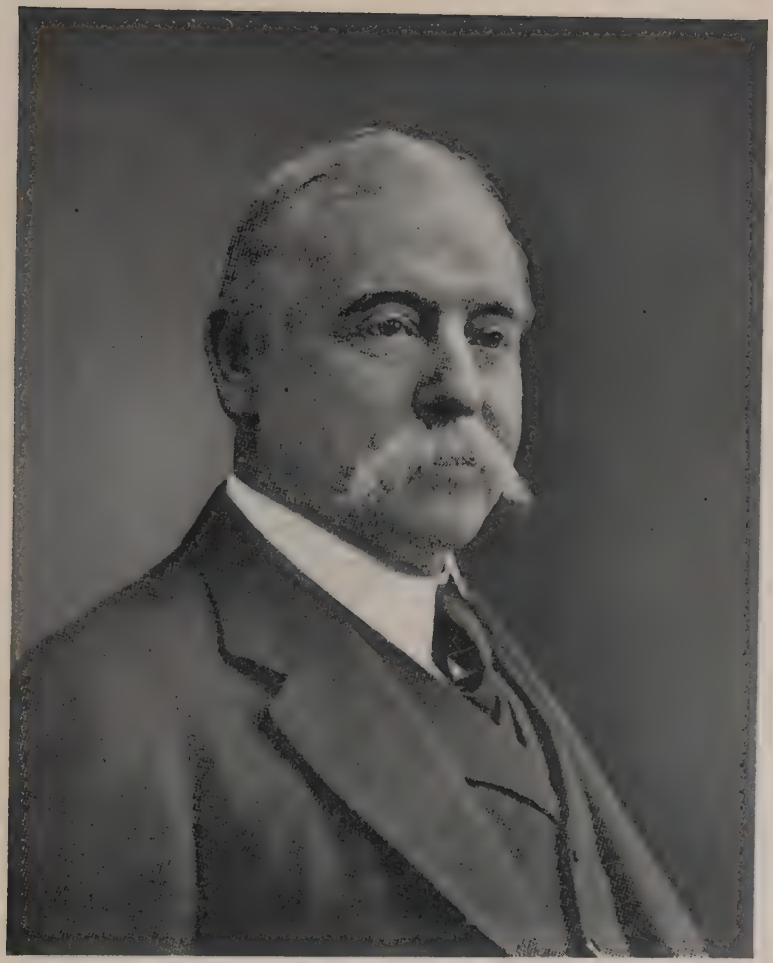
Muir was the only passenger and he meditatively watched the Missoula River as the stage followed it down the beautiful, fertile valley and then slowly wound up and in and out the mountains. The wildness of the scenes through which they passed impressed itself indelibly on his mind. The rarefied atmosphere went to his head like wine.

Flowers grew in profusion by little brooks which bubbled along carelessly. On the mountainsides the wildflowers were a riot of color, and over the occasional fields they drifted like a soft, colorful blanket. All the smells of summer in the mountains poured through the stagecoach windows. The boxes and bundles packed up top by the driver lurched and bumped with the jolt of the stage. Crack! went the driver's whip and on pranced the horses.

Long shadows fell on the mountains and that peculiar purple twilight known to mountain dwellers descended on the hills, and the road they traveled. Through the gathering darkness Muir strained his eyes at the dim outlines of peaks and then stared down at his boots. They shined cheerfully back at him in the dusk and he wondered how much longer the road to Butte was.

John Muir had plenty of time to think in the course of the eighty miles or so and he lightly sketched for himself his course of action. He had never met Marcus Daly but along with the rest of the country he knew of the instantaneous success of the Anaconda Mine.

It is a far cry from a homeless, penniless lad of thirteen, born into an obscure Irish family, wandering on the wharves of San Francisco to the fame of the great copper king who died in a New York hotel in 1900. Fourteen years after Daly's death his son-in-law, James W. Gerard, played a conspicuous part as our ambassador to the court of imperial Germany during the World War.



Marcus Daly.

Daly's story is one only America can tell—one she has told often—of the few men who have by industry, of the fewer by wit and the fewer still by genius won their way to the peak of what this world offers. The Irish boy dug potatoes to earn enough money to take him to the great Comstock silver mine at Virginia City, Nevada, the mine which made millionaires of Mackay, Flood, Fair, and O'Brien.

Someone has said of Daly that in mining he was a genius. He had the intuition of a woman and the prescience of a seer. He displayed such mining generalship in the service of the bonanza firm in Nevada that he soon became known as a mining expert. He made himself one without schooling, simply by dogged study of the rocks in which he toiled.

From Nevada he went to the Walker Brothers and in their interests journeyed out to Butte to explore the Alice silver mine. While engaged in this, his attention was attracted to the Anaconda silver mine which lay in the foot of Butte hill. A hasty but comprehensive survey convinced him it was worth very much more than was being asked for it.

Senator George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst and a former business associate of Daly's, was interested in the project and so was James Ben Ali Haggin, who with his brother-in-law, Lloyd Tevis, was also engaged in mining enterprises. Their estimate of mines was unerring and they had great faith in Daly's judgment.

With these men backing him Daly bought the mine for thirty thousand dollars. He closed it down and the rumor got around it was worthless. This was exactly what Daly had intended and his agents bought the property around the mine for a song, after which activities

were recommenced. After working the mine for silver to a depth of one hundred and twenty feet he struck the richest copper deposit in the world and the rest of the story is history.

A description of Daly by S. E. Moffett in the *Review of Reviews*, during 1900 sums up the man:

> He was like a steel spring, coiled up and ready to leap into action the instant the opportunity presented itself. Some men are lucky by accident. Daly's luck was inevitable.

Although relentless in opposing his enemies, and celebrated for his vendetta with the late Senator William A. Clark, Daly worked to build, not to destroy. He left behind him greater monuments than any hewn from stone. Towns swarming with busy workmen, prosperous homes, and contented people.

In passing, the origin of the name Anaconda is worthy of note. C. P. Connolly[1] in *The Story of Montana* tells how the mine came to be called that. The first owner was a man by the name of Michael A. Hickey. He had been a soldier in the army of the Potomac and during that time read one of Horace Greeley's editorials which said that McClellan was enveloping Lee's army "like a giant anaconda."

The word lodged in Hickey's memory and possibly after reading another more famous Greeley utterance about going West and growing up with the country, he and his brother and another man went out to Montana and located their claim on government ground. He gave to the mine the name which had quickened his fancy as a soldier and Anaconda it remained.

There is a charming bit of repartee which Mr. Connolly

[1] *McClure's Magazine*, August-December, 1906.

tells of Daly that not only gives one a glimpse into the inscrutable character of the man but shows he lacked none of the ready wit of the Irish.

A spur railroad ran from Anaconda where Daly later made his winter home, to the main line of the Northern Pacific at Garrison, Montana. Here his private car or the branch line car was hitched on to the through trains. Each season of the year saw some delay for the flyers. In winter the storms in the Dakotas held up the trains, in spring the swelling freshets hindered their progress, in summer the heavy passenger travel, and in fall the cumberous movement of the harvests.

There was some legal difficulty on trial and Daly was called as a witness. He was under cross-examination by a lawyer representing the Northern Pacific.

"Where do you live?" came the first question sharply.

"I have a residence at Anaconda," Daly replied, striving for accuracy, "and one at Hamilton."

"Well," queried the lawyer impatiently, "where do you spend most of your time?"

Quick as the flash of a quail's wing came the reply. "At Garrison, waiting for the Northern Pacific trains!"

John Muir reached Butte at midnight. The city was then not much better than a town of shacks, built on a hill with mountains behind it. Butte boasted one hostelry, the Hotel de Mineral, at the corner of Main and Broadway, which had been built in the Seventies and remained until the middle of the Eighties.

When the reader is told that as late as the winter of 1910 wolves prowled into Butte and walked up the main street of the town, one's imagination can supply any missing details.

The fumes from the mines were even then rapidly killing the grass and vegetation in the town although

the location on the side of the mountain made the scenery more attractive than the same town on a stretch of plain, or level ground. The fumes rose night and day in clouds of cobalt blue from dumps of burning ore and settled into a gray pall over the city. It is said by some that these noxious odors eventually killed Daly.

The next morning Muir set out for Daly's office. The altitude made him feel slightly dizzy at first but the sensation soon wore off. Mines were everywhere. The surrounding hills were honeycombed with them and there were many in the heart of the town itself. It was fast becoming an underground city.

Daly received the Northern Pacific representative graciously and they went out almost at once to the Anaconda Mine. It was still early in the morning but there were many signs of life and activity. C. P. Connolly in the article mentioned above has given the best description yet discovered by the writer of this very copper mine.

"Immense smoke stacks began to vomit their clouds of smudge from scores of furnaces scattered over the hill; the moan and clank of huge pumps could be heard in the depths, forcing the water to the surface; the pound of hammers and the steady impact of drills sounded everywhere; while the earth trembled and bellowed with distant underground explosions. Great hollows like cathedral naves were scooped out where the treasure had lain in the rock-ribbed earth."

John Muir's proposition as presented to Daly was that if the Northern Pacific would build a line from Garrison on the main line down to Butte would Mr. Daly give the Northern Pacific all of the copper matte to ship East?

Hitherto the matte had been shipped by a narrow gauge road under the control of the Union Pacific to Ogden

where it was transferred from the narrow gauge cars to standard freight cars and shipped East. This new proposal would do away with the bother and expense of transfer and reshipping.

After a little thought Daly said he believed the proposal was sound business for both parties concerned and he was agreeable. Much discussion of tonnage followed and the details of the project were worked out.

"If you'll step this way, Muir," Daly said, "I'll show you through the mine."

Together the two men went over the Anaconda. Daly pointed out each operation.

"The biggest part of the whole business," Daly told John Muir, "and by that I mean the most important part, is converting the ore taken from the rock into copper matte. It's something which is going to need a whole place to itself a little later. I'm thinking about that part of it now."

John Muir was a born organizer. From the moment he had received Villard's telegram he had been working on this new proposition. He was far-sighted, and recognizing the value and importance of securing the Anaconda freight he seized on the idea and by the time he reached Butte and talked to Daly he had formulated a plan which was to mean thousands of dollars to the Northern Pacific.

Given *carte blanche* by his far-seeing chief, Muir accomplished a feat which made a powerful friend for his railroad. Even as Napoleon, Villard was surrounded by men he had himself chosen for their ability and daring in new fields. Of this galaxy of stars John Muir was the bright, particular light. Ever did he justify the great faith placed in him by his superior and Villard was not unmindful. He later saw to it that his trusted lieutenant was provided for.

"Mr. Villard always took care of me," John Muir remarked once to a friend.

Muir returned to Portland and wrote out a full report of his interview with Daly, submitting it by letter to Villard. The agreement had been that if the arrangement made with Daly was satisfactory to the head of the Northern Pacific, Villard would come out, look the ground over, and give the final word on the proposition.

Everything was as Villard wished it and within two months after Muir's trip to Butte, Villard took a special train for the West, wiring Muir to meet him in Butte. The trip was not as record-breaking as Villard's race across the continent the following spring but he made good time.

A special holiday was declared in Butte and the matter was gone into thoroughly by the three men. It was a pleasant meeting and Villard and Muir felt as if they had secured a real friend in Daly as well as a good customer and patron of their railroad. Muir welcomed the business which took him frequently to Butte, for each occasion was the signal for a delightful visit between the young-old Irishman and the old-young Scotchman some years his junior.

Early in June of the next year Muir was called out to Butte again to see how the road was progressing. As usual he called upon Daly and they talked long and earnestly. Presently Daly spoke of something evidently uppermost in his mind.

"Will you come out with me, Muir," he asked, "to a place near here? Since last fall I've thought of building a town where we can reduce the ore to copper matte. It is going to be devoted to that purpose exclusively for we'll need a whole town to grow in."

The two men set out that afternoon. Northwest of Butte they traveled up the Warm Springs Valley for about twenty-five miles, coming to a stop where there were a few tents and a log cabin nestling in the mountains west of Deer Lodge Valley. Here, surrounded by mountains was a lovely spot designed by nature in her happiest mood. They stood knee-deep in bunch grass, and gazed upon ranches dotted here and there through the valley. Right in back of the site of the future town of Anaconda was a hill.

The nicest thing in the cabin was a fine feather bed which the two men occupied for the night. Early the next morning they were up and out surveying the countryside. It was a beautiful scene they gazed upon. The mountains to the south of the city were then thickly studded with fir trees from foothills to summit. Warm Springs Creek, as far as eye could reach, was densely lined with cottonwoods of most luxuriant growth.

After breakfast they looked over the entire location and it was principally because of the excellent water supply, a very necessary point in the selection of a mining town, that Daly settled on the spot.

"Do you see that cow?" Daly asked, his gaze lighting on a bovine placidly chewing her cud. "Well, Main Street will run north and south in a direct line from where we stand, right through that cow." And it did.

"Do you know what I'm going to call this town, Muir?" Daly continued, looking at his friend from under his shaggy brows.

"Why don't you name it after yourself, Daly?" Muir suggested.

"No," Daly shook his head. "It's to be named, Muir, after you. What do you think?"

As anyone would have been, the Scotchman was pleased

and flattered. He thanked Daly for the honor and presently the two men went back to Butte.

Not long after that Muir was again called to Butte. Daly met him with his usual cordiality and showed him plans for the town of Muir, Montana.

"Do you know, Muir, I've found out something," and Daly frowned over the blueprints. "I've had it printed about my new town and it's name, and now people tell me there is another Muir who is an engineer for the Northern Pacific and lives not far from here. That won't do at all, for he'll take all the credit to himself. I'll have to call it something else."

"Yes," agreed Muir, although he was a little disappointed. "Have you thought of another name for it?"

"I suggested Copperopolis to the new postmaster up there, C. H. Moore, but he tells me there are two towns in this state already named that and the Post Office Department at Washington won't like it if there is another. He suggested naming it after the mine itself, Anaconda, but I don't care for it."

"I think it is a good suggestion," Muir said. "Why don't you call it that?"

"Well, maybe I will," Daly replied, and dismissed the subject.

He drew the plans of the town closer to him and motioned his friend to look at them. Together the two men studied the plans for the newly-christened town of Anaconda, and Daly with lightly penciled lines divided the chart before him into quarters.

"That's for T. F. Oakes," he said. Daly had known Oakes some time before. "And this quarter is for J. Ben Ali Haggin. Won't he be surprised?" and he gave one of his short rare laughs.

"Here's my quarter," he indicated it on the map. "Now can you guess who the last quarter belongs to?"

Muir shook his head in honest negation. As pleased as a child with a new game, Daly printed "M—U—I—R" in pencil on the last quarter of the town's plans. Muir looked up at him in surprise for verbal confirmation.

"That's yours," affirmed Daly. "It will be worth something pretty soon."

Daly was a true prophet. The town began to rise on the site marked out for it and four months later, after the Northern Pacific celebration, Muir received a telegram from Daly.

YOU AND OAKES CAN SELL YOUR HALF OF ANACONDA FOR TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND

Muir immediately wired Oakes who as Vice-President of the Northern Pacific had moved to New York some time before.

AM OFFERED TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND FOR OUR HALF INTEREST IN ANACONDA

The market was suffering a severe break at the time, Northern Pacific stock slumping fast, and Oakes grabbed at the offer. He wired back.

SELL BY ALL MEANS

With nice Scotch forethought Muir telegraphed Daly.

WILL SELL IMMEDIATELY FOR THIRTY THOUSAND

In a very few hours the reply came.

SOLD FOR THIRTY THOUSAND

Thus the lives of the Copper King and the man who changed the traffic system of the entire Northwest touched. Serendipity?

Chapter X

THE TOP OF THE TRAIL

SOMETHING entirely new in the line of pleasure trips was organized by the versatile manager of the Villard lines. In the interests of the Oregon Railway and Navigation steamers John Muir proposed the idea of excursions to different points on the Northwest coast.

Shorter trips were offered first and the public responded eagerly. Puget Sound, rightly called the sportsman's paradise, held strong attraction for the follower of Isaac Walton. This was where the great salmon fishing took place.

Muir would occasionally organize fishing trips for friends of his wife and his own business associates. These fishing excursions were radically different from the conventional hook and line expeditions. Boats of fishermen would pull out on the Sound while others lowered charges of gunpowder beneath the surface of the water. Almost immediately muffled explosions were heard and miniature geysers spouted from the calm waters. On the manufactured billows appeared myriad salmon, floating belly up. They were not killed by the explosions, merely stunned and rendered temporarily incapable of escaping the pursuing piscators.

Nets were used to scoop up the fish and haul them into the boats. The greatest fun of all was to build a fire on shore and broil the freshly-caught salmon over the coals. It was not long before the government put a stop to the

gunpowder method of fishing as it was rapidly depleting a good source of salmon.

There was a trip from Portland to the Cascades, a nice two day jaunt which cost three dollars! Other trips were to The Dalles, Astoria, and Seattle. The Alaska trips were the greatest venture and the round trip occupied a month. It required much planning and careful managing to make these Alaskan trips the success they instantaneously became. Their immediate popularity was only one more tribute to John Muir, whose undoubted genius for organization had made them possible.

One steamer, the *Idaho*, was used for the Alaskan excursion, and as distinguished a figure as General Nelson A. Miles, who was then stationed at Vancouver, patronized the line, taking with him to "the region of three hundred living glaciers and ice fields" his official staff and a band.

The summer following the inauguration of the Sitka tours, John Muir's wife planned an excursion for a party of friends. She also took along her two oldest children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of eight. Her husband did not accompany her as it was impossible for him to break away from work.

The evening before the *Idaho* sailed Mr. and Mrs. Muir were out driving behind their brown mare Pauline. This animal is worth remembering as she later played an interesting part in the freight between Portland and the East. This particular evening something frightened Pauline and without warning she bolted. The carriage was overturned and Muir and his wife thrown clear of the surrey.

Picking himself up, as he was only slightly bruised, Muir rushed to his wife. It turned out her back was strained and her husband wanted her to postpone the trip. All arrangements had been made and she did not wish to

disappoint her guests, so the party went off as planned. Mrs. Muir got on board the next morning but went right to her cabin and kept her berth the entire trip, too ill and weak from pain to move.

A Miss Cosgrove was one of the party and she had brought with her her nephew, Ashley Vantine, son of her brother-in-law, A. A. Vantine, New York importer. The boy was not much older than the Muir children and poor Miss Cosgrove found she had a handful in three lively youngsters who were determined to miss nothing on the trip. She trailed them from breakfast time right through the day and her pleasure jaunt was taken with the duties of nursemaid attached.

What Mrs. Muir saw of Alaska was gathered chiefly from her children's account of the things they saw and did. At Sitka, however, the captain of the *Idaho* whose affection for and loyalty to his superior officer, John Muir, gave him much concern over the illness of Mrs. Muir, turned the ship around. From the porthole of her cabin Mrs. Muir glimpsed the land of mystery known for years as "Seward's Folly."

Through the inland channel or passage, skirted with well-wooded banks and high rocky shores, the *Idaho* threaded its way. Islands towered high above them, pushing their glittering summits far above the shadowy regions of cedar, spruce and hemlock. Cataracts plunging down countless feet broke the great silence, and over it all hung the dreamy enchantment of a land as yet undisturbed by man.

Several things about the trip stood out in the children's minds and they never forgot them. They were the first children ever to make the water trip to Alaska. The marvelous wild strawberries they gathered when the ship stopped at Nanaimo, British Columbia!

And the cloud effects as they neared the Alaskan coast! The clouds made clear pictures which were easily discerned by the passengers from the deck of the *Idaho*. There was one of an old woman milking her cow and the outline of the woman leaning her forehead against the cow's flank, while her fingers drew milk from the udders was studied breathlessly by the passengers.

Fronting Takou Inlet was a glacier thirty miles long, a thousand feet high and two miles wide. Moving imperceptible inches, it slowly dropped its icebergs into the placid waters of the stream up which the *Idaho* steamed.

The excursionists reached Sitka at midsummer and at midnight the sun would be still high in the heavens. Shades were pulled down and heavy garments hung across the windows so the party could get some sleep. From Sitka there was a side trip to Fort Wrangel. Sitka was then one of the most important trading posts of the Northwest and thickly settled. The sight-seers of the *Idaho* were taken over the city.

One of the chief sights was St. Michael's Church, a plain little old white building which had been built in 1816 by the Russian Orthodox. A priest showed the visitors through, recounting as they went the history of the building and the church in that part of the world. The interior was in startling contrast to the exterior. Suddenly they came to a great purple velvet hanging, dropping from ceiling to the floor. The priest stopped the party abruptly.

"The ladies will remain outside," he said gravely.

Murmurs of protest from the ladies.

"It is not permitted," the priest repeated, motioning the men to step forward.

Piqued, and with eyebrows lifted, the ladies waited

while the men of the party penetrated the holy of holies. Before even they were allowed to pass the drapery, they had to take an oath never to reveal the mysteries about to be unrolled. The little girl made her brother's life miserable for days to come but the boy staunchly kept his promise and never told.

The Sitka Indians swarmed all over the place. They had been driven from Norton Sound to Baranof Island by the Russians and had founded Sitka. Fat, old Mrs. Tom, the widow of a Sitka chief, resembled nothing so much as a picture of Buddha. Heavy-jowled and greasy, she sat immovable in her wigwam. Her bare arms were literally covered from wrist to shoulder with thick, heavy, curiously-engraved silver bracelets, some wide, some narrow. She sat on an immense box covered with Indian blankets. Her lord and master had left her some months before with instructions to sit on his treasures, guarding them until he returned. Although rumor had reported his departure for the happy hunting ground still she sat there. Time may have frozen her fast and perhaps she is now a statue, ugly and immovable, gazing forever into the West.

Although these Indians were of a very low order of intelligence they did marvelous things with colored straw. They would take an ordinary glass bottle and make a covering for it of this straw, painting or weaving into it exquisite designs. In exchange for small mirrors and a few bright-colored beads the ladies of the pleasure party received baskets and blankets, carved birch bark and arrow heads.

John Muir's daughter coveted an Indian puppy which was gamboling contentedly at the feet of a young Sitka brave. Although it was explained to her how impracticable it would be to attempt to take it back to the States, the child still longed for the dog. Early the next morning

the young brave appeared at the *Idaho* with the puppy and the youngster's happiness was complete. With him was another young Indian who bashfully presented a gosling to the little girl. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—the gosling died of cold during the following night and it is sad to relate the puppy disappeared before Portland was reached.

. . . . . .

In connection with the rapid progress of his railroad interests Henry Villard paid many personal visits to the scenes of activity. In April, 1883, it so happened he had to be in Portland by a certain day and to get there on time he would have to make far greater speed than the cross country trains had made up to that time. Not at all daunted at the prospect, Villard was permitted by the courtesy of the railroads west of Chicago to arrange for a special non-stop train.

Assembling a party to go with him as his guests, Villard started. Among the group was Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe of the United States Navy. The race across the continent was a thrilling one. Interest in the record run was at high pitch all over and the whole West watched it. At every station people turned out to see the train fly past and gave shrill cheers for Villard and his friends. The run was made in less than half the usual time, stopping only for a change of locomotives every two hundred miles.

Villard and his party reached Portland a little later, traveling by steamer from San Francisco. They spent some days in visiting cities of western Oregon and Washington where Villard made many speeches.

On April 27th the party was ferried across the Willamette River to the East Portland terminus of the Oregon and California Railroad, where a special train

awaited Villard and his guests. John Muir, with other officials of the Northern Pacific, was there to greet the Villard train.

A Portland photographer lined the crowd up before they boarded the train and the accompanying photograph is the result. The marvelous atmospheric conditions which governed photography then as now in the West are apparent in the original photograph. It is conspicuous for its clarity. Bearded like the pard those magnates of forty years ago beamed into the camera. Bearded, that is, all but one. Smooth-shaven and smiling, John Muir was ahead of his time in this as in other things. Not for him were long whiskers floating in the breeze or even a more modest mustache. Barefaced and unashamed he trod the world and gloried in it.

The identities of the persons are given underneath the picture. Only three of the party are living, W. H. Boot, retired and living near Salem, Oregon. Richard Koehler, through whose courtesy use is made of the photograph. Mr. Koehler was a German railroad engineer and was early associated with Villard as his financial agent, later as General Manager of the Oregon and California Railroad, and still later he was with the Union Pacific. He is now president of the Alaska Fish Salting and By-Products Company of Portland.

The third person is the man about whom this story is written. Mr. Boot commented on the picture.

> The entire bunch look odd in queer sartorial effects—long coats—Ghetto hats and much hair. If that number of more or less prominent women had a group picture taken forty or more years ago, the survivors would have called in the entire issue and had the plate destroyed long before this. . . . C. H. Prescott was always such a genial, well-dressed, true gentleman. The picture makes him look

"Magnates of Forty Years Ago."

From left to right the group includes: W. H. Boot, district superintendent, Pullman's Palace Car Co.; John L. Hallett, superintendent of construction, Northern Pacific R.R. Co. (previously in same capacity for O. R. & N. Co.); H. W. Fairweather, superintendent, Pend d'Oreille Division, Northern Pacific R.R. Co. (formerly superintendent of the O. R. & N. rail lines); John Muir, superintendent of traffic of the O. R. & N. and N. P. R.R. Cos.; Hans Thielsen, chief engineer, O. R. & N. Co. and supervising engineer of construction Western Divisions, N. P. R.R.; Capt. W. P. Gray; Henry Villard, president of both the O. R. & N. and N. P. R.R. Cos.; J. M. Buckley, assistant general manager, N. P. R.R. Co. (formerly in the same capacity on O. R. & N.); U. S. Senator J. N. Dolph, previously attorney of O. R. & N. Co.; next unidentified; Mr. Meade, New York architect of firm of McKim, Meade & White; C. A. Spofford, private secretary of Henry Villard; P. Miescher, hydraulic engineer from Switzerland; R. E. O'Brien, chief engineer Oregon & Transcontinental Co., assistant manager of O. R. & N. Co. and manager N. P. T. Co. of Oregon; Mr. Spiess, hydraulic engineer from Switzerland; Richard Koehler, vice-president and manager, O. & C. R.R. Co.; C. H. Prescott, manager, O. R. & N. Co.; K. Van Oterendorp, ex-superintendent, Ocean Division, O. R. & N. Co.; General James B. Fry, personal friend of Henry Villard and stockholder in the Villard companies.

On the car platform: H. J. Macdonald, private secretary of H. Thielsen; H. S. Rowe, then agent O. R. & N., Portland Freight Station, afterward superintendent of the company's rail lines.

"Magnates of Forty Years Ago."

Identified with the Northern Pacific Railroad.

like one of Tex Rickard's bowery touts, with walrus mustache, pea jacket and betting list sticking out of side pocket.[1]

The car at the right in the picture is the Pullman sleeper *Petrel* which had just arrived fresh from the Pullman shops in Chicago. The other car had a longer history, for it was built in 1870 for Ben Holladay, one of the picturesque figures of the West of ten years earlier, who had much to do with the railroads, and before that the overland stages.

The rest of the trip was an interesting one. The party steamed away through the dense forests east of Portland. They gasped at the wonders of the Columbia River gorge—that only passage through the huge barrier of rock and snow which forms the Cascade Range of Mountains—and sped on to wake up the following morning in eastern Washington.

They went over all the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's lines built at that time, returned to Wallula and went to the end of the track of the Northern Pacific near Cabinet, Idaho. Then Villard took his guests across the gap so soon to be bridged by the rails of the Northern Pacific and on to St. Paul, while Muir turned back with his western colleagues to their duties in Portland.

A cold winter day two years before, the whole of New York City had turned out, excited and interested in an event taking place in Central Park. Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, who had accompanied Henry Villard on his western trip, had at last moved the Obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria, Egypt, to Central Park.

[1] The author is indebted to the article "Magnates of Forty Years Ago," by Frank B. Gill, in *The Union Pacific Magazine*, March, 1925, for the above information and quotation.

It was an engineering feat which made people gasp and the erection of the Obelisk on the pedestal prepared for it was an occasion for the plaudits of the country. The removal of the pillar was made possible through the liberality of William H. Vanderbilt.

John Muir met Gorringe on this trip of Villard's and the men became warm friends. Gorringe was entertained in true western style at the Muir's home during his short stay in Portland and appreciative of the hospitality he suggested that he give a private stereopticon lecture for the entertainment of the Shakespearean Club.

Plans were hastily made for the evening, the host and hostess being unaware that at the same time their small daughter was canvassing the younger element of the neighborhood. When the members of the Club arrived they found various small fry ensconced in the chairs prepared for them. Tableau and then action! The youngsters fled but returned later to hide in the hall and behind the sofa, catching what glimpses they could of the fascinating white sheet whereon were flashed huge images of the old world.

Gorringe's slides were remarkably good. Many of them are preserved in his book *Egyptian Obelisks*. Among other stories Gorringe told of the difficulties encountered by the crew who removed the Needle from Alexandria. The natives were unexpectedly hostile, in spite of the fact the Obelisk had been a gift from the Khedive of Egypt to the United States. The actions of the Egyptians were as unwelcome as they were unexpected. Hisses and epithets greeted the workers and an American missionary in Alexandria roundly abused Gorringe and denounced the enterprise as a work of the devil.

The lecture created much comment in Portland and was discussed widely. Gorringe presented a copy of his book

to Muir, with the inscription: "John Muir, from his friend, H. H. G."

. . . . . .

The Northern Pacific was now so near completion that Villard regarded it as practically finished. With this in mind he made John Muir Superintendent of Traffic of the entire Villard system and with the promotion moved him to St. Paul, Minnesota.

The announcement came as a hard blow to the city of Portland. Although there barely three years, because of his prominent position under Henry Villard and of his own radical changes in the carrying of freight, John Muir had been conspicuously in the limelight the whole time of his residence in Portland. He had made firm friends of every merchant in the city and surrounding country.

The whole of the Northwest knew who John Muir was and what he had done for the shippers of the section. The occasion of his removal to St. Paul was the signal for many expressions of regret and genuine lamentation at his going.

Talk flew thick and fast as to what should be done as a fitting tribute to Muir's work in the Northwest. Listening to all the opinions, Harvey Scott abruptly decided whatever should be done should be a tangible proof of the affection of Portland for John Muir.

From his position as editor and owner of the *Oregonian*, Scott made the following oracular pronouncement:

> They tell me that the Portland Board of Trade contemplates giving John Muir a public dinner on the occasion of his departure from this city to assume his position as the leading freight and passenger man of the Northern Pacific Railroad corporation.
>
> As a friend of Mr. Muir, I trust this motion will not receive a second—he deserves something better than a

dyspepsia-fountain or a headache on leaving a city where he has made so many sterling friends. The dinner will cost $2000 if it costs a cent, and Muir, who is a hard student and self-educated scholar, should not be compelled to sit for four hours in a heated room and listen to the ropy drool of every professional diner-out who can crowd into that table. He can find better companionship in his books and more amusement in his library. And at the end of forty-eight hours, in the unfailing chemistry of nature, his big dinner will be worse than valueless.

But if the merchants of Portland really like John Muir and are anxious to show their appreciation of his many sterling qualities of head and heart, let them give him something in keeping with the scene of his two years' labors. Let them present him with a picture or two of Oregon scenery, painted by some Oregon artist like Captain Rockwell or Stuart, for instance, and give John Muir something to carry to St. Paul that will always serve as a reminder of the days when he was a moving spirit among a plain and discerning people, who liked him chiefly for the reason that he was a plain, off-hand fellow like themselves.

Such a tribute to his ready manner of dispatching all business submitted to him, would interest others who bear his name and serve as an incentive to younger men in the same employ to be courteous and uniformly impartial in their dealings with the traveling public and the men who go to make up the great unit called the commercial world.

Scott's naïvely cynical remark about the value of a big dinner failed to impress the Board of Trade. The idea of the presentation of a painting, however, was combined with the thought of a dinner and one of those "sumptuous repasts" on which journalists of yore delighted to expatiate was spread for John Muir at Eppinger's Restaurant the week before he left Portland. The *Oregonian* described it as:

Henry H. Gorringe.

the finest affair of the kind that had ever taken place in the city. Covers were laid for eighty-five in the large hall adjoining the restaurant, the tables being placed in the form of the letter U. Artistically arranged flowers and fruits added to the beauty of silver, cut glass and white linen. The walls were hung with choice paintings, and back of the president's chair was a tasteful monogram, "J. M."; above it, "Portland"; below it, "St. Paul." An orchestra under the leadership of Navoni enlivened the occasion.

The glowing tributes paid in the many speeches to the guest of honor would have made the average man slightly dizzy. The modest, red-haired Scotchman who had labored so earnestly for the good of the men surrounding him, responded with fitting seriousness to the highly complimentary toast of the President of the Board of Trade.

He pictured his arrival in Portland, told of the weary days and nights of untiring effort, spoke of the changes accomplished and the gradual working out of his plans. He contrasted the few miles of railroad a short time before with several thousand miles almost completed, and outlined fully the policy of the Northern Pacific.

Three of the happiest years of my life have been spent on this coast, [Muir concluded] I love Portland. I esteem its people. Portland,

> "Which ne'er a town surpasses,
> For honest men and bonny lasses."

I leave it with regret, and although leaving it as a place of temporary residence, being still connected with you in a business way, I do not regard it as a permanent severance. I shall be out here often to see you.

> The friends I've made "and their adoption tried" I will "grapple them to my soul," not with hooks but with rails of steel, stretching their giant lengths from my new to my old home, from St. Paul to Portland, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean.

Colonel McCracken, after a warm tribute to his fellow member of the Shakespearean Club, walked over to the wall and touched a flag draped over an object hung there. The flag fell, revealing an oil painting by Captain Cleveland Rockwell of a scene at the Lower Cascades on the Columbia River.

C. H. Prescott and Judge Deady were unable to be present but letters from them were read. C. J. Smith spoke for the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and J. B. Montgomery spoke for the Northern Pacific. There were other responses to toasts and the entire evening was voted a great success.

The *Daily Statesman* of Walla Walla, Washington, expressed itself warmly.

> In Mr. Muir's departure, the Pacific Northwest will lose a firm and steadfast friend. He has closely identified himself with the business and traveling public, and while he has worked for the interests of the company he represents, he has always pursued an equitable and just course toward the people at large.

Just before the newly elected traffic manager of the nearly completed Villard lines went to St. Paul he wrote his usual message for a monthly folder sent out by the Northern Pacific. That railroad originally had a line running from Kalama, Washington, on the Columbia River, one hundred miles north to Tacoma, on Puget Sound. The road was now a link in the Northern Pacific system.

Seattle, farther north, was only available by water from Tacoma and wishing to advertise the charms of the former city as well as swell the traffic and pleasure trips there, Muir referred to Seattle in his article as "the Queen City of the Sound."

Charles B. Wright was then a powerful director on the Northern Pacific and also president of a big real estate company in Tacoma. He resented this distinction bestowed upon Seattle and he wrote Villard, objecting to it. Villard promptly turned the correspondence over to Muir who, not wishing to make trouble, came out in the next issue of the bulletin with "Tacoma and Seattle, the two Queen Cities of the Sound." So the rival queens reigned undisturbed.

It was this same Wright who used his official power to call Mount Rainier, Mount Tacoma, and it was not until he had withdrawn from the directory that the mountain once more became Rainier.

Chapter XI

ANOTHER GOLDEN SPIKE

THE third city of hills, ravines and glorious heights overlooking rivers to which the Muirs moved was St. Paul. It was a goodly city on frowning bluffs, rising tier upon tier from the river level. Charles Dudley Warner wrote of it about that time in *Harper's*.

> St. Paul lies on a spacious uneven elevation above the Mississippi surrounded by a semi-circle of bluffs, averaging something like two hundred feet high. Up the sides of these the city climbs. Its residences are handsome and stately. On the north the bluffs maintain their elevation in a splendid plateau and over this dry and healthful plain the twin cities advance to meet each other.

The swift romance of the rise of a picturesque and beautiful city from a few log huts on the east bank of the Mississippi, scarcely a quarter of a century before, is one that ever stirs the imagination. In an amphitheater of encircling hills a city now lay, with paved streets, fine houses, waterworks and street cars. Many lakes were within a radius of a few miles and the place was as ideal for living as possible. St. Paul claimed beside its natural advantages to be the commercial, railway and financial center of the Northwest.

The Muir family went to St. Paul in a private car attached to the regular train. It was indeed proper compensation for the wife of the Superintendent of Traffic of the entire Northwest that she should have a car entirely for her own use and that of her growing family.

What fun to run the length of the car, thought the Muir children, and the great pillow fights they had up and down the car as the shadows closed in on the eastbound train. After the baby was tucked in for the night—it seemed there was always a baby in the family—the other youngsters would wage a tremendous fight and white feathers would cloud the air. The oldest boy was not above joining in, and when E. S. Mayo, their father's private secretary, added his strength to the fight, the fun got fast and furious. Finally mother would put a stop to it and chase the children to their berths.

The Muir household gods and goods followed them by freight. Just before John Muir left for St. Paul he bought a beautiful phaeton as a present for his wife. This necessitated shipping it from Portland and it goes down as the first vehicle of any kind that was shipped over the Northern Pacific. The freight cars which carried the phaeton and various belongings of the Muirs constituted *the first through shipment of freight from Portland, Oregon, to St. Paul, Minnesota.*

One of the cars housed the brown family steed, Pauline. Never before had animals been shipped over the railroads of the Northwest and the occasion spired much mirthful comment and frank speculation as to whether the poor mare would reach St. Paul alive or merely the skeleton of a horse propped up by boards.

The affair gave the Superintendent of Traffic unexpected publicity. As late as two years after the occurrence when John Muir was on business in San Francisco, the *Daily Alta California and San Francisco Times* came out with a short sketch of the event.

> The first through waybill that was sent from Portland to St. Paul was of Mr. Muir's household goods and among the

articles was a trustworthy old horse, preserved exclusively for the use of his family. This shipment gained Mr. Muir considerable notoriety.

The first agent through whose hands the waybill passed was struck by the variety of the shipment, and was daring enough to write a few lines of humorous rhyme, consigning the freight to the next handler.

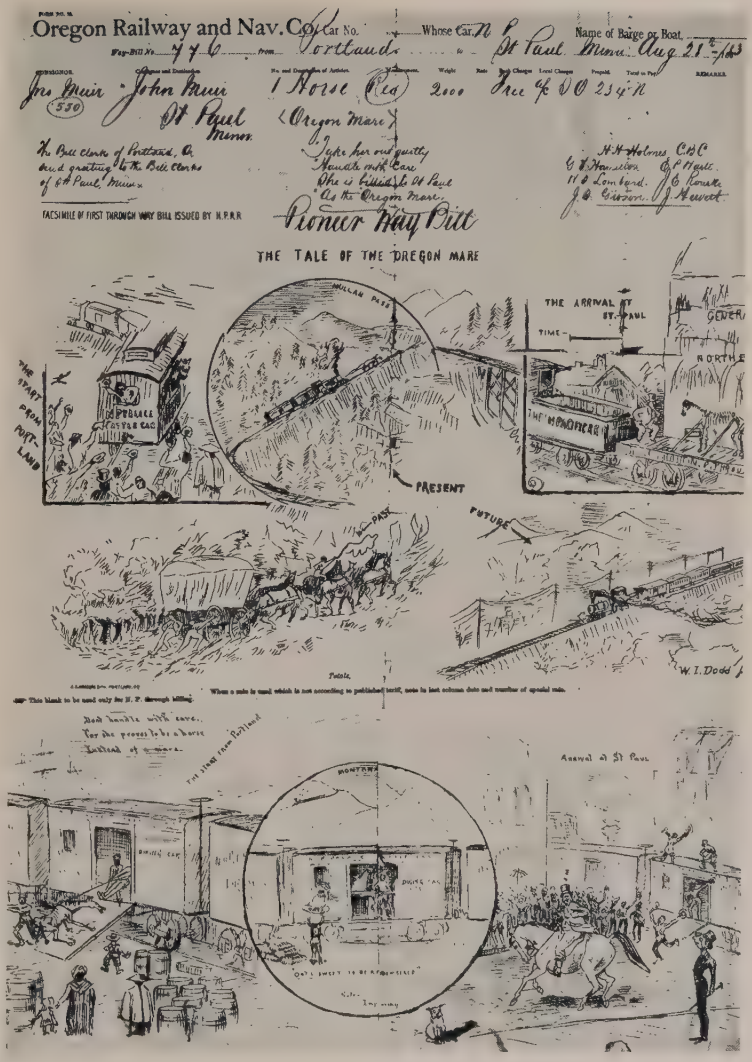
Every agent along the line caught the idea, and all presumed on the proprietor's friendly feeling towards the boys to make an addition. Finally, when the waybill reached St. Paul, it was scarred by fully a score of "poem," more or less meritorious and humorous and the publication of them in one of the St. Paul papers sent them all over the United States.

In addition to the "poetry" there were all sorts of sketches by volunteer artists, these latter being far superior to any of the doggerel. A reproduction of this waybill, which is really quite startling as a curiosity, is shown on another page.

The Railway Age—October 18, 1883—wrote up the incident.

The first through freight car from Portland, Oregon, to St. Paul contained a female steed, and the endorsements on the waybill are really worth preserving. They were made between Portland and Helena, Montana. It must be admitted that in rhythm and rhyme they are rather ahead of productions of a similar class in the old and effete districts east of the Mississippi.

Is it possible that "poetry" is indigenous to the regions which lately echoed to the driving of the golden spike? Will the Bad Lands groan under fertile harvests of poets—or rather will they produce harvests of fertile poets while the rest of the country does the groaning? Perhaps that is just the crop they are adapted to, and possibly lignite will kindle poetic inspiration.


Oregon Railway and Nav. Co.
Car No.
Whose Car N P
Name of Barge or Boat.
Way-Bill No. 476 from Portland to St Paul Minn. Aug 21 1883
Jas Muir (550)
John Muir
St Paul Minn.
1 Horse (Red)
2000
Oregon Mare
Take her out quietly
Handle with Care
She is billed to St Paul
As the Oregon Mare
Pioneer Way Bill
H. Bill Clerk of Portland, O.
send greeting to H. Bill Clerk
of St Paul, Minn.
FACSIMILE OF FIRST THROUGH WAY BILL ISSUED BY N.P.R.R.
H.H. Holmes C.H.C
THE TALE OF THE OREGON MARE
THE START FROM PORTLAND
PRESENT
THE ARRIVAL AT ST. PAUL
PAST
FUTURE
W. I. Dodd
Arsenal at St Paul

WAYBILL OF OREGON MARE.

ANOTHER GOLDEN SPIKE

No doubt the editors of the country will heartily unite in a scheme of "assisted emigration" by which five or six thousand poets can be transferred to the Mauvais Terres to see how the climate would affect them. The waybill referred to has the following endorsements, each stanza being the work of a different author at successive stations:

Take her out gently,
  Handle with care;
She's billed to St. Paul
  As the Oregon Mare.

When arriving at St. Paul,
Treat her kindly for us all,
For out here a pet she's been,
And her name it is Pauline.

This mare is John Muir's,
  To St. Paul she is bound,
Get her through safe
  And deliver her sound.

The web-foot mare,
I do declare,
Is going to St. Paul
This fall.

Over the Rockies we hurried her,
  And you should see the natives stare,
For such a sight was never seen
  As Oregon's famous mare.

In Heron yard, with the greatest of care,
We handled with pleasure the famous mare.

On the steamer Billings
  She crossed Snake river,
If she kicks the bucket
  The Lord will forgive her.

When this old mare is dead and gone,
Remember she is from Oregon.

From Ainsworth to Sprague, with tenderest care,
We hurried along this bloody old mare.
If the rest of her journey as quickly she passes,
She soon will be chewing Minnesota's sweet grasses.

Transported from Missoula to Gold Creek in style,
And acknowledged by the mare with a smile.
The Rocky Mountain division we all safely pass,
The mare on deck, unless she's changed to an ass.

From Gold Creek to Helena, one fine August day,
Welch and Jones took the mare on her eastward way,
And though they had promised to handle with care,
They each took a hair from the Oregon mare.
Mare, hair; hair, mare!

It is hard to picture the commotion this event caused, and the activity and versatility of the clerks at the different stations would be unheard of today. The employees certainly took liberties with the waybill but they knew the geniality of the red-haired Superintendent of Traffic and took a chance. The Northwest rocked with laughter in which John Muir joined heartily.

Both phaeton and mare survived the trip and arrived intact. Mrs. Muir drove behind Pauline in the pretty carriage many a day down the streets of St. Paul. Her progress down Third Street, the heart of the retail district, during the first weeks was nothing short of a triumphal march. People would run out from the stores and pedestrians would stop and stare at the turn-out, for here was the horse that was shipped across the continent. "Billed to St. Paul, the Oregon mare." Whichever one of the Muir children was also privileged to ride behind

Pauline was more interested in the gorgeous samples of velvet, silk and other materials in beautiful colors which the salesmen from the department stores would bring out to the curb and spread before Mrs. Muir.

John Muir settled his family in a new Queen house at the corner of St. Peter and Iglehart Streets. These houses were very new and very ugly, suggesting perhaps the weird coloring of Kate Greenaway's delightful pictures then in vogue. The narrow streets wandered over the terraces of the city and as the weeks slipped by the Muirs decided they liked St. Paul, although they continued to miss their beloved Portland.

John Muir did not have much chance to settle in St. Paul. He left the settling to his wife and family and had barely moved them there when he was out to California with Oakes and Prescott in a preliminary survey of the freight situation which would arise with the completion of the Northern Pacific. Hitherto traffic from the East for Portland had gone via the Union Pacific and then by steamer or, more recently, by the Oregon and California Railway.

Two rules for freight carriage had been established by the Northern Pacific. The rate on wheat from all points in Oregon and Washington Territory was the same. This placed the farmers on the different lines of road controlled by the Villard combination on the same footing. The result of this was to make the remotest valleys as valuable for wheat raising and for new settlers as those nearest the coast. It was a splendidly fair ruling, exactly in accordance with the basic principles of justice and fair dealing back of every ruling as to freight rates on the Northern Pacific made by John Muir.

The other rule was that the charge on all freight from the East left at way ports should be *pro rata* to those

points and not what the rate would be if goods were taken to Portland and then returned eastward to the same point. As may be seen, this latter ruling favored the interests of the country dealers and not those of the merchants and jobbers in Portland.

The Union Pacific was fuming at the Northwest developments. This road wanted to reach Oregon and was trying to find new connections. Villard's plan was to keep the Oregon and Washington traffic in the hand of the Northern Pacific, and to do this John Muir had to meet for his road every competing road before it entered the Northern Pacific domain. He did it with the zest and jubilant effort which characterized everything he did. The whole project was to him an exhilarating game to be played with a smile.

The next jump was to Chicago. Having surveyed the land in California, John Muir, as Superintendent of Traffic of the Northern Pacific, requested Commissioner George L. Carman to call a meeting of the Northwestern Traffic Association in that city.

The general freight agents of the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy met to discuss rates to the Pacific coast via their lines and that of the Northern Pacific. The resolution submitted by John Muir was duly expressed in solemn form:

> *Resolved*, That this association will accept the same divisions between Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis, and points made common therewith, and St. Paul on freight traffic to and from Pacific coast points west of Lake Pend d'Oreille, inclusive, via the Northern Pacific Railway, as are in force via the Iowa Trunk Line Association between Chicago and Council Bluffs (after deducting Omaha bridge

tolls), on the Pacific coast business, and continue the same in effect, subject to any modification that may be agreed upon in the division between Chicago and Council Bluffs, resulting from the pending negotiations between the Iowa Trunk Line Association and the Union and Central Pacific Railroads.

The next step was to get similar action on the part of the New York trunk lines and the joint executive committee, regarding the rates and divisions on the Pacific coast through business on the Northern Pacific. The Northern, Union and Central Pacific railroads had previously agreed to make the rates between St. Paul and Portland the same as between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. The acceptance of this proposition by the eastern lines would establish the same rates and divisions on business to Portland via the Northern Pacific no matter where it originated, as were already in force on business via the Union and Central Pacific to San Francisco.

Filled with elation John Muir flitted to New York and laid the matter before Commissioner Albert Fink of the Trunk Line Association. His mission was successful and ten days later it was duly reported in the *Oregonian*. This newspaper regarded John Muir as the patron saint of the Northwest and followed his career with unabated interest.

The joint executive committee had considered the application of the Northern Pacific Railway, which had been made through its representative, John Muir, Superintendent of Traffic.

When the Northern Pacific opened for through traffic, about September 8, 1883, the roads east of Chicago agreed to accept the same rates and portions of rates on freight traffic to and from points from Portland, Oregon, and

Lake Pend d'Oreille inclusive, as were accepted on the Pacific coast traffic via the Union and Central Pacific.

Buoyed by success and elated at the prospective magnitude of west-bound traffic, Muir returned jubilantly to St. Paul. He had high hopes, rapidly to be justified, of the business of the new through line to the coast and his spirits, instantly responsive, rose blithely.

Hardly had Muir reached home when another problem awaited him. This continued through the winter. One matter was no sooner settled and neatly filed, when the specter of a new-laid ghost would appear and with hollow laughter press his harassed soul. Like the Jew of old he was compelled to move ever on. This time, however, was slightly different from other matters. John Muir was called upon to bend all his energies toward making the celebration of the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad a brilliant success.

The history made since two years before had been nothing short of miraculous. Villard the magician had waved a magic wand and wonders had been accomplished. After getting control of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, Villard dreamed of a mighty railroad for the Northwest. The Northern Pacific had had hard sledding financially and in the constant changing of its official personnel. Villard's *coup d'état* was one which had never been tried before and has never been repeated since.

He bought up all the stock, somewhere around eighty thousand shares, which was selling from eight to ten cents, and after doing this he formed the historic "blind pool." With his splendid audacity he wrote a mysterious letter, withholding the purpose of the subscription, and asked fifty friends for eight million dollars, the use of which money was to be disclosed later.

In less than twenty-four hours he had the money and subscriptions were still pouring in. The incident is the most spectacular display on record of faith in the integrity of one man. Altogether twenty million dollars was put into the company and Villard was elected president with T. F. Oakes as vice-president of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company which controled the interest in both the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. In time Villard constructed a full system of branch lines subsidiary to the two main trunk lines, thus guarding against rivalry and fostering the local traffic.

The history of the Northern Pacific has been called the history of a national movement to find an outlet to the western sea. It was the original route for a transcontinental railroad. The trail of Lewis and Clark. Time and politics switched the first railroad across the continent farther south but the completion of this line of the Northwest was the signal for great rejoicing.

German and English interests, principally the former, were backing Villard and he chose to make the occasion one for the greatest celebration yet staged. Villard's foreign guests were entertained on a lavish scale in the East. They journeyed up the Hudson to his country seat in Dobbs Ferry where a banquet was spread for them. Westward they went to Chicago and saw the sights of the mid-West metropolis. Then they joined the rest of the merry company at St. Paul.

The party was to start from St. Paul and Minneapolis and continue across the continent, witness the driving of the last spike in Montana, and reach a grand climax in Portland. The President of the Northern Pacific was essentially a journalist. He shrewdly realized the great advertisement his plan of celebration would be for the

road. The papers of the country wondered and commented. They concluded that ten years of advertising in ordinary ways would not produce the same results.

Superintendent of Traffic Muir had his hands full. There were four separate trains of guests and he had charge of one of the trains. Notables from all over the country as well as British noblemen, members of Parliament, and an eminent judge. Ex-President Grant came, and ex-Secretary of State William Maxwell Evarts, with Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. President Arthur stopped at St. Paul for a few hours.

A few sentences from a journalist's peroration at that time gives the feeling of the Northwest and in fact that of the whole country. The excerpt is quoted chiefly for the radical differences in both editorial comment and journalistic write-ups then and now.

> The Northwest welcomes the dawning of the day of longing and of vision. . . . She fastens her magic girdle about a smiling continent, and the struggle of years is ended and the guerdon won. No celebration can be too magnificent, paeans loud enough, no rejoicings deep enough to cover the full significance of this occasion, to commemorate the grand success upon which energy and enterprise have waited so patiently and long. . . . In the grand idea of a system of interoceanic transit, the Northern Pacific has a place which is not properly represented by the date of its completion. It is as much the concrete embodiment of that first idea as those other ways upon which the freightage of the world is already gliding to and fro. . . . The Northern Pacific is the late but perfect fruition of the dream of an iron way across the continent.

This project of the Northern Pacific was regarded by the people of Oregon as their very life. They had been shut

off for ten years in a veritable isolation in Oregon, Washington Territory, and Montana Territory. For a quarter of a century they had been literally praying capital would open a way to the Eastern states. And now the prayer was answered.

St. Paul put on its best bib and tucker, erected many triumphal arches, hung countless garlands of flowers and wreaths, and "invited the world" to be present at the festivities.

The offices of the Northern Pacific were simply and modestly decked compared to those of other stores and buildings. A bear, hid among cedar boughs, guarded the main entrance on the right. On the left was a beautiful deer in the act of jumping. Evergreens were festooned about the whole. The most conspicuous of the arches was the Villard Arch at Cedar and Third Streets, standing sixty feet high and stretching more than that in width.

There was a huge parade compared by an earnest journalist to the zoological procession into the Ark, and in the evening a banquet in the great dining room of the Hotel Lafayette. Rows of Chinese lanterns hung from all the balconies and evergreens formed a bridge spanning the ceiling. The room was decked in old gold and red, the decorations representing the principal cities of the world. The great highways were represented in allegory, heads of deer and buffalo and specimens of birds and animals found in the domain of the Northern Pacific looked down upon the scene. A band quickened the pulse and a roseate light flooded the whole.

John Muir's beaming face radiated good cheer and fellowship as he helped greet the notable group of men present that memorable evening. There were seven tables, the most distinguished guests at the first one and so on down the line. John Muir was flanked by General

James H. Baker, Commissioner of Railroads for the State of Minnesota, and Oliver H. P. Belmont. Also at Muir's table were his old employer, General Adna Anderson,—who had gone to the Northern Pacific from the Kansas Pacific—George M. Pullman, Marshall Field and Muir's old friend, Marcus Daly.

The most important of the guest tables had miniature locomotives of confectionery going through tunnels of sweet-breads. In front of Henry Villard was a small steamboat. On the walls were mottoes of the different states of the Northwest.

Minnesota	—"The Terminal State—N.P.R.R.—Mississippi and Lake Superior."
Dakota	—"The Granary of the World."
Montana Ter.	—"Cattle on a Thousand Hills."
Idaho	—"Gold and Silver Are Ours."
Washington Ter.	—"Ye Monarch of the Forest."
Oregon	—"To the Orient—The Pacific State."

Yet withal there was nothing tawdry or bizarre. All was in good taste and dignity.

The speeches lasted for hours, and Villard was compared to Moses, De Lesseps and Lincoln. Grant arrived at nine, smoked through all the speeches and quietly departed at eleven-thirty. In spite of the wild celebration in the twin cities only two cases of drunkenness were reported.

The following day the triumphal train, with John Muir in charge of one section, started on its way across the Dakotas into Montana. Cowboys raced the train, astonishing the guests with feats of horsemanship and daring.

At Livingston, Montana, the scenery began to grow interesting. The road hugged the bank of the Yellow-

stone River which is broad and rapid. The waters were a clear rich green, characteristic of the streams in that part of the country. One could count the round pebbles on the bottom of some of the streams running along by the tracks. By way of Bozeman Pass the road entered the lovely Gallatin Valley.

Through the thin warm air the train wound up wild defiles down which the Gallatin River tumbled fiercely. At Rock Cañon a huge boulder rose on the left, its head catching the sunlight and blushing red. The color of the whole region was superb. Its red rocks, dark firs, lighter pines, and the swift green river with here and there a deep crystal pool made a sharp contrast to the brown barren plains of the Dakotas left behind.

Soon the train rolled out into the Gallatin Valley. For the first time since leaving Minnesota was seen the lush green of marshy meadows where grew the pride of Montana agriculturists. They claimed three feet turnips, huge beets, heavy beaded oats and ripe, golden wheat. With the others, John Muir gloried in the prodigality of the new panorama of the West. At Gray Cliff, fifteen hundred Indians appeared and about a hundred did the Crow Straw, Squaw, Sun and War Dances for the party.

Gold Creek was reached at last. It was in the midst of a wilderness. The last rail of the Northern Pacific tracks was laid in a flat valley through which trickled a bright and sparkling stream, shut in on all sides by partly wooded mountains.

The scene of the grand finale lay in a natural amphitheater within a ring of low rounded hills. The winding stream, Little Blackfoot, was fringed with cottonwoods and willows, and gave a touch of pastoral beauty to the picture. Narrow meadows were on either side and lower

down the hillslopes were dotted with dark green dwarf pines. The brown hills contrasted with the many shades of green in the valley and over the whole hung the haze of an Eastern Indian summer.

Many of the people gathered there to welcome the train had camped all night on the spot. A big pavilion had been hastily erected and over it floated the flags of America, Great Britain and Germany.

It was a motley gathering. There were newspaper men with notebooks, and artists making sketches. Photographers with tripod and camera rubbed elbows with English lords and German counts. Indians, women with crying babies, great generals and prominent statesmen herded together, careless of anything except a good view of the ceremony. Railroad laborers crowded their officials. Ranchers, herdsmen and miners shoved smug business men and bearded, eye-glassed foreigners in long linen dusters.

Villard briefly reviewed the tremendous difficulties conquered and then yielded to William Maxwell Evarts, the orator of the occasion. The former secretary's speech was a model of his usual restraint mingled with brilliant oratory. Ex-president Billings of the Northern Pacific spoke, followed by the German minister, Von Eisendecker, who epitomized the occasion as "an international festival of civilization."

Three hundred brawny-armed men quickly laid the ties and drove the spikes on the last thousand feet of track, while the foreign guests watched with amazement and the band played and people shouted.

Towering above the crowd Villard ordered silence. "This spike," he said, holding a small battered object up to view, "was the first spike driven on the Northern Pacific. See how it is bent and how thick it is with rust."

Celebration at The Dalles, Oregon, of the Driving of the Last Spike on the Northern Pacific, at Gold Creek, Montana, September, 1883.

He paused.

"H. C. Davis," Villard went on, "was the man who drove this spike. He is to have the honor of being the first man to drive it, not as the initial spike but as the *last* spike on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Cheers greeted the words as Villard surrendered the rusty old spike to Davis who struck the first blow. The press reports had it that it was "a massive golden nail, a perfect work of jeweller's art," but such, so it is stated in Henry Villard's *Memoirs*, was not the case.

Villard with his baby boy in his arms, letting the tiny hands hold the silver sledge as he struck, made the next blow history. In rapid succession came ex-president Billings, John Muir, Hans Thielsen, Carl Schurz, and General Grant, who drove it home amid thundering cheers. Perhaps a score of people had their turn to strike the spike.

When it came the turn of the Superintendent of Traffic, the left-handed John Muir lifted the mallet high in small white hands not accustomed to holding a hammer. A mighty blow—and he missed the spike completely!

Two trains, one from Minnesota and one from Oregon, covered with flags and gay streamers, drew slowly together over the new laid tracks. Rapidly the low valley filled with the mists of twilight and almost before the trains had pulled out toward Oregon the crowds had melted away into the darkness, leaving the quiet valley to the night.

When the trains of merrymakers arrived in Portland the rejoicing reached its climax. It had seemed as if nothing further could be added to the prolonged ceremonies but Portland jubilantly welcomed Villard and his guests with an ovation almost greater than any they had hitherto received.

Conducted by almost anyone else the whole enterprise might have sunk to the level of an indecorous, repetitive riot. Villard's magic touch gave the excursion dignity and the whole thing, besides being the tremendous advertisement it was for the Northern Pacific here and abroad, was in unquestioned taste.

September eleventh was a gala day in Portland. All the Northwest seemed assembled there. People piled into the city from the surrounding country and filled streets, windows, and balconies. The roses ran riot in honor of the occasion. Flags and garlands were everywhere and the women and children wore their brightest-colored dresses. Perfect weather left the occasion undimmed by showers or cloud and merrily the whistles shrieked and bells clanged.

John Muir was the honored guest in the home of an old friend and Shakespearean confrère, F. K. Arnold. Arnold was also a member of the Board of Trade and thus in the heart of the big celebration.

Every store and place of business had its decorations. In front of one store, in addition to the flags and lanterns, was a sign displaying four huge playing cards. They were the four trumps, explained by lettering beneath.

VILLARD —PLUCK
BUCKLEY —GRIT
PRESCOTT—PUSH
MUIR —SAND

The big parade was two miles long. A handful of men, gray and bent with age, led the van. They were what was left of the Oregon Pioneer Association. After them came the United States troops stationed at Vancouver, headed by General Nelson A. Miles.

At the close of the procession rumbled the prairie

Celebration of Driving of Last Spike of Northern Pacific in Portland, September, 1883.

schooners, hauled by mud-splashed oxen, with barefooted and dirty children running at the sides. The people shouted themselves hoarse. After the picturesque outfit immigrant wagons, appropriately enough came the Warm Springs Indians, covered with warpaint and feathers. They whooped and flourished their tomahawks so realistically that some of the bystanders shrieked in terror.

There were nine bands, brilliant banners, and rich regalia. When the pioneer section reached the stand where Villard, bulwarked by family, friends, guests, and officials of the road, stood reviewing the parade, it stopped, and a silence fell on the throng. Then a great cheer went up, taken up by every voice, for the man who had fulfilled the mirage-like promise of those weary days on the Oregon trail.

Chapter XII

REPRESENTING THE PRESIDENT

SCARCELY were the ceremonies in Portland over when Villard called Muir in council.

"There's to be a big meeting in San Francisco next Friday, Muir," his chief told him. Villard usually went straight to the point.

"I can't break away here and Oakes is in New York. You've got to go down there alone and represent the Northern Pacific and my interests, and fight for our rights on this traffic question."

At once recognizing the immense responsibility and the exceptional tribute from his chief, Muir journeyed to San Francisco determined to bring home on his broad shoulders the merited ration of bacon, the territorial rights of the Northern Pacific.

The conference of railway managers opened September 20th at the Palace Hotel. This famous hostelry was already a landmark on the Pacific coast, the Mecca of all important gatherings of men. Then as now the breath of the great Pacific trade winds, bearing all the mystery and wonder of the East, stole into the gay days and gayer nights, permeating the music and laughter.

In those days heavy gilt frames and red plush were predominant in the huge rotunda. Built around a court in Spanish style the Palace had immense winding corridors in which small children could wander for hours, getting lost with delightful frequency, while frantic parents played "Hunt the Child" in the labyrinth.

Ten roads were represented, among them the powerful Union and Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The vice-president of the latter road was on hand, and representing the Union Pacific was Muir's friend, E. P. Vining. The power and capital represented in that meeting if lumped together would have staggered most minds.

Muir met Vining in the lobby of the Palace.

"What do you think, E. P.?" Muir asked. "I see one of those reporters headed my way. What shall I tell him?"

"Well, frankly, Muir," Vining said, "I think we're in for a hot time. The U. P.—of course this is man to man—is out for blood and I'm sent here to get it."

"They might as well recognize," Muir replied, "that the N. P. is here to stay."

"Oh, I don't mean you haven't the right to make the demands you have," Vining said hastily. "Between you and me I think you are perfectly justified. As friend to friend the U. P. has no right to the N. P. traffic. But that's what I'm here to see we get!" And Vining laughed.

The reporter had edged closer so the two men ceased abruptly.

"I beg pardon, sir," the reporter said, "but you are Mr. Muir, are you not?"

"I am," Muir responded courteously. "What can I do for you?"

"Give me some idea of what will take place at this meeting," the reporter answered eagerly.

Muir laughed heartily.

"If I knew that, my dear fellow," he said, "I'd be on my way home now to make my report."

"But can't you give me some idea?" the man persisted.

"We're here on freight rates," Muir replied briskly. "Ten roads of us," and he named them rapidly. "We all want something and if each one of us gets what his road wants, it will take four hundred per cent to go around. That's the situation in a nutshell," And Muir and Vining walked off.

"I have my instructions, Muir," Vining went on, taking up the conversation where he had left off. "We're against the Central Pacific and so are you. Let's hang together and back them down against the wall."

And hang together they did, which proceeding was most agreeable to the two friends.

The first session was called almost immediately. The question uppermost for discussion was the distribution of freight rates. The roads unanimously wished to prevent a cutting of rates and so planned if it were at all possible to agree upon a pro rata distribution of rates among themselves. This of course would break up contracts with the shippers and freight would be evenly proportioned.

The roads represented had much the attitude of small boys with chips on their shoulders. If anyone knocked the respective chips off the fur would fly. Each road was determined to get its share and if unable to do so, depart in high dudgeon. The principal difficulties lay between the Northern and Central Pacific, the latter having somewhat the advantage over the former.

The west coast freight was the main bone of contention. The Union and Southern Pacific lines but more especially the Central Pacific were competitors of the Northern Pacific. Heretofore freight for Portland or Puget Sound had been shipped across the continent to San Francisco and thence by rail or water north. With the completion of the Northern Pacific that road claimed

the right to ship direct to Portland and the surrounding territory.

John Muir claimed this privilege for the Northern Pacific by the right of geographical division of the country. Should these roads now set out to compete for this business which would entail much complication of freight rates and ill feeling all around?

To compete for San Francisco traffic the Northern Pacific would have to duplicate the all rail rate. To secure Oregon and Washington business the Central and Southern Pacific would have to duplicate the new rate which the Northern Pacific intended making from the East to the Oregon terminals. This rate was similar to the one in force to San Francisco by the southern routes. The Northern Pacific was asking only for its territorial rights, not seeking California business. Through her representative, John Muir, she was seeking to elude the greedy grasp of her southern competitors.

Although the Central Pacific had the edge on its newly-born competitor, having been on the field first and knowing the business thoroughly, Henry Villard's weapon was worth the reckoning. Back in Portland Villard had revealed to Muir the trump card he was saving to play as a final measure.

"If you can't arrive at a peaceable solution, Muir," Villard said, emphasizing his words with gentle thumps on the desk before him, "come on back and we'll start something that will make the C. P. and U. P. rub their eyes.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he went on. "I'm going to construct an independent branch line to San Francisco! I can do it and I will do it if I'm pushed."

Despite the assurance that eventually Villard would bring victory to his road, John Muir was loath to return defeated, thus shifting the burden of responsibility back

on the shoulders of his heavily burdened president. Muir was determined with all his heart to achieve the end for which he was sent.

It seemed for a time as if a deadlock had been erected which no amount of parley could dissolve. Again the infinite tact and patience of this particular Scotchman came into play.

In a speech made at another session, which was marked by its conciseness and clarity, Muir pointed out the obvious territorial divisions of the United States. The Union Pacific had the middle of the country; each of the other roads had its own territory. Why not abide by the geographical divisions established by nature and let the Northern Pacific have the traffic to which it was entitled? When all was said and done, it seemed the best way out of the difficulty and each road was to handle its freight in its own territory without going out of its way to compete for business which rightly belonged to the neighboring railroads.

All Portland and adjoining territory freight from points east belonged to the Northern Pacific. Freight for San Francisco and neighboring places from the East should be routed via the Union, Central or Southern Pacific or whatever road could easiest and most quickly convey it to its destination. And the rates would be the same! The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company was also included in this *pro rata* agreement.

The verdict of the press was highly complimentary to John Muir, who had won this victory for the Northern Pacific. It also congratulated General Traffic Manager Muir for refusing to become a party to the special contract system and scored it unmercifully. It was unjust and of course highly beneficial to the railroad lines which were using it.

By it they made the shipper pledge himself to ship all through freight by the railways, thus depriving himself of the privilege of clipper or steam vessel competition by the way of Cape Horn. The railroads had thus gotten rid of competition by sea and for a long time had bled the San Francisco shippers.

A Cleveland paper in commenting upon the action taken at the San Francisco meeting remarked as follows:

> Mr. Muir, the representative of the Northern Pacific, was disposed to reject the overtures made at the conference immediately, but was finally induced to consider the matter for a few days. He has since informed the Transcontinental Association that his company will not be a party to the renewal of the special contract system.
>
> That this decision is a wise one cannot be doubted. It puts the Northern Pacific in a position at once to command public confidence and to win for itself a name for fair dealing.
>
> Every shipper has a right to choose a carrier for his goods, and this right the Northern Pacific has undertaken to recognize. The effect of this refusal to enter into the pool will end the days of the special contract system, and the other roads will be obliged to look out for themselves.
>
> A wise and liberal policy will greatly benefit the Northern Pacific, and in taking a stand on the side of the shippers, its managers have shown that such a policy is to prevail.

Barely had John Muir caught his breath from this vital conference when a meeting of the Transcontinental Association was called in Chicago. Attended by his faithful Assistant Superintendent, J. M. Hannaford, Muir arrived in Chicago early in November and for several days discussed the problems which had again arisen.

It should be said here that John Muir acknowledges

much to the help of his erstwhile assistant, Mr. Hannaford, who knew his field thoroughly and gave his chief cheerful and able assistance at all times. Mr. Hannaford held successive positions on the Northern Pacific, and from the vice-presidency stepped into the president's chair, serving as President of the Northern Pacific for a number of years.

The decision at San Francisco did not seem to be satisfactory when put in operation. The Association agreed that letting the rates from the Missouri River either to San Francisco or Portland via the other place, stand the same as either place direct, was most impracticable as a working basis and must be changed. The men talked for several days but accomplished nothing, not an unusual procedure. The meeting elected a commissioner and adjourned to meet at Topeka the next week.

Again the struggle was between the Northern and Union Pacific, that each should not encroach on the other's territory. The plan talked of in Chicago and acted on in Topeka came from the Northern Pacific's representative, John Muir.

As compensation for being shut out from San Francisco business, the Northern Pacific asked to be paid a stipulated sum every year by the other roads, which would enable it to carry passengers at a paying figure by way of Portland to San Francisco. The lines generally agreed in Chicago that this plan was the only one which would let them out of their difficulties and insure a substantial Western pool.

Still holding out stoutly against the special contract-system mentioned above, which would give California shippers who refused to give business to the Pacific Mail line much lower rates than shippers who did not make contracts, Muir journeyed to Topeka.

This contract system was one of the Central Pacific's pet schemes. Again the same plan. More talk. Geographical division of the western United States was agitated. As before, it was decided the southerly lines should have California and the northern routes take Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia. The addition was made, however, that quotations of rates by the southern lines were to cease at San Francisco.

The northern lines would stop at Portland for California business. That is, all freight and passengers passing between Portland and San Francisco would pay the established ocean charges in addition to the through rates. Rates to Portland and points on Puget Sound were to be named only by the northern routes and rates to California only by the southern routes.

This plan seemed much more fair and practical than the one heretofore chosen. It favored the shippers, San Francisco remained the supply point for California, and Portland assumed the position of distributing point for the Northwest coast. It made the merchants practically independent of one another, and able to avail themselves of all advantages which the through lines leading into their respective territories saw fit to offer.

The best part of the whole meeting was that it left the railroads at peace with one another and the assurance they would not fly at one another's throats as soon as they got back to their respective offices. It was a convention of railroad lines with immensity of interests that warranted an affiliation and the speedy organization of this association was as fine a demonstration of the sincerity of purpose of the railroad companies as was ever recorded. The net earnings on overland traffic would now be large enough to permit further reduction with impunity.

On the face of it, it seemed the Northern Pacific had been worsted in the verbal battle and had surrendered its California traffic. This was far from being the case. This division of territory, first advocated by John Muir in the early meetings, had all along been considered the one feasible method of properly dividing the freight traffic. But still the southern routes, chiefly the Central Pacific line, hung on to their contract system of shipping which gave them absolute power over the dealers of California.

The Northern Pacific would not be a party to this system and fought it consistently. When it was found the Central and Southern Pacific were reluctant to accept the geographical division of territory, they were offered as an inducement the privilege of keeping to their contract system unmolested, to which they finally agreed. They were to pay the Northern Pacific, however, twenty per cent of their net earnings upon San Francisco business, equal then to over half a million dollars yearly. For those shippers who wished to escape from the contract bond there remained several ways out: the Union Pacific, the Utah and Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

It was the end of an interesting war of words. The "heap much talk" was over and it was thought that John Muir, Superintendent of Traffic of all the Villard lines, would settle down in his St. Paul offices for a breathing spell. Not so. Home he went, probably for a clean shirt and fresh toothbrush, and then he was like Finnegan of the future, off again and gone again.

This time it was to make a comprehensive tour of the Northern Pacific line with the General Manager and Vice-President, Thomas F. Oakes. The trip took them four weeks and they covered every mile of the road. They

journeyed again to Butte and Anaconda and visited the mines which were springing up almost overnight. They saw the huge ranches of Montana with their "cattle on a thousand hills," and prophesied the Territory would soon be the cattle center of the country.

Mile after mile the two men looked across the great wheat fields of North Dakota and Idaho, all of the grain prospective freight for the Northern Pacific. They saw hamlets of huts leaping into full-fledged cities. Shacks becoming live little towns overnight, all pushing and growing, beating in time with the rhythmic pulse of national expansion.

The principal purpose of the trip was the visit to the Cœur d'Alene mines, in Idaho. These mines lay in the northern tip of the State, south of Lake Pend d'Oreille, on the Northern Pacific line. Discoveries of rich bodies of ore—quartz, silver, belleview and free milling gold—were made early in the spring of 1883 but they had been kept secret and the news had just leaked out, too late in the season to permit prospectors and miners to stake out claims.

Eagle City was the principal point of the camp, even then a thriving, bustling mining town. As they surveyed the claims already staked and heard the glowing reports of the miners, Muir turned to Oakes.

"Do you know, Mr. Oakes," he said, "I believe this will prove to be one of the richest ore-producing camps ever known in the history of the country. I think it will be a second Leadville. Spring will certainly prove it and then thousands will flock to it."

"Well, if that's so, Muir," Oakes said, "and I hope it is, then that means the Northern Pacific must get busy. We'll have to build a branch from Heron to Eagle City as soon as possible. Why, man, think of the freight!"

Muir had thought of the freight. His prophecy was too hopeful, for although the mines were good ones the place did not turn out to be a second Leadville.

The General Traffic Manager contrived to be home for Christmas that year, but looking at old clippings of his activities they read much like the chronicle of a national circuit rider.

Pioneer Press, Thursday, November 15, 1883—Personal—Messrs. Muir and Hannaford of the Northern Pacific joined Vice-President Oakes and Assistant General Manager Odell at Brainerd yesterday. They make a trip over the Little Falls and Dakota branch, and will this morning go west. Messrs. Odell and Hannaford will leave the party at Helena and return to St. Paul, Messrs. Oakes and Muir continuing to the coast.

Daily Globe, Tuesday, December 4, 1883—Rail Notes. The Northern Pacific party, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Muir, and others, will start Friday for St. Paul.

Pioneer Press, Thursday, December 6, 1883—The Marquis de Moses and G. S. Barnes, Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Elevator Company, who accompanied Mr. Oakes and party to the Pacific coast, returned to St. Paul yesterday. Messrs. Oakes and Muir will leave Portland December 10.

Monday, December 17, 1883—Vice-president Oakes and Superintendent of Traffic Muir arrived yesterday from a tour of inspection of the Northern Pacific road.

Plus a nice little puff: "Mr. John Muir, the unassuming Traffic Manager of the Northern Pacific, is developing qualities of strength and poise in his trying position which promise to send him up higher one of these days."

Daily Globe, Saturday, January 12, 1884—Rail Notes. Mr. Muir will probably be back tomorrow.

Wednesday, January 16, 1884—Mr. Muir, Superintendent of Traffic of the Northern Pacific, who returned from Chicago yesterday, expects to leave for New York tonight.

Pioneer Press, Saturday, January 19, 1884—Superintendent of Traffic Muir of the Northern Pacific left last evening for New York.

Saturday, January 26, 1884—Messrs. Oakes and Muir of the Northern Pacific are expected in St. Paul about the first of February.

Chapter XIII

THE REWARD OF LOYALTY

HARDLY had the New Year been celebrated when John Muir once more fared forth in the interests of the Northern Pacific. The report of the *Daily Globe* was that "Chicago has today within her limits a very large number of distinguished railroad men," an honor of which Chicago was doubtless duly appreciative.

The meeting was labeled by an enthusiastic press correspondent as "a battle of the giants," that for which the giants were battling being the freight and passenger traffic between the East and the Southwest. No sooner had the question of traffic to the West and Northwest been settled than that of the Southwest became most imminent and pressing.

It seemed the completion of the Northern Pacific gave everybody the fever of new combinations in the West, Northwest and Southwest. The cities involved were St. Paul, Chicago and San Francisco, as the roads from the first two cities toward Omaha and Council Bluffs were coming into the limelight as parts of one combination or another with the Pacific coast or transcontinental lines.

The correspondent went on gloomily to say:

> So far the wisest and smartest of the railroad men have not devised any satisfactory solution to this vast business. No sooner do some of the ablest concoct a scheme of taking in a number of the Northwestern roads, than others refuse to agree, and form still another combination.

Almost simultaneously with this meeting came the news of Villard's retirement from the presidency of the road he had snatched from financial disaster and set as a crown jewel in the coronet of the Northwest. People who opposed his administration were plotting his dethronement even as he drove the "golden spike" in Montana. The failure of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company meant also his loss of the Northern Pacific presidency.

Broken in health and disappointed at the collapse of his plans, Henry Villard passed into temporary eclipse, while the press of the country heaped journalistic vituperation on the man they had lauded to the skies a short three months before. Villard emerged later and built up another fortune, justified himself to the world, and died honored and esteemed. A great man, noble and honorable, with the good of others and of his adopted country at heart rather than his own advancement.

Strange indeed, that Henry Villard, Marcus Daly, and Collis P. Huntington, whom we have yet to see, the three men who did the most for John Muir and played the important rôles in his life, died in the same year.

Strange and most curious of all that Henry Villard and Marcus Daly died within a day of each other, November 11 and 12, 1900.

The winter sped quickly for it was full to the brim of new duties and greater business. It was a bitter winter from the weather standpoint. It reached forty degrees below zero and business was suspended in St. Paul while the cold snap lasted. People stayed indoors.

John Muir's eldest son wanted a watch. Following the natural impulse of a child he asked his father for one.

"When I was your age," Muir said, "I was helping support my mother and younger brother and sister.

"You've gone to school much longer than I did and I want you to keep on with your studies. But it is time you began to think about earning money. I'd like to give you a watch but I want to see if you can earn it."

It was a challenge. Muir wanted his son to gain early a knowledge of the meaning of thrift, and his own realization of thrift prompted his words.

A paper route was offered young Muir and as it would not interfere with his school hours he took it. Every morning of that bitter winter, while the rest of St. Paul shivered and shook indoors, John Muir's son got up at four o'clock and went out to deliver newspapers. Thrift won the watch.

The change from Oregon's mild climate to the vigorous weather of Minnesota was one the young Muirs did not fancy, but there were compensations. They delighted in the beautiful red and pink carnelians found in the sandpiles of the city. The two older children had a cherished collection of the pretty stones.

This was the beginning of the era of paper-bound books and a Chicago publishing house, Rand McNally and Company was turning them out by the score. John Muir's friend of Chicago days, James Robertson, prominently connected with that publishing house, sent the Muirs a box of paper-covered books.

The gift could hardly have been duplicated, so rare was it even in that time for books to be presented in great quantities. The box delighted the whole family, and the younger element took enthusiastically to *Peck's Bad Boy*.

. . . . . .

Just before the crash on the Northern Pacific, Villard called Muir to New York. Foreseeing what was about

to happen, Henry Villard provided for some of his trusted executives. He gave Muir a three years' contract with the Oregon Improvement Company, making him General Manager. This Improvement Company was one of Villards' projects launched in 1880.

The object of the company was "the development of the natural resources, mineral, agricultural, and otherwise, of Oregon and Washington Territory, and the North Pacific coast generally, in coöperation with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company." The Improvement Company met with instantaneous success, having a bond issue of five million dollars, and a similar amount in stock.

John Muir's contract read at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

With this contract safely tucked in his pocket, Muir calmly awaited the developments Villard's resignation brought. There was a general upheaval and readjustment.

It was with a distinct shock of surprise, albeit a pleasant one, that the people of Oregon observed in the *Oregonian* one morning late in January dispatches from New York.

MR. MUIR RESIGNS

N. Y. Special Telegram, Jan. 26.—John Muir has resigned the superintendency of traffic in the Northern Pacific, his resignation to take effect March 1, in order that he may accept the general managership of the Oregon Improvement Company, having made a contract with that company for a term of years. He will have entire charge on the Pacific coast of the railroad, steamships, coal and other interests of the company, whose transportation lines cover coastwise business between San Diego and Alaska. . . .

The resignation of Mr. Muir will doubtless create much surprise in St. Paul today. No one, not even the local officials of the road, had any anticipation of such an event. Mr. Muir but recently came to St. Paul. In March last he was appointed to his present position. Previous to that time he was at the head of the traffic department of the Villard roads on the coast and also of the Western Division of the Northern Pacific.

In July he moved his headquarters to St. Paul, and then resumed the duties of Superintendent of Traffic for the Northern Pacific, Oregon Railway and Navigation, and Oregon and California Companies. Mr. Muir is an old Kansas Pacific official, and entered the Northern Pacific service when the Villard régime came into power. His retirement will be generally regretted, as he was considered *the best traffic man in the West.*

Oregon received the news jubilantly. The *Oregonian* said, "His many business and personal friends received the announcement of John Muir's return to Portland in discharge of the duties of an important office with pleasure." A prominent railroad official was interviewed by a reporter for the *Oregonian* and the conversation, after treating of the situation of the Northern Pacific, went as follows:

"From what you know of the case, would you regard Mr. Muir's change of position as a 'set-back'?"

"By no means. The Oregon Improvement Company is no small concern. In addition to owning coal mines, steamers and lands, it controls the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's entire possessions and the San Luis Obispo Railroad."

"Whom will Mr. Muir succeed?"

"I really don't know. Mr. Prescott used to be manager. I think he was elected president or vice-president. Goodall, Perkins and Company manage the steamship business,

and John L. Howard the coal business, and Muir is above them. In other words, he will be the boss."

So "the boss" prepared to pull up stakes once more and take his family back to their beloved Portland. As usual, of necessity, he preceded them, flitting hither and yon over the country.

The middle of February, in company with his private secretary, Edward S. Mayo, and J. M. Hannaford, who had succeeded him as General Freight Agent of the Northern Pacific, and one or two others, John Muir left for the Pacific coast. His offices were in the railroad building at the corner of Front and D Streets.

His wife remained in St. Paul until the birth of her sixth child, a daughter, christened Elizabeth. Then her husband came for her and she went back to Portland in her private car, surrounded by her lively bunch of children, who enjoyed the whole trip hugely.

While still in St. Paul but with events shaping so that he knew he would soon return to Portland, John Muir bought ten acres in what was called Caruther's addition to the city of Portland. The section today is given over entirely to the shipping interests of the city, but at that time it was a lovely spot. On his South Portland acreage Muir built a home for his family, so that on their return it was ready and waiting for them.

The house was within a block of the Willamette River. The location was most picturesque and the semi-wild scenery with its overhanging mountains gave the boys and girls a beautiful natural playground.

Two Cashmere goats, Billy and Cricket, were the children's playmates, and a single pair of rabbits soon produced an endless number of bunnies which overran the whole neighborhood to the despair of the gardeners.

Rex, a beautiful brown Percheron, with a flowing mane and a long, cream-colored tail which swept the ground, succeeded the mare Pauline. Rex made the trip from St. Paul to Portland in a box car but by this time animals were just ordinary freight and caused no comment.

On Sunday afternoons John Muir loved to take his older children and walk along the railroad track which hugged the mountainside. He would recite many poems of Burns, passages from other loved poets, and whole acts of Shakespeare's plays. It was endless source of enjoyment for the children and an excellent education.

John Muir manufactured his own gas on the big lot of his South Portland home. Two of his children would steal off behind the gashouse and smoke cigarettes of rabbit tobacco as one read *Tom Sawyer* to the other, which had been bought for them as a special treat. It was a miracle or special dispensation of Providence that the whole family, to say nothing of the erring youngsters, was not blown to atoms.

An old Jewish burial ground was in the very near neighborhood. The site was sold and to be used for something else, so one day men and wagons came to disinter the bodies placed there many years before and remove them to a new resting-place. Drawn by an unholy curiosity the Muir children hung around the cemetery, watching the operation with unfeigned interest. They were only banished from the spot by parental orders peremptorily issued after parental horror at the discovery.

Bears were a common sight in the woods and mountains near the seashore. The eldest boy went camping with some chums for a week or two at a point on the coast. They left their camp unguarded one afternoon when on a hike, and found on their return a big bruin cleaning out

with systematic thoroughness every scrap of food in sight. He had just finished a cherished apple pie. He was chased away with difficulty and seemed inclined to return to gaze with injured innocence on a perfectly good source of supply for some reason suddenly cut off.

. . . . . .

An editorial in the *Seattle Daily Chronicle* of January 28, 1884, voiced the general sentiment of the Northwest over the news of John Muir's return to the coast. The paper gave the New York dispatch, added a few comments on the Northern Pacific and continued:

> The above intelligence may prove a surprise to the community generally, but it is certainly a pleasant one, for there is no man who came out to Oregon with Mr. Villard who has secured greater right to respect and confidence of the business community than John Muir.
>
> He is essentially a self-made man, and his record as an officer of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and other of the Villard companies, demonstrates his practical abilities for solving intricate freight problems and directing important corporation interests.
>
> Those who remember the struggle which took place between Mr. Muir and the Ainsworth crowd when he first assumed control of the freight department of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and the victory he won —have reason to appreciate his capacity. He completely revolutionized the freight system of the entire line, increased its efficiency, kept pace with the rapidly increasing business of the company, and accomplished it all at a materially reduced cost to the corporation.
>
> Subsequently Mr. Muir went into the Northern Pacific as manager of the entire freight department of that company, from which position he became General Manager of the Oregon Improvement Company, assuming entire con-

trol of the coal mines, railway and steamships of the corporation.

The selection of Mr. Muir for this position is a fortunate one. The Improvement Company requires a man at its head who has energy, capacity and executive ability. The company to which Mr. Muir has been called requires a combination of abilities, for it is in process of development, and has before it a field of great promise, and almost incalculable expansion.

The coal interests of the company alone are vast, and every day require more careful attention. The fields of Green River are to be tapped and coal carriage by steamship and rail, together with the opening of mines and their economical operation, devolve in a very practical way upon his shoulders. The Improvement Company is one of the best properties in the United States today.

Mr. Muir's task will be to bring it up to the very highest point of production and profit. That he will do this may be accepted without question.

The *San Francisco Wasp* had a good word for the new General Manager of the Oregon Improvement Company.

Mr. John Muir, who has served with much distinction as General Traffic Manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in which office he commanded the esteem of all with whom he had business connections, has resigned his position and been appointed General Manager of the Oregon Improvement Company, to reside in Portland.

The Oregon Improvement Company owns a controlling interest in the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and its entire possessions, including the San Luis Obispo Railroad. Mr. Muir will bring energy and executive ability to the discharge of his new duties.

The scope of the Oregon Improvement Company stated

above was larger than it sounded. In the first and most important place the company was in first-class financial condition.

The Pacific Steamship Company controlled by the Oregon Improvement Company, had routes from San Francisco to Portland, from San Francisco to Puget Sound, and from the last three places to points in Alaska as well as points in southern California to below the Mexican line. From Mazatlan, Mexico, to Sitka, Alaska, they reigned supreme.

The Company also included a railroad from Port Hartford to Los Alamos, California, about sixty-five miles, which had carried during the preceding year a million and a half bushels of grain. The Company owned the Columbia and Puget Sound Railroad, ending at Seattle, which carried about two hundred thousand tons of coal annually from coal fields also owned by the Company. The Oregon Improvement Company had large lumber interests, and altogether earned between four and five million a year.

Shortly after assuming the duties of General Manager for the company, the directors of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, John Muir's old firm, called a meeting and elected him to the position of Traffic Manager, in connection with his duties in the Improvement Company.

Muir's unusual executive ability and years of experience in handling freight traffic, enabled him to fill both positions ably and well.

Chapter XIV

EAST!

A "RUMOR" in the *Oregonian* the spring of 1886 stated John Muir was preparing to resign from the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company to accept the position of Traffic Manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. For once the venerable dame who gossips so widely was right and a little later the announcement of the change in the position of the popular red-haired Scotchman was made by the man himself.

The main obstacle to Muir's leaving the West was his three-year contract with the Oregon Improvement Company. When he had accepted this contract from Henry Villard, John Muir could hardly foresee he would wish to break it in short order. He had flaunted it in the face of old Elijah Smith, the new president of the company after Villard's resignation.

Smith did not like the genial former freight czar and had wished to remove him. Further acquaintance, however, had changed Smith's attitude completely and he wished to keep John Muir now as much as he had formerly desired to get rid of him. So when the Eastern offer came Muir had to journey across the continent and gently explain to Elijah Smith why he wished to leave him, and please, might he not go?

Edwin Hawley was a figure not only well known in New York but throughout the country in the railroad world. This handsome bachelor with the clear, bright mind had fought his way from an impecunious lad who bought potatoes and eggs from the farmers in Chatham, New

York, and shipped them to New York City, to one of America's leading financiers. When he died in 1912 he was a dominant figure in railroads and high finance.

Step by step Hawley had climbed the ladder of various railroad offices until, when he was contracting agent for the California Fast Freight Line, he met Collis P. Huntington. The latter was impressed by the young man and made him Assistant Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific.

Later Hawley was General Eastern Agent for that road and while holding that office back in the seventies, at the time when John Muir was General Freight Agent for the Kansas Pacific, Hawley got up a party of railroad officials from five or six roads and they took a western trip.

At Kansas City Hawley met Muir. The meeting dated the beginning of a friendship which was perhaps the strongest one in John Muir's life. Although well liked by men, Muir had few close friends. Edwin Hawley was one of those few and years later Muir named his ninth and last child after his friend.

The instant liking Muir felt for Hawley made him more than willing to go to any trouble to entertain Hawley's guests. He engaged a special car and took the party to Colorado. From Denver they journeyed to Cheyenne, altogether seeing a good deal of the West. The Easterners enjoyed it all hugely.

The party consisted of R. L. Crawford, of the New York Central, brother-in-law of old Commodore Vanderbilt. There were Henry C. Wicker, then General Eastern Agent of three western roads; John Whitmore, General Manager of the International Fast Freight Line; Arthur Mills, General Freight Agent of the Boston, Clinton, Fitchburg and New Bedford Road, and several others.

While on this trip Muir was with Hawley constantly and the two men found they had much in common. A year after this meeting John Muir had occasion to go to New York on business. Hawley greeted him with delight, got in touch with the men who had been on the western trip and they all contrived to give Muir one of the finest times he had ever had.

Still later, the first year of John Muir's residence in Portland, Hawley got together much the same crowd as before and made a gala excursion to the Pacific coast. Notified of their arrival, Muir hastened to San Francisco and on the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's steamship *Columbia*, gave a big dinner for the party.

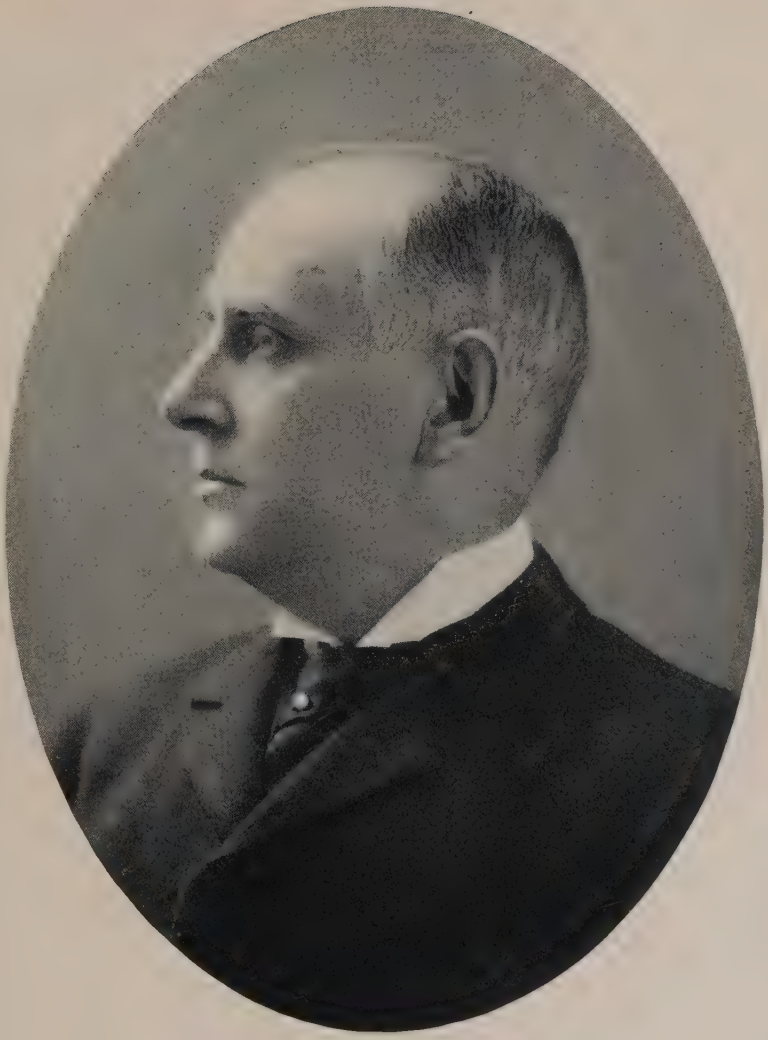
Hawley's superior officer on the Southern Pacific was John C. Stubbs, Traffic Manager for that road. Hawley introduced Stubbs and Muir on another western trip and the three men became excellent friends. They were very different and yet the common interests they had and the power of their personalities held them together.

Hawley was a man who had had very few advantages. He was a good imitator and quick to "catch on"—an expression often upon his lips—to the correct ways of doing things. This acquisition of the *comme il faut* did not penetrate much below the surface and Hawley was in no sense of the word an educated man.

The second one in this trio, Stubbs, was a man of breeding and had been given college training. He was in every sense a gentleman and a scholar. Muir had immense respect for Stubbs' cultural advantages and he regarded Stubbs as the nonpareil of authority.

Meticulous always as to the proper pronunciation of words, Muir came home one night and unburdened his disturbed mind to his wife.

"Well, what do you think?" he said to her. "Stubbs



Edwin Hawley.

made an awful break today. He used the word *squalor*, and he pronounced it as though it were long *a*. I was never more surprised in my life."

"It might be that," opined his wife.

"Why, how so? It's pronounced the way *squalid* is, of course."

"There's the dictionary," his wife reminded him, and to Webster these orthoepists and indefatigable lovers of purity in the language repaired. Lo! *squalor* with the *a* long met their astonished eyes.[1]

John Muir had not had much more opportunity than Hawley in the line of education and advancement. The difference between these men lay in the fact that Muir had not been content with surface information. He had seized every possible chance to learn and his thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. He had read widely, and studied not only his business but the poets and writers of the day.

Sharper contrast than these three could not be imagined, yet somehow they harmonized and blended. At the advent of Muir's sixth and youngest daughter, Hawley and Stubbs presented the baby with a beautiful gold inlaid mug, to be prized for many years by the family and in particular by the girl herself.

Muir and Hawley kept in frequent touch with each other, although separated by a continent, and about this time Collis P. Huntington needed a traffic manager for his Chesapeake and Ohio road. Hawley told Huntington about John Muir and with the promptness characteristic of him C. P. telegraphed for Muir. With equally characteristic promptness Muir came.

[1] "Squalor (skwŏl'or, skāl'or). The second pronunciation was given *without alternative* by Buchanan (1766), Swart (1840), and later orthoepists. The first, though more recent now apparently prevails in good use."

The figure of Collis P. Huntington stands out as a colossus in the history of the nineteenth century. Even in the ranks of self-made, successful men he looms high, as in southern New Hampshire Monadnock stands almost solitary, superb. His career has been compared to the flight of a meteor across calm skies, but one likes rather to think of him as a fiery planet burning steadily and with an almost fierce glow.

In the late nineties when he was nearing the end of his seventies and of his busy life, his tall figure, over six feet, surmounted by a bushy white beard and heavy moustache, the whole capped by a broad-brimmed black hat of the pronounced Western type, was seen every day striding up Wall Street. A keen Yankee, he was called "Old Huntington" before he was thirty, so serious was he. The first year he worked he earned eighty-four dollars. When asked how much he had saved he said, "Eighty-four dollars." At the surprised, "Why, that was all you made," he replied, "Precisely. Else I would have saved more." Well might such an attitude prove the touchstone between him and John Muir, the apostle of thrift.

After selling clocks in the South and making a success of a general store in northern New York, Huntington drifted West to the gold fields in '49 by way of Panama. Stranded three months at the Isthmus with twelve hundred dollars, instead of wasting his substance in the doubtful riotous living the place offered, he emerged triumphant with five thousand dollars tucked in his capacious pockets.

The hardware business Huntington started in San Francisco with Mark Hopkins, flourished from the start. His store became a rendezvous for earnest, serious-minded men and in that store was born the Central Pacific railroad.

Stanford, Crocker, Hopkins, and Huntington made possible the railroad that joining with the Union Pacific completed the link from East to West. From that time on Huntington was a railroad man. Although the Central Pacific was the crowning achievement of his life, he brought many other roads back to life and activity. Not a wrecker, as some other prominent men in the railroad world, but a builder of countless miles of steel and ties.

The *Review of Reviews* the month after Huntington's death, in September, 1900, remarked, "He and his associates had reduced the time from New York to San Francisco from six months to six days." Under this same quotation in *Our Times*, Mark Sullivan puts a pregnant footnote recording the dawn to dusk hop of Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan on June 23, 1923, from New York to San Francisco.

It is written of Huntington that he was the only man in America who had the unique satisfaction of a distinction impossible ever again, of riding in his private car over his own tracks from the gateway of the Old Dominion State on the Atlantic to the Golden Gate which opens on the Pacific.

Huntington was approachable even as the young Scotchman he had called out of the West was approachable. But Huntington was not popular. He made bitter enemies. A good friend and a good hater. It is said of him he knew the United States like a loved and often-read book. He had an uncanny knowledge of the mountain passes, the various coast lines, watersheds, and sources and courses of rivers.

Stronger than the other men around him this sturdy Yankee fought his way over literal mountains. He believed in *thrift*. He believed in the gospel of work. In John Muir he found a man after his own heart.

So not such a great while after Muir received Huntington's telegram, he was gyrating for six weeks between Elijah Smith's office in the Mills Building and Huntington's office, several floors above.

"But Mr. Smith," Muir would argue, "I feel my work on the Pacific Coast is over. I've given you all I can. This place Mr. Huntington is offering me is something I feel I cannot refuse. Won't you release me from my contract?"

"No, Muir, I won't," Smith would reply stubbornly. "You're under contract and I intend keeping you. You're too good to lose!"

And Smith's eyes gleamed and he wagged his head emphatically.

Although Smith refused to give John Muir a formal release from his contract, Muir's importunity eventually wore away Smith's firmness. There was nothing said openly but John Muir never went back West.

Instead he entered the employ of Collis P. Huntington and went down to Richmond, Virginia. There he spent two months looking over the Chesapeake and Ohio Road, familiarizing himself with the office assumed by him.

Muir left his family to cross the continent in charge of H. Maitland Kersey who was visiting Portland en route to New York. Kersey offered his services to his former chief through Mrs. Muir and they were gratefully accepted.

A telegram had reached Muir on May sixth, announcing the arrival of his fifth daughter, Margaret. A luxurious Pullman was none too large this time for the Muirs, who numbered seven. All the way from Oregon to New York they had one to themselves. They came via Denver and Kansas City, visiting old friends.

Portland was left with real regret and tears. The roses

were never redder than that June, or more gorgeous and overpowering in their perfume.

> Wet with the dew, and big with the sun
> And sweet with rains.

Rose petals on every street and the blue blur of hills across the Willamette. Little Margaret's arrival was literally rose-strewn. Great stacks of them were in the room where she was born, and the warm May wind drifting in the windows was heavy with the scent of a thousand rose gardens.

The last night the Muirs spent in Portland was a thrilling one. A burglar entered the home of Dr. Pilkington, their neighbor half a block away, overlooking the Willamette. Lamps flickered on in the houses and the sound of shots aroused the whole neighborhood. To a man—and woman—they were hanging out of windows, goggle-eyed.

The oldest Muir boy was sixteen and he with Kersey capably supervised the grand trek. Although Kersey would not indulge, as had Mayo, in pillow fights with the lively youngsters, he kept them amused and happy through the long hours on the road. A tall, gaunt Swedish woman, Mathilda Peterson, herself the mother of four, made the trip as nurse to the Muir babies. Mrs. Muir had contracted to return her across the continent, fare paid.

Kersey had recently returned from the Orient and had brought as a present to Mrs. Muir two huge Chinese vases which at once reminded the small fry of the famous Ali Baba and his adventures with the thievish retinue. With some effort one child found a vase would hold him and promptly climbed in. Alas! the fit was perfect, and many wails betrayed his presence in the tall Chinese jar. He was rescued and a spanking added to his misery.

These vases went to New York, although not in the private car, only to be broken later at a children's party. Mother, children, nurse, cook, porter, babies, baggage and Kersey were at last all stowed safely in the car and Portland knew the Muirs no more.

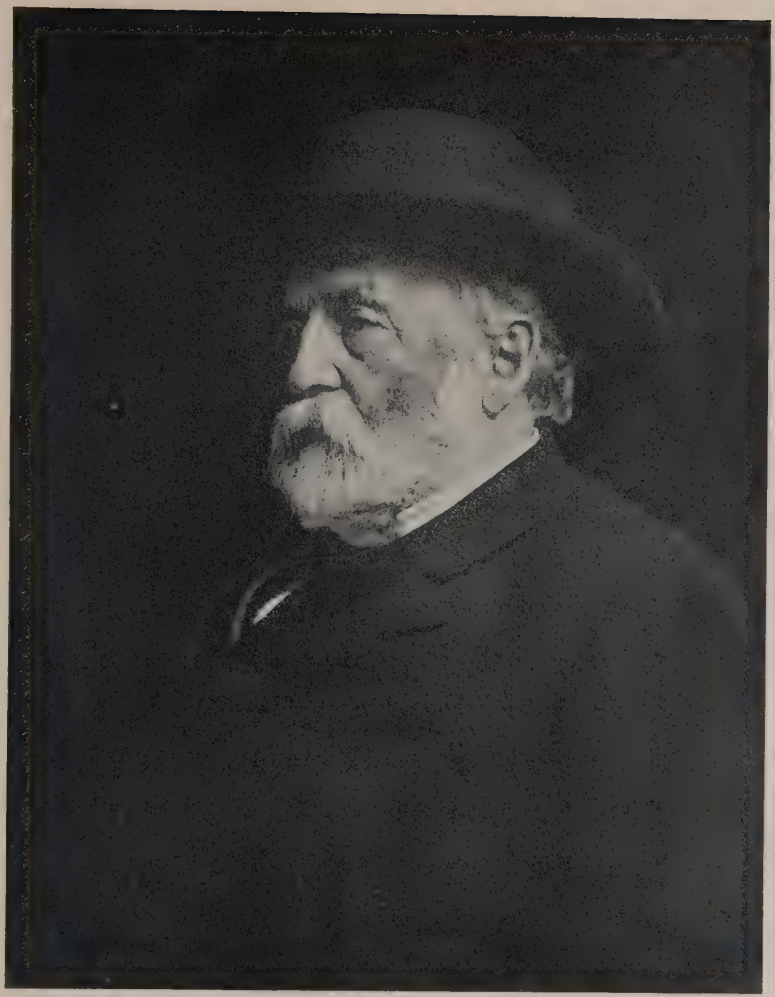
Arrived at last in New York, father, mother, children and nurse all piled into a brick house in the twenties. They stayed there until a more permanent home was located which was not for several weeks. The smaller children ate at nearby restaurants with their nurse. The gas smells of the New York streets which as usual were torn up, were an unforgettable memory. The father and mother would take their eldest son to some big hotel for the evening meal, much to the envy of the smaller fry who were generally referred to as the "great unwashed," "scameroogins," and "small potatoes." The hunt house began at once. Not in New York, oh, no!

"New York is no place to bring up children," announced Mrs. Muir with indignant emphasis.

With this firm, if somewhat provincial, declaration ringing in his ears, John Muir bestirred himself to find a safe home in the environs of the city of rubber plants and perambulators in which to rear his large family.

The old man who owned the boarding house which temporarily housed the Muirs was querulous and quarrelsome. Something Mrs. Muir said hit him the wrong way and a violent disagreement ensued. A lasting impression with one of the children was the sight of her father standing in the hall facing their landlord, leaning his weight upon an umbrella, reiterating as he wagged his head of flaming hair, "I tell you, my wife never told a lie in her life!" The move to Brooklyn followed immediately.

A three-story brownstone front between Lefferts Place



Collis P. Huntington.

and Atlantic Avenue at 300 St. James Place was found. It was rented for—seventy-five dollars a month! In those days Atlantic Avenue had the Long Island Railroad running right through the street, an iron fence on either side of the tracks. The trains roared through within a stone's throw of the highly respectable residential section.

The Muirs found their neighbors exceedingly pleasant and interesting. Alfred C. Chapin, later mayor of Brooklyn, lived at the corner of St. James Place and Lefferts Place. Two doors below the Muirs were their old friends the Langmuirs.

Charles Langmuir had married not long after his friend John Muir, and had four sons, Arthur, Herbert, Irving, and Dean. The third son is now Dr. Irving Langmuir, internationally known chemist of the General Electric Company.

H. I. Judson, later to be a fellow-member with John Muir of the Stock Exchange, lived directly opposite. His eldest daughter, Mabel, some years after became the second wife of Burton Harrison, one-time Governor General of the Philippines.

Around on Lefferts Place were Mr. and Mrs. William Ellison, old friends of Kansas City days. The various reunions and meetings made the Muirs feel as if they were not the strangers in a strange land they had at first felt. Their first Christmas, and many afterward, was celebrated with the Langmuirs. Even after the latter family moved up to Elmsford, in Westchester County, the holiday celebrations of the two families were merged.

The West had not forgotten John Muir and about this time there was a write-up of him in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. It is good enough to quote.

From the field of railroad work are to be gathered numerous examples of young men who entered the offices as shorthand amanuenses and have risen to high and responsible positions. The memory of the energetic John Muir with his fiery red hair and elegant grin has not yet faded from the minds of St. Paul railroad men and merchants.

Mr. Muir began life in Chicago as an office stenographer and afterwards was stenographer in various railroad offices, serving under General Anderson, T. F. Oakes and others. Then he rose to be a chief clerk, and afterwards head of an important department in connection with the Northern Pacific. At present he is General Traffic Manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio.

Albertina Johnson, a big kindly Swedish woman, succeeded Matilda Peterson. The first two days of each week she did the Muir family laundry and other days was busy with the cleaning a large house and family necesitates.

Albertina was a widow of forty, with faded blue eyes and cheeks like a frost-bitten apple. She worked hard and faithfully but more than once Mrs. Muir came upon her liberally bedewing the soap suds with tears.

The wife of John Muir was peculiarly responsive to material need and physical distress. Although she never allied herself with large organizations for the alleviation of suffering, she was never appealed to in vain for the individual instances which touched her life.

The third time she came upon Albertina weeping into the wash tubs, Mrs. Muir felt she should inquire as to the cause of the tears. She suspected a brutal husband.

"Albertina," she said, "I don't like to see you cry this way. Is your husband unkind to you?"

"No, ma'am," said Albertina, silently wiping away her tears. "I'm a widow. I thought I told you. It's

nothing you'd be interested in at all or that you could help."

"I'm sure I could help," Mrs. Muir insisted gently. "Won't you tell me what is troubling you? Have you children and are they ill?"

At the word "children" Albertina's tears began again until she stopped her work and threw her apron over her head in a paroxysm of weeping. Greatly distressed, Mrs. Muir drew the whole story from her.

Albertina had left seven children, the eldest a boy of seventeen, in Sweden. Patiently she was saving and scraping together the money for their passage. So far, she had not saved enough to bring over one of her children. The eldest boy must come first as he was old enough to work and help her bring the rest of the children to America.

It would be months before Albertina could earn enough from her daily work to bring her boys and girls to the new country. She was devoted to her children and grieved cruelly over the enforced separation. As she tried to compute the time it would take, her brain unaccustomed to figuring beyond her daily wage, would whirl giddily and the long months seemed to stretch into longer years, the whole thing becoming an insoluble nightmare.

Mrs. Muir knew the comfort of a home and an unbroken family. That evening she set the case before her husband who was immediately interested.

Ever prompt to act, John Muir set forth in a brief, pungent paragraph the need of a pathetic and deserving case. Underneath he placed his name and opposite it the figure for a generous sum of money. The next morning Muir circulated the sheet among the employees in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad offices. Word

of the affair even reached Huntington, and not to be outdone he doubled the amount contributed up to that time.

The evening of the day following Mrs. Muir's hearing Albertina's sad story, John Muir came home with beaming face and bursting pockets. The next morning in the calloused hands of the bewildered washerwoman was placed a sum of money that not only covered the transportation of all the little Johnsons from Sweden to America, but would amply provide for them for several months to come.

Weeping hysterically, Albertina burst into the dining room of 300 St. James Place, and knelt at the feet of the embarrassed head of the house of Muir. She succeeded in kissing his hand before Mrs. Muir ushered her back to the kitchen, while all the little Muirs sat round-eyed with wonder and John Muir finished his breakfast in a blanket of silence.

The overjoyed mother was at the pier some weeks later awaiting the ship bringing her children, and the spectacle of the seven youngsters spilling in and out of her loving embrace was one the spectators never forgot.

The helping hand did not cease there. A place was found for the eldest son in the offices of the firm where John Muir's eldest son was employed, and the younger children fitted into other occupations and school work.

. . . . . .

During 1888 many of the railroads went into the hands of receivers. This fate was in store for the Chesapeake and Ohio and through no fault of Huntington's the road went bankrupt. It passed out of Huntington's hands, all existing contracts were cancelled, and John Muir had to look for something else.

John Muir's love of words and their derivation re-

mained with him though more activities hurried on the heels of still more. In the early days of his residence in New York, when the lure of the golden evenings spent with Shakespeare in the Far West was still upon him, John Muir cast about him for occupation in the winter evenings.

The wish brought the opportunity. A. M. Palmer, that enterprising theatrical manager of the old Union Square Theater, wished to give some publicity to the actress Minnie Palmer, whom he was starring in a play at the theater.

He proclaimed a contest, announcing a first prize of fifty dollars and a second of twenty-five dollars for the person who should submit the longest list of words derived from the name of the actress, Minnie Palmer.

For many evenings Hamlet's reply to Polonius was true of John Muir.

> What do you read, my lord?
> Words, words, words.

Flanked by the latest dictionary, sharpened lead pencils at left and right, and reams of fair white paper in front of him, John Muir searched for words. Triumphantly he sent in his list.

The prizes were presented from the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theater. John Muir won both prizes.

With his former private secretary, E. S. Mayo, and a man named Edward Hawley—no relation to Edwin Hawley—Muir bought the rights to the Yost typewriter from its inventor, George W. N. Yost. Yost had developed this machine from the Caligraph, also his invention, of some years earlier. Muir was president of the company which lasted for a year. The Yost machine was

ribbonless and used no shift, having a separate key for each character. It was much more successful than other machines of the same type.

The inventor was a Spiritist, very deaf and eccentric. Edward Hawley was fussy and more or less of a pepper pot. Mayo was shrewd, alert, and on the lookout for his own interests. With Muir's red hair thrown in for good measure the whole combination was a stormy one.

The machines were manufactured in the Bridgeport factory and many were the meetings held in the Hawley home at Bridgeport. The Hawley girls were friends of John Muir's eldest daughter whom he often took up to Bridgeport with him, and the trio of maidens around fifteen or sixteen would "listen in" on the stormy sessions with much delight.

There would be a subdued murmur which the girls could hear from the stairs. Then Yost's voice would roar through the closed door in a wild speech. Hawley would nervously respond, shouting because of Yost's deafness, trying to preserve order and dignity. The meetings were great entertainment for the feminine listeners on the stairs.

The Yost year netted John Muir twenty thousand dollars so he did not consider it altogether lost. At the end of the year the company sold their rights to the machine and disbanded.

From the Yost venture John Muir became connected with the Sprague Electric Motor Company as General Manager. It was through John Muir's efforts that a contract was signed by President Lowery of the Minneapolis Consolidated Street Railroad Company for one hundred and eighty street cars with the Edison feeder and Sprague motor. It was a two million dollar con-

A Street in the City of Roses, Portland, Ore.

tract, covering a large territory, as it completely fitted out Minneapolis, St. Paul, and the road between the cities. It meant the cities would scrap their old cable plants.

The Sprague Company merged with the Edison Electric Company in 1889. Henry Villard was president of the Company and had found a place for his former employee, John Muir. Villard had superintended the merger of the two companies with a third, the Edison Machine works. These three companies made lamps, wire, and appliances and the new name was the Edison General Electric Company. The capital was twelve million and Villard remained president until 1892.

The original Edison Light Company had acquired the patents for the incandescent lamp and it was Villard's faith in this project as much as anything which gave success to the venture. With the change, John Muir was placed in charge of the transportation and purchasing.

From the first he brought energy and renewed life to his department. All the letters sent out by the firm passed through his hands. Again he was a pioneer.

Opposed to the long, circuitous and often flowery letters written by different heads of the departments, Muir would wield the blue pencil unmercifully. He insisted on brevity and that the writer really say something, a reform sometimes needed today. His comment on flowery missives was usually the same and accompanied by a sarcastic snort, as he handed the letter summarily back.

"Sounds too much like a love letter!"

Samuel Insull was with the Company at this time. Edison had brought him over from England in 1881 to be his private secretary and later to represent his interests. In 1892 there was another big change. The Edison General Electric Company merged with the Thom-

son-Houston Electric Company, and the two became the General Electric Company of today. Villard was no longer president and John Muir stepped up to manager of transportation.

Chapter XV

SERENDIPITY

THE Muirs lived on St. James Place for three pleasant years. In 1889 prosperity was smiling widely on John Muir and he bought the house mentioned before in this book, at 912 President Street. It was in a row of houses, all of them brand new, one of the first groups of houses built within a block of Prospect Park. A very handsome row it was and caused much comment.

The houses were three-story affairs of alternate red and brown stone, with curving stone steps. Curiously carved bookcases of dark red wood with glass doors were in the library. There were brass knobs on all the doors, which like the "handle of the big front door" in *Pinafore* of old, had to be kept brilliantly polished with an evil-smelling concoction called Putz.

Towering mantelpieces of carved and polished wood were in the parlor, and upstairs in the big front room with the bay window was the famous burglar alarm. Mrs. Muir made good use of it at ten-thirty each evening, to tell the various beaux of the Muir girls when to go home. There was a billiard room in the basement but as John Muir had neither time nor inclination for billiards it was used as a servant's room.

It seemed John Muir had at last "settled down." He enjoyed his business life hugely and was well content at the change from West to East.

"Libbie," he said to his wife one day, "you know I'd

rather be a lamp post in New York than the biggest toad in the puddle out West."

New York had woven her spell of fascination around him and had bound him to her with threads stronger than iron yet finer than the web of a spider. The thrill of the business conflict stirred him deeply. The great things developing, the presage of battles ahead called to him insistently The very air was pregnant with things yet to be.

Two doors above the Muirs was Laura Jean Libbey. With the proceeds of one novel—the writer does not know if it was *Lovers Once But Strangers Now*, *Little Leafy*, or *Parted on Her Bridal Tour*—she bought the house on President Street and moved in with much baggage, many handmaidens, a mother, sister and niece.

To introduce herself into "society" she gave two huge receptions. Hundreds of invitations were sent out, the majority of them to people she did not know. These included many living on Brooklyn Heights as well as Prospect Heights. Naturally enough the women of the neighborhood sheered off but also naturally enough the men all went and enjoyed it hugely.

John Muir attended and took his eldest son. They came back with reports of the wonderful "eats" and laughable tales of the novelist, save the mark! For the benefit of the family and a few friends, John Muir imitated Laura Jean until they shouted with laughter. Later on, she made Christmas presents of Tennyson's poems and other uplifting works to the young girls of the neighborhood. John Muir's eldest daughter was the recipient of *The Princess*, bound in white.

Just beyond Laura Jean lived Justice W. W. Goodrich and his family. Diminutive of stature, the little Judge inspired great respect. On the other side of the Muirs

dwelt John Bunn, the Appraiser of the Port of New York under Cleveland, with his family of ten. On the corner General C. T. Christiansen's handsome old-fashioned brick mansion glowed redly and pleasantly at the neighborhood. Today it is a sad and shrinking spectacle, flanked by two modern apartments towering on either side. It was later bought by Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff.

On President Street below Eighth Avenue was the peculiar looking house of General Stewart L. Woodford, Ambassador to Spain under McKinley. Truly palatial houses were those of J. Rogers Maxwell, his brother Henry William, and cousin, Eugene Lascelles, all bankers and railroad men. Adams, of Tutti-Fruitti chewing gum fame, dwelt in an imposing house of red sandstone. The founder of the Hanan shoe industry was on Eighth Avenue, and his son and his family lived on President Street, six or seven doors from the Muirs. Bob Pinkerton and his family were just around the corner.

Not long after John Muir's identification with the Edison General Electric Company, there appeared at the President Street home a wagon in charge of two men. Grunting from the weight of two large, queerly-shaped packages, the men carried them into the house.

When Muir got home that evening the family crowded around, curiosity running high. From its wrappings, Muir unpacked the queerest looking machine his family had ever seen. A wooden box with cord running from it, ending in ear phones. It was the first phonograph in the city of Brooklyn.

Last of all came little round wax cylinders buried in cotton batting. Tenderly Muir took them out of their wrappings and explained to his eager family what it all meant.

"This is one of Mr. Edison's latest inventions," he said. "He has been working on it for nearly ten years. They are very expensive and much too wonderful ever to be owned by private individuals. They will always be rented because the purchase price is too prohibitive."

Awe-struck, the family took turns at the ear-phones, listening, much as we listened not so long ago to the first radios, wonder and delight mingled with great admiration for the man who had made it possible. Always rented! Too expensive! Some thirty years later a grandchild of John Muir's was to sit on a rickety chair in a two-room cabin of a North Carolina "poor mountain white" and see in a place devoid of even the necessities of life a two hundred and fifty dollar victrola, shining in bright red cherry magnificence amid the destitution of almost squalid surroundings.

After several cylinders had been run Muir disclosed other wonders. The machine, it seemed, would record voices as well as reproduce them. After scraping off an already used cylinder with an instrument—the same principle as the dictophone today—the receptive wax was ready for another impression. Removing the round marker used to play the record, Muir replaced it with a marker whose chisel-shaped edge was a tiny sapphire.

With one daughter at the piano and another ready to start the machine, John Muir began in a lusty baritone, *In Days of Old When Knights Were Bold.* The song was one of his favorites and he was well into it and doing famously when he was seized with an overpowering gust of laughter. He fairly shouted his amusement into the machine just after he had announced his fearlessness of death in the old song. Faithfully the strange machine recorded it all and for months that record was brought out for visitors as the prize one of the collection. *Imph-m*

and *Scots Wha' Hae* went off without mishap and were played many times.

The phonograph was a never-ending source of entertainment for months. All the Muir boys and girls tried it. One of the girls brought in a friend who had a very good voice. Bravely she began *Little Annie Rooney*, the popular song of the day, but became timid in the middle and stopped, overcome with embarrassment. In a stage whisper John Muir's daughter said, "Go on, Lou," and when the record was played it had captured every sound.

Alas! there was a sad feature to the acquisition of this wonder machine. The library carpet was new, with lovely saffron roses running riot over it, and the phonograph was run by a battery. Need more be said? Busily the battery worked in its dark corner and needing sustenance during its arduous labors it consumed several of the saffron roses! What a to-do there was when the dire deed was discovered. Battery and phonograph were nearly banished in deep disgrace. The purchase of a new carpet by the head of the house assuaged Mrs. Muir's wrath but this time the new roses, not saffron, of the carpet were well protected against further depredation of the battery, which like the Elephant Child, was insatiable, its curiosity running to parlor carpets with roses on them.

The picture of John Muir at this time is a happy one. He loved gay times, bright music, jollity and light. Often on Sundays he would take all or half of his large family to the Manhatan Beach or the Brighton Beach concerts. He was a good swimmer and often joined his shrieking children in the surf.

The bicycle craze which swept the country caught him in its whirl. He learned to ride one of the first "safeties" and he and his eldest son often went on rides around the

park and on longer trips, chiefly for exercise. Always at a disadvantage with his small hands and feet he had difficulties from the first. He persisted, however, until one night coming back from a trip to Coney Island with his son, he mistook a curbstone for a shadow in the flickering arc light at the entrance of Prospect Park and nearly killed himself in the fall. So cycling haunts knew him no more.

Always a great pedestrian, he would often walk from his home to Brooklyn Bridge, and usually across it to his office in New York. He was never a club man, although a member of several, and how he hated receptions and teas! He would have none of them. He belonged to the Montauk Club in Brooklyn but would turn out only for the annual birthday dinner given there to Chauncey M. Depew.

The theater knew him frequently. Here in the center of the theatrical world and stardom, he could indulge his love for the drama to the full. Three and four times a week he would go. Not a first-nighter in any sense of the word but he was usually there the first week of a good play. Especially did he love the Shakespearean productions and revelled in the *Hamlet* of Edwin Booth, the *Juliet* of lovely Mary Anderson, and particularly the never-to-be-forgotten classic company of Augustin Daly players, among whom the incomparable Ada Rehan shone as the chief particular star. John Muir's eldest daughter at the age of nineteen published her first novel with Ada Rehan as the heroine.

A sixth daughter, Jessie, was born in 1889 and the year of the World's Fair saw the advent of Edwin Hawley Muir.

About 1895 John Muir became a member of a circle which though not destined to become as famous as certain

similar circles a quarter of a century later in our nation's capital, had its own select coterie. In other words, the group met to glorify the great American game of poker. Eight or ten men, all good friends and high up in financial circles, engaged a private suite at the old Hoffman House, at the corner of Broadway and 25th Street, every Saturday afternoon. After luncheon, from two o'clock until midnight, they were in session and many a tale could be told of those parties which would both startle and amuse.

There was Edwin Hawley of whom something has been written in these pages. L. C. Weir, President of the Adams Express Company. A. A. Housman, and John W. Gates, the brokers. George Crocker, son of the Crocker of the Central Pacific. His father had promised him a million if he would drink nothing stronger than Apollinaris water for a year and at dinners Crocker would solemnly ask his host or hostess if there was any liquor in the pudding sauce.

Charles Sanger Mellen, President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, was another member. Mellen was at one time in charge of the traffic on the Union Pacific, and worked with J. C. Stubbs who had control of the traffic of the Southern Pacific. Stubbs also dropped in for a hand whenever he was East.

Mellen accomplished a great deal of good for both the Union and Southern Pacific. He was clearheaded, quick of decision, farsighted, and he kept his word inviolate. The New York, New Haven and Hartford officials finally justified, in 1924, the policies which Mellen pursued while president of that road and which eventually caused his retirement.

Another man who sat in occasionally on the poker parties was Daniel Sully, whose famous erstwhile son-in-law, Douglas Fairbanks, has brightened the heart of many

a movie fan. Sully once cornered the cotton market and made millions, only to lose it all later on. When dealt a poor hand Sully would throw his cards on the floor with an impatient exclamation and sulk until the next hand.

That picturesque figure, James Buchanan Brady, he of the diamonds and sporty ties, was a prominent member of the party. He was a very poor player, talking too much for his own good. Came a good hand and his turn to open the pot.

"Now, boys," he would cry exultantly, "I've got you! I've got you!" And bet the full amount.

When the bet reached the next party, usually Hawley, he would double the amount and Brady's roars of disappointment could be heard in the next room. No poker face was his. His feelings came promptly to the surface and scattered over his neighbors.

Parading down the street, his very presence shouting loudly, the little newsies or street loafers would nudge each other and whisper loudly.

"There comes Diamond Jim," one gamin said hoarsely.

"Gee, ain't he swell!" another said.

Diamond Jim swelled visibly with pride. He reached into a pocket of his loud checkered trousers.

"Here's something for you boys," Brady called, as he carelessly tossed the youngsters five-dollar gold pieces.

There was a Jew from the West Coast who was admitted to the party on his occasional trips to New York. He would sit and chew his cigar viciously. When he lost, which was frequently, the others would laugh at him.

"I plays liberal, don't I?" he would growl, looking at them heavily. "I plays liberal."

The game grew in size from two-fifty to twenty dollars. Sometimes it was as high as thirty and once in a great while reached fifty dollars. Each Christmas eve there was

one special pot, with the usual toast—to the wives and sweethearts, may they never meet! One Christmas eve the highest hand of the evening was played, totaling five thousand dollars.

"Here, here, boys," came from John W. Gates. "This won't do at all. Let me have the money," and he held out his hand for the winnings.

Quite willingly, though mystified, the others converted their earnings into cash and turned the money into Gates. There were just five players that Christmas eve and not until they met the next Saturday was Gates' object disclosed. The others had their strong suspicions but even so, when Gates strode into their midst and placed thirty-five thousand dollars on the table, they gasped. He had played the market to advantage for his friends and the result was a nice little nest egg.

Mrs. Muir had long looked askance on their weekly poker parties and had several times ventured a protest. The first Christmas pot had somewhat allayed her doubts and that Christmas when her husband quietly handed her a check for seven thousand dollars she was left quite wordless.

The parties went their way undisturbed for about twelve years, when they finally dissolved with the passing of many other things in New York, including the old Hoffman House. John Muir is the only living member of the original group. It was a fitting part of the Royal Nineties when colossal fortunes were made overnight and men played with a prodigal hand.

. . . . . .

After five years with the Edison and the General Electric Companies, once more there came an offer from Collis P. Huntington. Huntington offered Muir the traffic managership of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

It was like the smell of smoke to a fire horse or the trumpet call to a soldier who had momentarily turned his thoughts away from those of war. So again John Muir came into relationship with Collis P. Huntington.

Scarcely had Muir settled into his new position when there came a very flattering offer from the Panama Railroad and Steamship Company to be its traffic manager. With one of his sudden decisions, Muir went over to this rival line of Huntington's and stayed with them for a number of months.

John Muir made a trip to Panama while with the Panama Railroad and Steamship Company, in the interests of his firm. With him went his wife and the two enjoyed the trip immensely, for everything was new and different.

The history of the Panama Railroad is one fraught with as many and perhaps more trials than that of other roads. In 1847 the city of Panama was more difficult to reach than Tibet is today. Fifty years later the trip was a pleasure jaunt.

The men who surveyed for the railroad hewed their way waist-deep in water and carried their lunches in their hats, eating them amid envious alligators and water snakes. Less than fifty miles in length was this road, wandering through green walls of jungle and dense masses of tangled verdure. It cost seven million dollars, approximately one hundred and forty thousand dollars a mile.

Aspinwall, or Colon as it is now called, is built on the Island of Manzanillo. Landing here Mr. and Mrs. Muir looked over the town and then pushed on to Panama, the southern end of the isthmus.

Over the Fox River they rushed and through tropical swamps to Gatun, seven miles from Colon. Through quarries and practically unbroken forest they came to the half-way point which is the Chagres River bridge.

The scenery was beautiful as only tropical scenes can be beautiful and Mrs. Muir was enchanted by the view of hill and valley with light and shadow playing on them. From Matchin, which was to the Panama Railroad what Rochester is to the New York Central and Altoona to the Pennsylvania system, they looked over an extended plain dotted with palm trees, where the grass is always green.

Naked negro babies wallowing with the pigs in the mud surrounding the squalid huts were a common sight. All the children were dressed in the attire Nature gave them and the man in charge of the party called Mrs. Muir's attention to a group of black children of various sizes who were teasing a forlorn dog.

Mrs. Muir was near-sighted and had not hitherto noticed the nakedness of the natives.

"Mercy! Mercy!" she cried, throwing up her hands in shocked horror.

The man was French and he laughed.

"Don't thank me, madam," he said. "I didn't order the exhibition. But I am sure you are entirely welcome."

. . . . . .

Huntington had not relished in the least the idea of losing John Muir. He valued Muir highly and besides, was genuinely fond of him. So he set to work to get him back. After much discussion a final change was made and John Muir was back with the Pacific Mail as Traffic Manager of the Atlantic Coast business.

The great question of that time was coffee. It is a long way from the fairy beauty of a coffee tree in flower to the excellent Java or Mocha one sips at breakfast but John Muir came to know every step of that way.

The best coffee in the world is grown in Mexico and Central America. In those days the coffee sacks were taken by the Pacific Mail steamers to Panama where the

Panama Railroad conveyed the coffee across the Isthmus to Colon—or Aspinwall as it was still known in the late Nineties—and delivered it to the trans-Atlantic companies.

These companies were the Hamburg-American Packet Company, representing German interests; the French Compagnie General Transatlantique; the Compañia Transatlantique Barcelona of Spain; the two English lines, Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the Italian La Beloce Navigazione.

Each company would get for its haul a certain rate. Say, for instance, the through rate, which was the sum of the rates paid to the different companies, was twenty-eight dollars. The packet line on the Pacific Coast would then receive perhaps ten dollars as their per cent. To the Panama Railroad would go possibly six dollars. And the Atlantic lines would come in for the lion's share, which in this particular case would be twelve dollars.

There was a continual cry going up from the Pacific Mail which felt cheated. They were not in a position just then to dictate for there was too much competition. Ships could convey the coffee, although taking much longer, via the Strait of Magellan.

The more John Muir thought about the situation the surer he was there was some way by which to induce these trans-Atlantic shipping companies to give the Pacific Mail a larger share of the profits.

The through rate just at that time was eighty shillings per ton from American shipping ports to all the principal ports of Europe. This rate was divided in three parts. Fifteen shillings to the Panama Railroad, fifteen shillings to the Pacific Mail, and the balance of fifty shillings to the various European steamship companies who delivered the coffee to Hamburg, Harve. Amsterdam, Trieste and Marseilles.

Muir suggested to Huntington that the division of this through coffee rate was exceedingly unfair to the Pacific Mail. Surely they should receive more than was apportioned the Panama Railroad.

"I know it, John," Huntington said, in reply to Muir's statements, "but I don't see just what there is to do about it."

"But, Mr. Huntington," Muir replied, pressing his point hard, "now is the time for us to make a bigger demand from these companies. We should and can get more than fifteen shillings out of the eighty."

"Why do you think this is the time to bring the issue to a head, John?" Huntington asked, looking at his traffic manager keenly.

"Because," Muir replied, "the ships between New York and Europe are in need of ballast. Why not have them use the coffee for ballast instead of their having to hunt for it elsewhere?"

Huntington shook his head.

"In my opinion, John," he said, "you'll never change those rates. The old system has been too long in force to be changed overnight, or in a month or a year. But," he added, seeing the disappointment on his executive's face, "if you want to try—you have my permission. Do what you like!" And with a wave of his hand, Huntington gave John Muir carte blanche.

So Muir was off for Europe on the first ship to see what new division he could make of the through rate on coffee. He met the representatives of the different trans-Atlantic lines in London. The spirit of the meeting was decidedly unfriendly and objections were constantly raised. The meeting adjourned to meet two weeks later in Paris.

It took the genial effrontery of the red-haired Scotch-

man—by this time a thorough-going American—to tell those smooth Europeans to their faces that they were getting altogether too large a share of the receipts from the coffee trade.

The struggle resembled three people not overly friendly trying to divide a quarter. One wanted eight cents, another nine, and a third ten. It could not be done.

The situation was one a skilled poker player would have welcomed for it was chiefly bluff. And John Muir was undoubtedly skilled in all the intricacies of the great American pastime.

As the representative of the Pacific Mail, John Muir had several thought-provoking statements to make. He waxed eloquent.

"Gentlemen," he addressed the representatives of the various companies, "I am here to put a straight proposition up to you. The Pacific Mail is bearing the brunt of the coffee traffic. We are the original carriers of the coffee. From us the Panama Railroad receives the coffee which it delivers to you."

Muir paused a moment and then went on.

"We are under no obligations to deliver this coffee to you. I mean it," as a murmur of surprise ran around the group. "My company has steamers on the East coast as well as the West. *We* can receive the coffee at Colon and carry it in our ships up to New York, where we can deliver it to any European line we choose."

There was absolute silence.

"Furthermore," Muir continued, "we can stop the coffee traffic at its very source. We can leave the coffee to rot on the docks of Central America. We are under no obligations to continue this trade. We are not getting our just share of the through rate on coffee, and gentlemen, I am here to tell you that if we do not get it we

will take radical action that will mean untold loss to yourselves."

In reality, this was only a threat. It was quite within the power of the Pacific Mail to do this thing, but it was just as certain the company would not do it. Poker!

The position of the trans-Atlantic companies was that of a man trying to save himself unwelcome blows. They were not particularly afraid of these blows but, as in the case of the man, they would entail doctor's bills and consequent expense.

The steamship companies asked Muir to state the proportion he considered fair and he did so, pushing it up to a sum greater than he expected as in any trade. Here as always he shrewdly used his knowledge of trading for the advancement of his company and after some parley a sum was agreed upon that paid over to the Pacific Mail in excess of the amount they had been receiving, the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars a year for a term of five years.

Jubilantly Muir cabled Huntington and followed hard on the heels of the cable. The bacon was on his triumphant shoulders and a splendid piece of business had been accomplished.

The manager of the Pacific end of the Pacific Mail business was a man who was inclined to concern himself with activities other than those in his own particular sphere. He was loyal to Huntington and faithful to his interests, but there came a time when this man and John Muir clashed.

Huntington realized the situation could not go on and he valued both men. Especially did he value John Muir. It was more than business, hard-headed Yankee as he was, for there was genuine affection in his soul for the red-haired Scotchman who had done him so great service.

What was he to do? With keen foresight Huntington knew that the days of the Atlantic business of the Pacific Mail were numbered. John Muir had settled definitely in the East. Never again would he willingly go West, yet if he stayed in Huntington's employ he might be called upon to do just this. This fact decided Huntington, although for a short while he would have tossed a coin on the decision.

As before in John Muir's life, unknown forces were pulling for him, deftly bringing this to bear and that to bear upon other people. Again, just around the corner there was something waiting, this time the biggest something that had yet happened to him.

Muir was summoned to the sanctum in the Mills Building late in the summer of 1897. Old Huntington leaned across his desk and looked at the man before him, young to him, yet who had just passed the half century mark.

"John," Huntington said, "I've got something to tell you. I'm going to do something which I will feel more than you. I'm going to let you go." And he paused, watching the man before him.

"You've done a lot for me. No man in my employ ever did a stunt like that coffee deal you put through last year. I shan't forget that the rest of my life. I'm going to let you go, but I'm sending you where you will make more than if you stayed with me the rest of your life.

"John," Huntington had risen and gone over to John Muir's side. "I'm going to give you a seat on the New York Stock Exchange."

Serendipity!

John Muir when he Became a Member of the New York Stock Exchange (1898) at 51.

PART THREE

NEW YORK

The low line of the walls that lie outspread
  Miles on long miles, the fog and smoke and slime.
  The wharves and ships with flags of every clime,
The domes and steeples rising overhead!

RICHARD HOVEY.

. . . . . .

Just where the Treasury's marble front,
  Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
  To throng for trade and last quotations;
There, hour by hour, the rates of gold
  Outrival in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
  From Trinity's undaunted steeple.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN—1867.

Chapter XVI

THE MONEY MART OF THE WORLD

JOHN MUIR became a member of the New York Stock Exchange in a blaze of glory. With high silk hat, bought especially for the occasion, and red tie vying with redder hair, he was ushered in by his sponsors, Collis P. Huntington and Edwin Hawley.

Van Antwerp has described in general the initiation of a new member and one gathers it is this as much as any other surface reason that has so far prevented a woman from owning a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

The new member is taken to the rostrum—which in those days was on the floor, not halfway up on the wall—by one of his sponsors, who introduces him to the Chairman, who in turn introduces him to the Exchange. That over, a howling mob of younger members surround him, shouting "New Tennessee." The origin of the battle-cry is lost in antiquity. It dates back to 1830, and the parallel cry on the London Stock Exchange is "Fourteen hundred."

Until 1913 the initiation of a new member was rather a painful process. Since then only harmless jokes have been permitted but before that time it was strenuous.

> Newspapers rolled into clubs were used to beat the novitiate over the head; he was pelted with everything within reach; his collar and tie were torn off, and after a hundred strong young men had thus jostled and mauled and pounded him all over the room, he was a sorry sight.[1]

[1] *The Stock Exchange from Within*, by William Van Antwerp. 1914. Garden City, Long Island; Doubleday Page & Co.

John Muir's beautiful silk hat was seized and joyously used as a football, and shortly after the red tie was fluttering in the breeze. It drifted on to the floor, only to be caught up again and with wild cries torn into ribbons.

John Muir's former chief, Henry Villard, had been a rare instance of a man changing his profession in middle life and winning a great success in a new avocation. Villard had been a journalist until nearly forty, when he jumped with both feet into finance and part of that story has been told in these pages.

John Muir had been a railroad man until he was fifty, ten years older than Villard when the latter changed occupations. Now, three months from his fifty-first birthday, he plunged headlong into the maelstrom of the greatest sales mart in the world, to emerge later a recognized success.

Price, McCormick and Company gave John Muir desk room. This company was composed of Theodore H. and Walter W. Price, W. G. McCormick, R. M. Stuart-Wortley, and a special partner, George Crocker, who had held many a hand of poker with John Muir.

Price, McCormick and Company failed May 24, 1900, but two months before that time had seen the firm of John Muir & Company registered on the Stock Exchange.

At nineteen John Muir had seen his name emblazoned in similar manner on a store in a country town. At fifty-one the magic syllables were again lettered on a modest office door in the Wall Street district. Comparatively few houses exist today that were in existence from twenty-five to thirty years ago.

Of the books written on the New York Stock Exchange —and there are surprisingly few—it remained for Edmund Clarence Stedman, the grand old broker-poet, to do it

justice in the introduction to the ponderous volume he edited on the Stock Exchange.

Stedman frankly admitted that even the members of the Exchange themselves do not and cannot, by their very proximity, realize the full significance of the great machine which they keep moving. Once in a long while an outsider, one who has no technical knowledge of the actions of the Stock Exchange, can look down on the howling mob which crowds the floor of the Exchange from ten to three daily, and until noon on Saturday, and with lightning-like clarity have flashed on him the full meaning of it all.

Stedman recalled a time before the wires of New York's electric systems went underground out of sight. Hundreds and thousands of wires stretched toward the Exchange. So thick was their network that not even a bird could fly through and their strength was such as to support almost the weight of a man. Gazing at the sight with an English visitor, there suddenly came over the two men a vision of the whole thing.

Truly, "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." As they looked, the two men saw the money markets of the world flowing to and from that building on Broad Street in a tide whose ebb and flow was never-ceasing.

With this vision came the prophecy that before long the money centers of the world would become subsidiary to this dominant market of the Western hemisphere. And it is even so. Before the World War the quotations of the London Stock Exchange, which opens five hours before the New York Stock Exchange, were of the utmost importance to the brokers before they began their day's trading. Today London quotations are interesting but not of vital

significance to the business of the New York Stock Exchange.

A quarter of a century ago Sereno S. Pratt made the statement, "Wall Street's stock-market is national. London is the clearing-house of the world. New York is the clearing-house of one-half the world." This is not true today. Dewey's guns at Manila were the opening shots in this shifting of the financial center. The World War completed the work begun with the opening of the twentieth century. The shots fired by the United States in that war did more than bring victory to the allies. They brought financial leadership to our country, and placed the crown of financial dictatorship firmly on its brow.

As far back as the McKinley memorial address, Secretary of State Hay, said:

> The debtor nation has become the chief creditor nation. The financial center of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from the Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, seems passing to the Hudson between daybreak and dark.
>
> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

This, a favorite quotation of John Muir, certainly illustrates the affairs of the Stock Exchange at the turn of the century, coincident with Muir's taking his seat. Fitting it was that John Muir should embark on this swelling tide, that his craft should set sail on the very crest of the victorious flood which was to sweep to spectacular prominence the money market in Wall Street.

The story of the New York Stock Exchange is the "story of a century." A famous quotation from *Enoch Arden*, a poem John Muir loved, "Under a palm tree," might be

paraphrased, "Under a sycamore tree," for in the shade of an old button-wood tree one hundred and thirty-five years ago, the first brokers in the United States met. The tree has been placed by writers at various spots, from 60 to 70 Wall Street. Wherever the exact site may have been, the tree was on the north side of a hot, dusty village street, a village which has since become the metropolis of the world.

There was time then, time to gossip of the politics of the day, and vastly interesting were those politics of the last decade of the eighteenth century. There was leisure, too, to buy and sell in a gentlemanly manner. And odd moments to ejaculate a Sheridanesque "Zounds, sir!" when one of the little round balls of the sycamore tree, on its way to the ground, perchance struck a broker's bared head.

Barter, trade, commerce reach back before the first historian graved records of events on his clay brick or scrawled weird notes on his papyrus. Van Antwerp makes the statement that if the discovery had been made that bits of paper could be used as a medium of giving mobility to capital, there would have been a stock exchange eleven centuries before Christ.

As nations grew and prospered, international commerce followed which eventually required bills of exchange. Perhaps the earliest of these exchange marts were found in Italy. The Rialto is certainly as famous as any. Then London and the growth of its exchange. And finally, early in the nineteenth century, in the city of Philadelphia, began a stock exchange. This was in the days before the opening of the Erie Canal, when Philadelphia was the chief market of the country. The Erie Canal in 1825 established the commercial supremacy of New York in the western hemisphere.

Shortly after the Bank of New York was launched by Alexander Hamilton and New York had forged to the front, the Stock Exchange of New York became the important one. It might be said here the New York Stock Exchange is to the exchanges in other cities of the United States what the "central" office of the telephone system of a large city is to the smaller offices.

Stock was first originated in connection with the East India Company and shortly after came the Hudson Bay Company, both early in the seventeenth century in England. Hard on their heels followed the South Sea Company, and over in France was John Law's Mississippi Company. These two last "bubbles" first gave stock speculation the bad name it has today in the minds of many people.

In the early days of the New York Stock Exchange everything was done visibly. That is, there was no trading on paper, one slip serving for thousands of shares, as today. Stock certificates changed hands, real money passed from broker to broker. Although the Stock Exchange was born in 1792, its second birth—the all-important one—was not until 1817.

Ten years after that, in 1827, on the first day of May, the Board of Brokers, as the members of the Stock and Exchange Board were called rented a room in the newly finished marble building which housed the Merchants Exchange on the corner of Wall and Hanover Streets, within easy walking distance of where, later, was to be the first brokerage office of John Muir and Company. Thus the old Tontine Coffee House, meeting place of the brokers for a quarter of a century before, passed.

With one session a day, their proceedings secret in accordance with the English custom, the members of the Exchange met, sitting like solemn senators in the "seats"

they had purchased for the sum of one hundred dollars. Seven years before, in 1820, these self-same seats had cost twenty-five dollars. Startling contrast indeed to the quotations on seats in the fall of 1927—$300,000.

The rules in 1820 were stricter than those of a boarding-school, and provoke a smile. The "Bye-Laws," revised February 21, 1820, were unmistakable.

> Section 3 read, "Any Member leaving the Room during the calling of the stocks, without permission of the President, shall be fined Twenty-five cents."
>
> Section 7 was reproving in its tone. "Any Member of this Board who shall be guilty of indecorous language or conduct towards another Member while in session, shall, by a vote of two-thirds of the Members present, be suspended from his seat at the Board for not less than one week nor more than one month." Repetition of the offence meant expulsion.
>
> In Section 11 a Member who interrupted the President while he was performing his arduous task of calling the stocks, was subject to a fine of Six or Twenty-five cents at the discretion of the same much-burdened official. And in Section 12 the Members were forbidden to interrupt each other.

Thus we have the origin of the term "seat on the Stock Exchange." Even seventy years ago the brokers decorously retained their seats. Nowadays a chair has as much place on the floor of the Exchange as in an election riot. But the phrase persists.

The picturesque language of the Stock Exchange came into being the early part of the nineteenth century. They had "bulls" and "bears" even then, as no trading center of any kind can exist without them. Later, John Muir was uncompromisingly a "bull."

The year after the move to the Merchants Exchange building, the first railroad in the United States was built. It was the Baltimore and Ohio, and was sixty-nine miles in length. Two years later, when John Muir's mother was a little girl in Canada, the first railroad stock was listed on the Exchange, that of the Mohawk and Hudson. Thus came into existence the hardy railroad stock which so soon was to swell the markets of the world. Stocks and bonds came tumbling over themselves to the Exchange and the great game which has continued for a century was fairly begun.

The birth of the era we know today began with the railroads. Elsewhere in these pages has been told the story of the rails, and of the indomitable energy of one man in the railroads of the Middle West and Northwest. Strange indeed is it that circumstances moulded the career of John Muir so that it is inextricably woven into both the railroad and financial history of his country.

Now comes the very life-blood of the story of the railroads, the capital needed to back these enterprises on which the development of the country depended. Not one man nor yet the Government could float a railroad. But hundreds and thousands of people, investing a comparatively small amount could do it and there was where the Stock Exchange was needed.

An echo from another age comes in "A Prophecy for America," from *An Astronomical Diary, or an Almanac for the Year of Our Lord Christ, 1758.*

> Huge mountains of iron ore are already discovered. . . . This metal, more useful than gold and silver, will employ millions of hands . . . and vast quarries that teem with mechanic stone . . . be piled into great cities. . . . O! ye unborn inhabitants of America! should this page escape

its destined conflagration at the year's end, and these alphabetical letters remain legible,—when your eyes behold the sun after he has rolled the seasons round for two or three centuries more, you will know that in Anno Domini 1758, *we dreamed of your times.*

NATHANIEL AMES—1708–1764.

As we no longer swing along a narrow trail blazed through a forest, so no longer do we use clumsy mediums of exchange. The Stock Exchange with its trail-blazers, of whom John Muir was later to be well in the vanguard, is the logical substitute for the old, worn-out machinery of commerce. It is the answer to the demand for something to expedite the wheels of commerce and finance.

One of the most surprising things about America, is the ignorance and confusion which prevails in the minds of its people regarding the New York Stock Exchange. To many it is a place where madmen meet, to bring ruin and disaster to those who venture within the precincts of Wall Street. To others, it is a personality, an autocratic demi-god, which dares to use the money and credit of the nation like two footballs, driving them hither and yon with mighty, aimless kicks. And to many who know more of the workings of the Street, the Exchange still remains an institution to be hated and feared. It has become a habit to blame the financial ills of America on the Stock Exchange.

Edwin LeFevre in his *The Making of a Stockbroker,*[1] quotes John Kent Wing.

> Wall Street in the popular mind is not the meeting place of buyers and sellers of securities or of borrowers and lenders of money, but a legalized gambling house where crooked roulette wheels run under the protection of bribed officers.

[1] George H. Doran Co., 1925.

> That Wall Street became obsolete years ago. Losses sustained by ill-advised or greed-stricken or careless investors and speculators are blamed on Wall Street. The popular notion of a stockbroker is a stage type. The same public that thrills over the romance of the building and operation of our railroads or industries does not accord any credit to Wall Street for the development that has made the country the wonder of the world.

And a significant paragraph from Sereno S. Pratt, in his *The Work of Wall Street.*[1]

> The New York Stock Exchange is as mysterious to an outsider as a Masonic Lodge to one who has never passed through its ceremonies of initiation. Wall Street has its code of morals, its rituals or forms of doing business, its working tools, and a strange language which only the initiated can understand. The nearer one gets to the mysteries the less mysterious do they appear.

Both fascination and fear mingle in the minds of the average beholder, when he is contemplating the Stock Exchange. Fascination because of the glamor of great wealth. Fear because of that same wealth and of the gigantic power and force behind it all.

While great fascination for the game and all the ardor of battle was later to grip the soul of John Muir, there was never any element of fear. He did not know the word.

Some day a book will be written that will colorfully and truthfully—if the terms are not paradoxical—present the New York Stock Exchange in its three tenses, basing the predictions of the future on the past, for as someone has said, history nowhere repeats itself as often as in Wall Street. A novel could be written of the Exchange, not

[1] D. Appleton & Co., 1903.

sensationalized or touched with melodrama, that would be both startling and dramatic. For if the truth be known, the everyday happenings on the Exchange are more dramatic than all the plays and novels written about it, could the public but penetrate the veil of technical language.

The Stock Exchange exists for the same reason that Produce, Coffee, and Sugar Exchanges exist. Above all, it is legitimate. Even as every steel column in the big building which faces Broad Street rests on bed rock sixty feet below the surface, so every column of our financial structure rests on the New York Stock Exchange.

At the very gate of Wall Street, or the Stock Exchange, for the terms are interchangable, there are two words—investment and speculation. Louis Guenther, editor of the *Financial World*, defines investment as the layout of capital for permanent use, whereas speculation involves risk, which is the commonly accepted definition.[1] The difficulty comes in the fact that these two phases of finance border so closely on each other, at times merging into one, it is hard for even trained economists to distinguish between them.

Speculation is as old as the human race. People who do not think the thing through, are apt to confuse speculation with that which is condemned by all those truly interested in the welfare of the stock market, gambling. Speculation is to business, says Mr. Guenther, what blood is to the human body, and in its highest form has often changed history and the map of the World. Early in his financial career John Muir grasped the magnificent distance in the stock market between investment and speculation and consistently threw his weight on the investment side.

[1] *Investment and Speculation*, by Louis Guenther, Vol. IX of *Business Administration*. La Salle Extension University, Chicago, 1918.

While it is hard to draw the line sharply between investment and speculation in the more familiar industries, the line is much more clearly defined in the stock market. It is a speculation whether a climber of the Matterhorn will return with his life. When the pearl diver sinks from sight who can say whether he will return?

Less than a century ago the crossing of the American continent was a speculation. Would the pioneer be struck down by an Indian arrow, or perish from thirst in the desert? Yet if he reached Oregon or California, the journey was a sound investment that would repay him in lands, crops, or gold.

A farmer plants a great field, the future crop of grain his only hope, perhaps, for next year. He is gambling with the elements, risking his all on a single venture. Is it an investment or a speculation? Truly has the German economist Cohn said, "Speculation is the struggle of well-equipped intelligence with the blind power of chance."

There is an ancient stigma to the word speculation. Its original meaning was innocent enough, the Latin *to view*, a *viewing*. Intelligent speculation is not a crime. It is, as Mr. Guenther says, merely pitting human shrewdness against the uncertainties of the future. If a man fails in speculation he is instantly held up to public scorn in the press. If he fails in business he often commands all sympathy. Yet one is just as much speculation as the other. As there are many people who are not fitted to engage in business so there are even more who are not fitted for speculation. Still, "anyone can speculate."

Pushed to the limit, speculation is another form of insanity. Many devices good in themselves are perverted for wrong ends. As is generally recognized, perverted speculation like insanity can do much harm. This is the

side exposed to public view, and when so exposed there comes a howl of protest from the people and proposal of laws to limit or block speculation. The evils which have arisen from speculation are sad to contemplate. Unscrupulous brokers, tipsters, and bucket-shops. Fortunately these last are practically non-existent, thanks to the efforts of the Stock Exchange itself, under the direction of its President, E. H. H. Simmons, to drive them out of their illegal business.

When a man brings ten thousand dollars to his broker to make an investment, the transaction takes a solid block of stock out of the market. Yet the man is not averse to selling at a profit should the stock shoot up to a much higher value than when it was purchased, although the man bought it primarily for the dividends it would bring in.

When a man brings ten thousand dollars to his broker to speculate, he does so on what is called margin. That is, the ten thousand dollars is only a part of the price of the stock, which might run all the way from twenty to a hundred thousand dollars. His success or failure depends on the rise or fall of stocks. The greater part of the business of the Stock Exchange is speculation.

As in any other business under the sun, the people who are far-sighted and shrewd will come off victors, and those who are misguided and unfortunate will lose. It has always been so and will always be so in the Stock Exchange as in business.

Yet witness other remarks by Mr. Pratt.

> Wall Street exists because the business of the age has need of it. It is essential to civilization. But, like everything else human, this useful agency of *thrift* and enterprise is liable to abuse. Demand for investment grew into craze for speculation and finally into gambling and fraud.

And again.

> The stock-market represents the *thrift* and enterprise of the people even more than it does their gambling propensities.

It was this angle of the stock market which John Muir recognized at once and acted upon. Early in his financial life he sowed the seeds from which the harvest of *national thrift* would be reaped.

In the beginning, when the twenty-four brokers—or was it twenty-nine?—met under the old buttonwood tree and established the first market for the exchange of securities, otherwise stock, in the United States, speculation was nonexistent. They had no credit to go on, no clearing-house to perform for them so great a service. They must have the actual blocks of stock in hand, the satisfactory clink of gold and silver had to back every transaction.

Take speculation out of the world now and the whole commercial structure totters on the brink of disaster. Such is our financial system and as such we must abide by it.

Curiously enough, on the day Leland Stanford struck the golden spike uniting East and West—the Union and Central Pacific—to be followed a decade later by the golden spike of the Northern Pacific, the "Regular Board," consisting of the old and established firms with credit and capital, merged with the Open Board of Brokers. The latter was made up of those active and energetic members with moderate means and more speculative tendencies. Thus was established the New York Stock Exchange we know today.

Truly has a former president of the Exchange said:

> When the Exchange gong sounds daily on lower Manhattan Island, its clang is heard in every city and town in

this nation, and, for that matter, wherever civilized men and organized markets exist throughout the world.

The men in Wall Street, the Exchange brokers, are typical of men throughout the United States. Let it not be supposed they are strictly New Yorkers. Two hundred of the eleven hundred members live in cities other than New York, and many more are natives of other states.

The value of something, after all, is not what it cost but whether or not it can be sold in a hurry. The Stock Exchange provides a place to sell stocks and a register for the current price of these same securities. To own the Kimberley mines does not make one a millionaire. It is whether or not the output of those same mines can be sold, which makes the owner wealthy.

One more word picture, again from the Stedman book.

> Each broker embodies the desires, the hopes, and the fears of his customers, and wields magnetic forces many times greater than his own. Prices go up and go down like the waves of a sea in a storm, and the Exchange becomes a whirlpool of opposing currents.

When John Muir went on the Stock Exchange, March 10, 1898, the Exchange had not moved into the building it now occupies. That structure had yet to be erected, and was opened with appropriate ceremonies April 22, 1903. Even so, the "low musty buildings" of lower Manhattan half a century before had gradually given way to larger buildings, which in their turn were pioneers of the now famous New York skyline.

The coming of iron skeletons in the building industry brought into being such architecture as had not yet been dreamed of. Or perhaps it had been dreamed of by Cain

in his far-off first city and came to fruition at the Tower of Babel, only to be scattered by an angry God.

John Muir was Member 306—in list of members dating from the merger of 1869—and he was soon given the nickname "Zaza," for Leslie Carter was then starring in the French play of that name.

Nicknames of the Street in other days were colorful and often humorous. Old Daniel Drew was known as "Uncle Dan'l." Henry Clews as "Louis 16th." John Pondir went by the name of "Beau Brummel," Edmund Clarence Stedman was known as "The Broker Poet," C. D. Wadsworth was "The Farmer Boy," S. V. White was "Deacon," A. L. Ormsby was "Sheakespeare," and John Zerega answered to "The Pirate."

The stocks also had their affectionate abbreviations. The Chicago Great Western was "Connor's Great Wash;" Cleveland, Loraine & Wheeling, "Connor's Little Wash," and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, "Delay, Linger and Wait." The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul was called "Prairie Dog," and also "Paul." Bethlehem Steel was "Bessie," Missouri Pacific, "Mop," and St. Louis & South-western, "Sunshine."

The year 1898 was a memorable one in the history of the country. The month preceding John Muir's admission to the Exchange the battleship *Maine* had been blown up. There had been in consequence a violent decline in prices on the Stock Exchange which lasted six weeks. It was almost a panic. The worst day was March 26, and then prices began to rise.

On the very day John Muir became a member, the bears were terrified by the circulation of the rumor of a peaceful settlement with Spain. The end of the slump in prices had come. The victory of Manila Bay on the first of May reached the country the following day, a Monday. Sugar

went up seven points, and St. Paul and Metropolitan Life also started up.

During the war things were dull, in spite of the spectacular wheat deals pulled off by young Joe Leiter in Chicago which had their effect on the rest of the country. On the whole, those months from March until the following August were slow indeed.

The commission on a hundred shares of stock for a floor broker was two dollars. In the evenings John Muir would return to his Brooklyn home somewhat disheartened.

"Well, Libbie," he would say to his wife, "I sold one hundred shares today. Two dollars."

Two dollars! A day laborer's wage then. And John Muir was fifty years old. As clerk in Kansas City he had received double that sum. Now, with a wife and seven children to support, he was getting two dollars a day.

The highest set of ethics governs the members of the Exchange. A man's word is indeed his bond. A "sign"—in the deaf-mute code of the brokers—often stands for hundreds and thousands of dollars and a man will stand by his word given in this manner although it means the complete wiping out of his fortune.

The ethics of the Stock Exchange have been mentioned in the preceding paragraph. It is often quoted as a proof of the integrity of this institution and the men who are its members. Another proof, perhaps better understood by the outsider, is that of a certain restaurant in the heart of the financial district which is patronized chiefly by Wall Street men. The patron enters, takes what he wants, eats it, tells the boy what his check should be, pays the bill and departs.

A petty thief could enter this place, every day, eat all he wanted and cheat in the amount he gives the check boy. It is not done, however, and in the few rule-establish-

ing exceptions it was found the offenders were outsiders and not Wall Street men. Pretty good for a community that has been damned as incessantly as Wall Street has because of alleged sinister practices.

As helper in his first days on the Stock Exchange, John Muir enlisted the services of his eldest daughter. For ten dollars a month she took the "Buy" and "Sell" slips, many of them almost illegible so hastily had they been written, and transcribed them neatly and accurately into her father's account books. This was while Muir had desk room with Price, McCormick and Company.

Days would vary, even in those uncertain months, and Muir's compensation would quite often exceed two dollars per diem. He was not permanently disheartened. Always an optimist, he carried his buoyancy and high spirits into the money mart. He was fifty-one years old and a living refutation of the current doctrine, popularly attributed to Sir William Osler, that "Every man over forty should be chloroformed."

G. C. Selden in a slim book, *The Psychology of the Stock Market*,[1] discusses the optimistic attitude. He recalls that it has been said the average man is an optimist regarding his own enterprises and a pessimist regarding those of others. Then he explains just what kind of optimism the stock trader must have.

> The trader must be a *reasoning optimist.* Optimism nourishes hope, an aggressive confidence and the certainty you are right. Your optimism must be of the intellect, not of the will. Not stubbornness. You must believe not that the tide will flow your way but that you will succeed in floating with the tide.

Mr. Selden also states there is no great need of enthusi-

[1] *The Psychology of the Stock Market,* by G. C. Selden.

asm in the stock market. In fact, emotion of any kind has no place there. Emotion ruffles the mind and excites the thoughts, and the mind must be kept clear and cool.

Morgan is reported to have said once that anyone who is not a bull in this country will eventually go broke. This has come to be a stock market adage, and certain it is that the country has come out of every panic and depression stronger than before. Be that as it may, there is a place, too, for bears, but from the very first John Muir was not in that place. He looked for higher prices and better times, and he found them.

John Muir's wife had a sense of humor. Shortly after the move to New York, she bought a huge bronze from a well-known Fifth Avenue mart. This bronze was a bull rampant, nostrils distended, tail outstretched, one hoof in the act of pawing the ground. For years it stood on a big bookcase in the Muir library, embodiment in metal of all that John Muir represented in the Stock Exchange.

Down at nine-thirty every morning, getting all the news, especially the quotations from London, before the market opened, John Muir missed nothing. No lunch for him until after three o'clock. He entered into this new and strangely different life with all the enthusiasm of a man half his age. Different, yet similar, too. It was selling, and he had in reality been selling all his life. Selling clothes, back in Hamilton, selling freight in the Middle and Far West, selling stocks now. Essentially it was the same.

At the beginning of August, 1898, the public came rushing into the stock market. Peace had come and with it good harvests and prosperity. B. R. T. stock shot up from thirty-five to above seventy. The firm of Roswell Petibone Flower, ex-governor of New York, whose death the following year was to break the market sharply, featured this stock. In September money was tight and

there was a weakness in October, but in November McKinley was elected and the Republican party swept the country, with Roosevelt in as Governor of New York.

The Bryan Free Silver issue had thrown a scare into financial circles. It brought with it the menace of permanent poverty. All the eloquence of the young orator from the Platte could not convince hard-headed financiers that the issue was one to forward the interests of the country. There were some who had gone so far as to convert their holdings into cash and were prepared to migrate for England if Bryan were elected!

The stock market soared. Colossal fortunes were made and it is said many millionaires of today trace the foundation of their fortunes to the McKinley Boom.

Early in the following year the stock market passed the million share mark. John W. Gates formed the famous American Steel and Wire Trust. Then ex-Governor Flower died suddenly and the great bull movement of 1899 was ended.

Another boom in 1901, when prosperity was unprecedented, was cut short by the panic of May in that year, when Harriman and Morgan came to blows. Before that, everybody made money. The climax was Monday, April 30, when the market did a business of 3,281,226 shares of stock.

At John Muir's suggestion his eldest son left the National Lead Company, where he held a good position, and became part of the new firm of John Muir and Company.

John Muir was primarily an opportunist. Never did the exacting Lady of Opportunity present her face at the door but found his own ruddy face looking out of the window for her appearance. Usually he was in the conning tower scanning the horizon for signs of the Lady's

coming, for he was of the Walter Malone school which believes,

> They do me wrong who say I come no more
> When once I knock and fail to find you in;
> For every day I stand outside your door
> And bid you wait, and rise to fight and win.

Although the new firm was to weather some severe storms, with its red-haired captain at the wheel it was finally to reach a safe harbor. Through the years it went, past the terrible panic of 1907, when "hell broke loose" on the Stock Exchange, and the worst panic in history was on. The President of the Exchange himself had to go out in search of aid. It took J. Pierpont Morgan to get the bankers of the city to draw on their reserve funds of ten million dollars to tide the stock market over that terrible time. Even as man cannot live without air, so money is the air of trade and the brokers were literally at their last gasp. But it passed, and the world breathed again.

Chapter XVII

THE STORY OF ODD LOTS

THE panic of 1907 did something not foreseen during that time of terror. It started a new chapter in the story of American investments. Stocks were very cheap during the panic and again, as nine years before, in 1898, the public rushed into the stock market and bought stocks.

For ten years John Muir had done an ordinary stock-broker's business. But he was not satisfied. That "something hid behind the ranges" ever beckoned. He saw great possibilities in an undeveloped field of the stock brokerage business. Up to this time, trading in small or odd lots of stock was in practice, but not fruitful. It therefore remained for some Stock Exchange house to educate the small trader or investor to the advantages of trading in odd lots through the facilities of the New York Stock Exchange, by specializing in this type of business.

Odd lots—of stock, is anything under a hundred shares of stock, as the latter is the unit of trade on the floor of the Exchange. Today, thanks to the enterprise of a far-sighted broker, any person in the country, or for that matter the world, may buy as little as one share of stock.

John Muir saw the menace of the bucket-shops. Here was opportunity. Why not a *safe* place for the small investor and trader? With this thought as his pivotal

point there came into existence that which was to revolutionize the stock brokerage business. Brokers did not care to bother with investors or traders who could only buy less than one hundred shares of stock, and large corporations did not want the annoyance of issuing stock certificates for less than one hundred shares.

Like a great many other things, John Muir's Odd Lot business, so soon to be adopted by others, was the outgrowth of a public demand. It was the beginning of a reform in the great business of buying and selling securities. It made the doings of corporations intelligible to the mass of the people, and was the humble beginning of the great movement to aid the small investor and trader that has since swelled to exalted proportions.

So John Muir & Co. became specialists in Odd Lots. Never before had buying stock been reduced to such simple terms. John Muir had first won his reputation. Year followed year, after his becoming a member of the Stock Exchange, with his firm doing an ordinary broker's business. Slowly but steadily the reputation of the firm grew. Not any flash in the pan this, but a reliable, sound concern whose members were respected and whose integrity was unquestioned. The department for small investors and traders, that of Odd Lots, grew rapidly. News of a good thing spreads fast and people with a little money came and were welcomed, and went away to tell others. Again *thrift* was the watchword.

The business demands far more acumen than that of the ordinary broker, say those in a position to know, for great foresight is required of the man on the floor and equally great skill of the firm which handles the orders. It has been called a fascinating business and it certainly demands quickness of thought and action.

By 1913 the Odd Lot business was firmly entrenched in the finance of the nation. Wall Street had recognized it—that it had come to stay. As tiny as the proverbial grain of mustard seed, it grew and has since grown, until this branch of stock trading has become the lodgment for the small trader's confidence and well-being.

During the year 1913 prominent men expressed themselves about the Odd Lot business. L. F. Loree, President of the Delaware & Hudson Co., remarked that it was strengthening the position of all legitimate corporation enterprise. The Chairman of the Board of the Northern Pacific, Colonel W. P. Clough, declared the remarkable growth in the number of railroad stockholders and bondholders was due to the Odd Lot, and indicated that popular interest in investment had just begun to manifest itself.

By others, the Odd Lot was regarded not only as one of the most important developments in the history of the country but a most healthful sign on the financial horizon.

In connection with the Odd Lot business John Muir & Co. published a paper called *The Odd Lot Review.* It was started in June, 1911, as a weekly circular letter to the customers of the firm, keeping them informed about what was going on in the stock market and many items of interest about buying and selling. Its aim was brief but comprehensive.

> To publish comment on business and finance, of special interest to the public who buy and sell New York Stock Exchange securities in quantities of less than 100 shares

Its motto was even briefer.

Many a Mickle Makes a Muckle

The paper grew and thrived under the editorship of Paul Mack Whelan, an employee of the firm, who wrote well and had a good eye for makeup and layout. The weekly made rapid progress in 1913 and 1914, and in May of the latter year adopted a platform.

PLATFORM

The welfare of the small investor.
His right to the same investment opportunity as the large investor.
His right to a voice in corporation management.
His right to comprehensive and current information.
Fair play from his corporation—and for his corporation.

Again Democracy was the keynote. *Pro bono publico!*

Until the fall of 1913 the paper had been sent out free of charge to customers of the firm, but the demand for it was so great as to warrant the subscription price of one dollar per year. Five years later, after it had passed out of the hands of John Muir and Co., the subscription rate was increased to two dollars yearly, and cheerfully paid by the thousands of subscribers.

The playful pen of John Muir, under the *nom de plume* of "Old Hundred," wrote many contributions for the paper. During the war there were numerous impassioned verses, stirring the popular mind to give to the limit for the Liberty Loans. Occasionally he wrote serious articles on the railroads. Once a would-be poet in a verse about Wall Street, pictured a hitherto unheard of friendly meeting of the bull and the bear, "while e'en John Muir was yet abed." It must have been in the grey dawn, for John Muir's hour for shaking off Morpheus was in the region of five-thirty or six o'clock.

Two months after *The Odd Lot Review* adopted a platform, on the last day of July, the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors for the second time in its history, not to open them again until four and a half months had elapsed. The World War had crashed over Europe and for a few months rocked the financial world, along with the rest of humanity, to its foundations.

June 4 of that memorable year had seen the admission of John Muir's youngest son, Edwin Hawley Muir, to the floor of the Exchange. He was then twenty-two years old, one of the youngest men ever to be received as a member, and at that time the youngest member.

During cessation of business from August to December, the Stock Exchange firms were not idle. They were busy catching up with their work and making preparations for the time when business should resume. Nor was *The Odd Lot Review* dormant. That paper endeavored to have securities carried in Wall Street taken up and paid for. It was through these self-same efforts that the clients of John Muir & Co. alone took up and paid for a million dollars' worth of Odd Lots. Without the medium of this paper, this could not have been done.

Cartoons and bright comments on the thing of supreme current interest, the War, appeared frequently in the paper. The character of the weekly was above reproach. It strove to teach the sound doctrine of conservative participation in intelligent investment. Continually did it throw its weight on the side of investment, rather than speculation, advocating large margins, or better still, outright purchase.

One of the features of *The Odd Lot Review* was signed articles by or special interviews with prominent men. Railway and bank presidents and university professors gave their opinions for its pages. Such names as L. F.

Loree, Henry Clay Frick, Irving T. Bush, Fairfax Harrison and many others were seen frequently in the paper.

A praiseworthy deed accomplished by *The Odd Lot Review* was that without open conflict it got many companies to issue quarterly reports. After a long struggle, this plucky little paper induced the United States Rubber Company to give out semi-annual reports, for which act it was cordially and publicly complimented. This action on the part of the company modified the heretofore irregular movements of their stock on the Exchange.

The paper doubled its six hundred subscriptions of 1914 in the following year and by the first of January, 1916, had thirty-four hundred subscribers. Two-thirds of them were dwellers in the Far, Middle and South West, silent testimony to the interest and faith of those parts of the country in the New York Stock Exchange in general and John Muir & Co. in particular.

Articles from *The Odd Lot Review* appeared from time to time in papers all over the country, including the New York *Times*, *Sun*, and *Tribune*, the Boston *Transcript*, San Francisco *Call*, Chicago *Examiner*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, Baltimore *Star*, and Washington *Herald*.

John Muir & Co. at this time were located at 71 Broadway, with branch offices in Harlem at the Hotel Theresa, the Longacre Building on 42d Street, and in Newark, in the National State Bank Building. In June, 1915, the firm moved to the Adams Express Building at 61 Broadway, where they were for almost twelve years.

On January 17, 1916, there came a letter from the New York Stock Exchange, requesting John Muir to appear before the Committee on Business Conduct.

The following day John Muir requested a hearing before the Committee on Business Conduct. To this Committee was submitted a brochure treating with *The Odd Lot Review*, its five years of service, the nature of its dealings and the scope of its influence.

The Committee on Business Conduct did not alter its opinion, but willingly permitted Muir to appeal to the Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange, which was done the twenty-third of February. The opinion of the Governing Committee coincided with that of the Committee on Business Conduct, and by the end of February John Muir & Co. had divested itself of the ownership and publication of *The Odd Lot Review*. The paper had had five years of uninterrupted publication and no objection had hitherto been raised to its work.

The Odd Lot Review continued as an independent institution for four or five years. There were several changes of editors, the last editor of the paper being Franklin Escher, well-known financial writer, and former finance editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Uncle Sam was to carry a lot of letters between the Stock Exchange and 61 Broadway the next two years. John Muir had forged ahead all his life. It was hard for him to realize that Wall Street was not the railroad business. That doing things differently from the way they had been done for the last fifty years, as not acceptable to the strictly conservative methods of the Stock Exchange.

He would plow ahead on a new idea and suddenly there would be a jerk on the rein and a soft but insistent "Whoa" from behind. The special bone of contention was the question of advertising.

Just about the time the United States entered the World

War, there appeared in the New York *Times*, *Sun*, and *Tribune* an 8 x 10 advertisement signed by six firms, headed "Partial Payment Progress." It was a beautiful advertisement, heavy with bold-face type and bristling with capitals and paragraphs. It was an advertisement that a near-sighted man would have seen without his glasses. The copy sang of the Partial Payment Plan, another feature for which John Muir was responsible, in all its simplicity and desirability.

The reasons for the objection to the advertisement were that the title of the article was a catch phrase and also that the Partial Payment Plan was not an investment plan but consisted essentially of a marginal account arrangement and that therefore the word invest or investment was not in order and should have been eliminated.

The first reason was not contestible, as there was then a rule about catch phrases. As for the second, John Muir stoutly defended the Partial Payment Plan as decidedly not being a marginal account arrangement, but emphatically an investment. For the seven years preceding the appearance of this advertisement, the originator of the plan had made a close study of its adoption and practice.

It may be claimed without dispute that John Muir was the originator and promoter of this form of investment. The idea was not new. It had been tried in nearly every other field of industry. Furniture, houses, jewelry, clothes; all bought on the partial payment or installment plan, but never before had the idea of buying stocks or bonds been reduced to such simple terms.

John Muir did not claim to be an altruist. He was in business to make money, but with his usual far-sightedness he not only glimpsed the amazing profit from a busi-

ness done with small investors, but he also caught the vision of what it would mean to the individual investor and to the country at large. *Ten years after the start of the Partial Payment Plan, in 1917, the United States was to have the fruits of his enterprise.*

So ever with the small investor in mind, Muir aimed for the people who wished to own outright the security they purchased. The test of the sincerity of this intention was the stipulation that the initial deposit in this plan was larger than when they bought the same security on margin. This was only one of the differences between the Partial Payment Plan and buying on margin.

Again the fine distinction between investment and speculation came up, as of course this investment has always its speculative side. But the firm of John Muir & Co. defined investment as the use of funds having in view the *income* to be derived from the ownership and speculation as the use of funds having in view the *profits* to be derived from the purchase and sale of stocks and bonds. Boiled down, this was simply conservatism versus radicalism. The Stock Exchange stood for the former, whereas John Muir blended both. John Muir might be called a conservative radical. His firm compared the Partial Payment Plan to a man buying his first home through a building and loan association.

All this, however, failed to change the decision of the Stock Exchange and the coöperative advertising ceased. The following month, May, the New York *Times* had almost a column on

16 Exchange Firms Modify Advertising

It was learned yesterday that sixteen Stock Exchange houses have been advised to make alterations in their

advertising matter, directly as the result of the resolution adopted by the Governors on April 26.

The resolution backed up a ruling of February 9, 1898, about advertising, and newly ruled that "catch phrases" were regarded as against the rules. The article in the *Times* had something more to say.

> The "catch phrase" in an advertisement or circular has met with special objection from the Governors, partly, it is said, because members of the Governing Committee believe the use of words to draw attention to the printed page is *undignified*. One phrase which was lately put under the ban was this: "Accumulating a competency." Another frowned upon was: "Savings and its profits." This sentence also failed to meet the approval of the Governors: "Underlying issues of the standard trunk line railways, which were issued ten years or more ago, should commend themselves to the discriminating investor."

It might be added the word in italics in the above excerpt was unemphasized in the original write-up. Did someone not once say that dignity oft spells dullness?

To the letter advising John Muir & Co., that the last advertisement, "Three Securities," was contrary to the resolutions of the Governing Committee regarding advertising, the Secretary again requested a compliance with the resolution.

About this time the New York *American* reported the speech made by Otto H. Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association at their dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria several weeks before. It was headed, "Stock Exchange firms and High-Class Advertising."

The meat of the speech was boxed at the top.

> Finance, instead of avoiding publicity in all of its aspects, should welcome it and seek it. Publicity won't hurt its dignity. A dignity which can be preserved only by seclusion, which cannot hold its own in the marketplace, is not worth having. We must more and more get out of the seclusion of our offices, out into the rough-and-tumble of democracy.

Mr. Kahn stated that the Exchange said to its members that they must not use catch phrases or undignified headings which would attract attention and bring inquiries and win new clients and investors. It was practically saying present-day members must advertise in the same way as did their forefathers—when they advertised at all—name, address, and the fact the firm was a member of the Stock Exchange. "Tombstone" advertising!

Mr. Kahn emphasized the younger and progressive element which was asserting itself in business and finance, and which had brought to many Stock Exchange firms a new era for their business. He compared the stilted, restricted advertising of the Stock Exchange firms to the lavish, inviting advertisements of fake firms existing only for the purpose of extracting money from "suckers."

Mr. Kahn quoted opinion both pro and con, for there was much discussion at the time throughout financial and advertising circles in the city, and the press was agitating the question thoroughly.

The final outcome of the whole controversy was a new ruling of the New York Stock Exchange.

In the future, came the word, all advertising matter of any firm connected with the Exchange was to be submitted to a Committee created for the purpose of passing on whether or not such advertising matter was detrimental to the welfare—and dignity—of the Stock Exchange.

This ruling is in active force today, but it is a fact that advertisements which would not have been permitted ten or even five years ago, are today passed by the Committee. Even at that, advertisements by brokerage firms will never cause serious competition with the colorful charms of advertisements in other fields.

Chapter XVIII

SCOTS WHA' HA'E!

"MUIR," called someone behind John Muir as he was hurrying across the floor of the Stock Exchange one day shortly after the early days of the advertising controversy.

"Yes," and John Muir stopped short.

It was a member of the Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange who spoke. He came up to John Muir and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Do you know, Muir," he said, "you're causing more trouble than any man on the Exchange. I've tried to get hold of you to tell you so and this is my first chance. You've been up before our Committee oftener than any other member. Why is it? What's the matter?"

The contrast of the two men as they stood there was the answer, clear to any student of human nature. The member of the Governing Committee, grave, dignified, hair tinged with grey, exactly the type of a successful broker. John Muir, impatient at even the small delay, as usual on the jump and in a hurry to be off. In the light that filtered down through the long windows his red head gleamed. Despite his nearly 70 years, he was the embodiment of twentieth century hustle and progress.

"I don't know," Muir said, and he laughed. "I guess I may have been doing things too long, and may now have to slow down."

The other man shook his head.

"You have to conform, you know," he said slowly. "You must."

Therein lay the whole difficulty. John Muir did not conform easily. Three years after he had started the Odd Lot business he had another idea. The result of it was what we know today as the Partial Payment Plan of saving money. The idea itself was not a new one. It had been used in other fields.

The Government unit was a thousand dollar bond, none smaller. This was obviously out of the reach of the small investor.

John Muir set about to bring bonds within the reach of all. The World War popularized both the Partial Payment Plan and the Baby Bond, until today all the world knows about them.

To say that the Partial Payment Plan did not find instant favor with the Stock Exchange is not overstating it. The plan was called only another way of buying on margin, whereas the initial payment required in the Partial Payment Plan is not less than thirty per cent, while the average margin account is twenty-five per cent, with a minimum of twenty per cent on stocks above one hundred.

If John Muir had dropped the Partial Payment Plan when he met his first rebuff it can be safely said it might not now be in existence, or at least it would have been delayed ten or fifteen years. John Muir loved the enemies he made—that any man who plows ahead on new ideas makes—not because they despitefully used him, they were really most courteous, but because they stimulated him to greater effort.

The Plan withstood the panic of 1914 and perseverance won. Before long the Stock Exchange became convinced of the merit of the Partial Payment Plan and officially endorsed it.

Hear B. C. Forbes, of *Forbes Magazine*, on the subject.

> I know of no better method of encouraging systematic and enlightened *thrift*, nor any more effective means of taking advantage of the financial opportunities now offered, than discriminating investment in sound bonds and stocks under what is called the Partial Payment Plan as conducted under the vigilant supervision of the New York Stock Exchange.

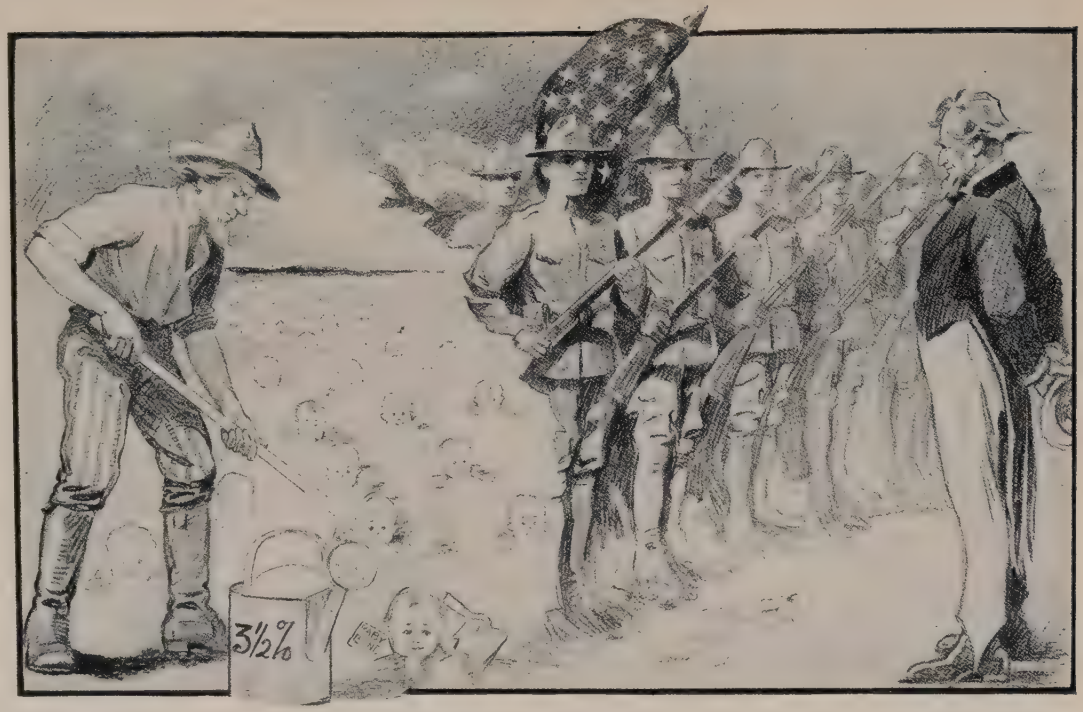
He adds:

> If *thrift* is to be stimulated—and America needs a spirit of *thrift* very, very badly—the fruits of *thrift*, *savings*, must be protected from financial burglars.

That was in 1915. It is even more true today. Yet think of the hundreds and thousands of men and women who own a bond paid for or in the process of being paid for on the Partial Payment Plan. What else are Christmas Savings Clubs and Vacation Clubs but the outgrowth of this plan? How fascinating a process it is to have a little card which is punched regularly and see the amount steadily increase.

The panic of 1907 did something else of importance to this story. Although not formed until nine years later, in the fall of 1916, the idea of the Railways Investors League began after the panic. We have already seen what happened then. How stocks fell and kept on falling, and the public joyfully rushed in to buy and kept on buying.

Many of the firms connected with the Stock Exchange did not welcome these small investors and gave them scant consideration. One firm took the opposite stand. The firm of John Muir & Co. They organized a system of taking care of these small investors and announced the fact. A class of people hitherto unknown in



"And So They Grew."

Reprinted from "The Odd Lot Review."

Wall Street came and bought stocks and bonds, outright at first, and then later, when it was established, on the Partial Payment Plan.

These investors had no knowledge of the workings of the corporations whose stocks and bonds they were buying. Instead, they confidently turned toward the head of the firm to which they entrusted their savings, believing he would see they were fairly dealt with.

It was a great responsibility and John Muir was never afraid of responsibility. He spent much time and thought on the subject. His first impulse was to reject it, but on second thought he found he could not shake the trust placed in him by his customers. He was responsible for getting them into the stock market and now it was his duty to protect them insofar as he was able. Above all did he realize the great need of protection for the stock and bond holders in railway securities.

As we have seen, *The Odd Lot Review* was instrumental in securing quarterly statements of the earnings of large corporations, and those corporations which did not give their stockholders proper consideration were held up to much criticism.

Then came the famous strike, when four unions connected with the railroads went to Washington and threatened to tie up the whole country. Even when the Eight-Hour Law satisfied them for the moment, there was the fear that at some time not far distant even worse might be threatened. The real owners of the railroads, the stockholders, came not into this council. Only the heads of the roads and the leaders of the Unions met and parleyed.

The stockholding public, two or three times the strength of the Unions and who respresented the greatest power of all, was left out. They began to worry and wonder

whether or not they should sell out their holdings. What was a man merely a stock broker to do?

Then the great idea was born. It came slowly at first, the impulse being to try and remedy matters, to create a medium for the railway security holders to be heard and felt. John Muir investigated and found that in fifteen years the stockholders of railway securities had grown by leaps and bounds. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé in 1901 had thirteen hundred stockholders and it now boasted forty-five thousand. The Pennsylvania system had trebled its number, and other roads had the same tale. What to do?

This was something new. Another challenge to the pioneer of half a century. John Muir knew railroads and their ways. So in the late summer of 1916 the Railway Investors' League was organized and the organizer, John Muir, stated its purpose.

> To consolidate for protective and beneficial action that immense power and influence unused but vested in thousands of unorganized small investors.

Three days later the platform was set forth and its aim was comprehensive. Not only did it give a voice and single mind to the six hundred thousand people who had money invested in railway securities, but it planned co-operation with the railway executives themselves in combating both high-handed labor domination and unfair legislation.

The League was also to impress both the National government and the labor leaders that the vast body of the people, usually disregarded and who suffer the most from a strike, were watchful and awake. Further, it was to give the stockholders fresh news of railway activ-

ities, and to aid individual investors as well as the investment public.

One thing the League could not be accused of was a low aim. It had hitched its red cart to the five stars of the Dipper and went merrily on its way. John Muir had never lost his interest in the network of rails which cover the country. He undertook this new work with the enthusiasm he had put into his early years on the Kansas Pacific and Northern Pacific.

The League's officers were John Muir, President; Lionel Sutro, retired banker and worker for reform in financial circles, Vice-President; B. C. Forbes, the well-known financial writer, another Vice-President; Paul Mack Whelan, Secretary; and George A. Muir, Treasurer. There were other men, prominent in their local circles from New York to Texas, elected to the Committee. Within a few weeks the membership totalled several thousand and interest continued to spread rapidly.

The Railway Investors' League had a purpose similar to that of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities organized under the able leadership of S. Davies Warfield.

In 1917, E. P. Ripley, President of the Atchison Railroad, writing for *The Odd Lot Review*, said of the League:

> Security holders of railroads have been astonishingly dumb under the attacks that have been made on their property during the last fifteen years. To furnish them with a voice and a means of expression which shall not be the voice of an individual corporation but of a class of citizens seems to me a most worthy object.

In November, 1917, the president of the Railway Investors' League spoke in its behalf before the Interstate

Commerce Commission. Succeeding Samuel Rea, President of the Pennsylvania systems, and Howard Elliott of the New Haven and St. Paul roads, John Muir was given the opportunity of telling about the mental attitude of the average American who has put savings into transportation securities. He spoke for the rights of investors and was emphatically against government ownership. He said the sins of rebate fathers were being visited on investing children and that the plight of the railroads then was directly attributable to this.

More than half a year before the United States had thrown its weight publicly on the side of the Allies and the country was fairly into the World War, John Muir entered into winning the war with all his heart. You cannot beat a Scotchman at either saving or fighting and as John Muir could no longer do the latter—he was nearly seventy—he put all his efforts into the former. The Liberty Loan Committee for the Second Federal Reserve District was formed, and Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, was the Chairman. Under this Committee was another Committee, the Baby Bond Committee and of it John Muir was made the Chairman.

A year or two before, John Muir had sent a representative of the firm over to England to interview the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Reginald McKenna. The object was to introduce the Baby Bond into the War Loans of Britain but the project did not meet with the Chancellor's approval and the matter was dropped.

When the Liberty Loans became paramount and the Government began to plan for them, John Muir was called down to Washington to set forth his Baby Bond ideas that had failed to meet the approval of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Secretary of the Treasury,

Typical Baby Bond.

(The permanent Liberty Bonds are not yet issued.)

William Gibbs McAdoo, took up the idea with enthusiasm and it swept the country like wildfire.

The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at that time was Oscar T. Crosby. It was with him that John Muir dealt. To Mr. Crosby he unfolded his plan, which met with instant favor. No sooner had he returned to New York than he was again called back to Washington to go further into the details of the plan which made possible the War Loans.

John Muir had under him on the Baby Bond Committee: M. W. Harrison, Secretary of the American Bankers Association; Albert McClave, of McClave & Co.; L. M. Picabia, of Hartshorne & Picabia; George E. Roberts, Vice-President of the National City Bank; and Charles G. Smith, of Harris, Winthrop & Co.

In passing, it might be said that John Muir, through his firm, subscribed $1,312,000 to the First Liberty Loan, $800,000 to the Second, $1,000,000 to the Third, and $300,000 to the Fourth; a total of $3,412,000.

The Partial Payment Plan was a prime factor in the Second Liberty Loan. Practically as a unit, the Trust Companies of New York City came forth in strenuous advocacy of the Partial Payment Plan as the logical vehicle to convey the Second Liberty Loan to the popular distribution so essential to its real success. The prediction was the Plan would take the entire nation by storm and it did.

Albert W. Atwood in a September, 1927, *Saturday Evening Post*, under title of "Rounding up 10,000,000 Investors," made several pertinent remarks.

> Great Britain has had great success in gathering money in small amounts, but owing to difficulties peculiar to this country there is not much chance that anything less than a fifty dollar bond will be included in the next loan.

A greater use of the Partial Payment Plan is the only other method of reaching the small investor. Statistics gathered by the American Bankers Association and independently by John Muir, a broker who has long urged this system of investment, both show that the bulk of the four million subscribers to the Liberty Loan made their purchases on the Partial Payment Plan. Most of those who bought a fifty dollar bond paid one dollar down and one dollar a week for a year.

On the Stock Exchange the courage of the Odd Lot buyer stood out like a beacon when the invisible index of prices seemed to foreshadow deeper gloom. S. P. West, financial editor of the New York *Globe*, in October, 1917, paid tribute to the cumulative power of Odd Lot buying.

Buying by small investors had more than anything else to do with turning the market today. . . . The Street remembered that on almost every occasion of Stock Exchange collapse in recent years the change for the better has come through the inrush of the small bargain hunter.

The amount of stocks which have been absorbed by the public during the past few months has been tremendous. Stocks picked up in small lots have been shipped into the interior in large volume. . . . Odd Lot buying has been a most important stabilizing influence because the demand for small lots has been so great that a steady market has been available for bigger holders who for various reasons have wanted to sell stocks.

Five days before his seventieth birthday John Muir made a speech at the Colonial and Riverside Theaters. Just after the feature of the program at each theater, the lights were flashed on and a big, red-haired man walked on from the wings.

Without a trace of self-consciousness he looked out over

the audience and smiled. They were won instantly and sat up, interested. This promised something unusual. With an earnestness and intensity rarely heard, even in those stirring and patriotic days, John Muir began to speak.

An inspiring picture he made, his red hair slightly ruffled, speaking to an audience which gave him good attention and cheered him enthusiastically. All his past performances in the art of public speaking rose now to his aid. Dearer than all former triumphs on the elocution platform was this final appearance of his, this time in behalf of his country.

He plunged into his subject.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I celebrate my seventieth birthday this week.

Suppose I told you confidentially that I had come across an opportunity which looked the best and safest of any I have encountered in a fairly long financial and general experience, a proposition where you could not lose. Would I get your attention? . . .

Never in the history of the world was there such a combination to work for our prosperity.

The measure of the interest return is that the highest field of future issues will apply to this present Liberty Bond. . . .

I say that when we tackle the ten billion dollar loan we will look back and laugh at the present fuss and feathers we are making over this cherry bite.

But I ask you, men and women of moderate means, do you realize that the opening of a savings account of one Baby Bond on the Partial Payment Plan is the beginning of a thrift account and starts a savings habit which will bring you content and happiness? You investors in $50 and $100 bonds, you purchasers on the Partial Payment Plan,

do you realize that you save one per cent on the first year's interest by the free service given to you in your purchase?

You may buy a fifty dollar bond, pay five dollars initial payment and $2.50 a month and in eighteen months you will own the bond outright and be ahead on interest. . . .

You know there are two contests in which the Scots are supposed to excel once they get started—saving and fighting. Once they get started in either diversion they can be counted on to see things through to a finish.

In view of these facts, I think you may be interested in a summary of this message put into the meter which was used for the famous "Bruce's Address to His Army."

Here is the modern version:

LIBERTY LOAN

The Scottish Call

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower;
See approach the Kaiser's power;
The Kaiser! Chains and slavery.

Wha' will be a traitor knave?
Wha' can fill a coward's grave?
Wha' sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! Coward! Turn and flee.

Wha' for Union's flag and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw.
Free-man stand or free-man fa';
Subscribers! On wi' me!

By oppression's wrongs and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the murd'rous Germans low!
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow.
Forward! Take the Loan!

Not with out-of-date oratory did John Muir appeal to his audience, but with common-sense. With hard-headed, practical directness he went to the sensitive spot, the pocketbook. It was not a gift, this Liberty Loan, it was a sound, business investment. It was *his* business, the business he had fostered and tended so carefully for ten years, and which had come to full flower in service of his country. Baby Bonds! There was magic in the phrase.

In the *American Magazine*, July, 1918, in discussing "The Family's Money," John Muir said some pertinent things about Baby Bonds.

> Kitty O'Grady is not the name of a popular song. She is the scrubwoman in 61 Broadway and comes in each month to our office to pay her installment on her Baby Bond. She represents the lowest earning power we can reach. . . .
>
> The great increase of bond holders is due to the Partial Payment Plan of purchasing securities. The idea originated in 1910, simply an adaptation of old installment methods of buying furniture, clothing and other necessities without its large profits. Investment houses sell $100 bonds on an initial payment of $10 and a monthly payment of $5. The broker holds the bond until it is paid for and the investor pays interest on the balance due, but he draws the interest on the full amount of the bond, which, in actual practice, covers the first interest. If necessary, the investor can sell the bond before it is paid for.
>
> Another splendid feature of this plan is that if you need money in a hurry you don't have to sell the whole thing.

> That is, if you have $1,000 invested in one bond, to obtain $500 for an emergency you would not have to sell the entire bond. If you have two $500 bonds, or better still, ten $100 bonds, you can still keep invested the money you do not wish to use. . . . The best recommendation for a young man is a bond account on the Partial Payment Plan.

John Muir called the First Liberty Loan the birth of American Thrift. He wrote a booklet with this title, and Senator Sterling from South Dakota presented it to the United States Senate, September 20, 1917, and "The Birth of American Thrift" was printed as a Senate document and scattered broadcast. The article dealt with the Partial Payment Plan in the purchase of Liberty Bonds and was directly responsible for its use in all the Liberty Loans.

The following January John Muir wrote another article, "The Spread of American Thrift," and a little later "The Realization of American Thrift" was published. For the Third Liberty Loan, John Muir wrote "How to Raise the Money."

The services of this vigorous Scotch-American were so useful to the Government that Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo made special recognition of them in a personal letter to John Muir.

In the August, 1918, number of *The American Magazine*, Dr. Frank Crane remarked, "The most evident good thing the war has brought out in us is Thrift. John Muir said that the first Liberty Loan was the birth of American thrift."

In March, 1920, *The Odd Lot Review* remarked that the Partial Payment Plan had grown beyond the experimental stage, that it was now a Wall Street institution. It went on to quote a current issue of the *Outlook*.

The man who worked out the Partial Payment Plan rendered a great service. It encourages thrift. It educates people to an appreciation of regular and systematic saving. It permits the "little fellow" to buy securities that he could not even consider were the full purchase price required. . . .

It makes a man a capitalist with a correspondingly increased opportunity to add to his capital. It permits him to get an income while his payments are being made. And, having invested in sound securities, he is putting his money at work, making production possible, and thus benefiting his fellow men.

Shortly after the close of the World War, a noted financial writer who has been mentioned before in these pages, Franklin Escher, wrote an article for *Forbes Magazine*.

The article was headed, "We Are Becoming a Land of Investors," and its theme was John Muir's great work in investment circles. The excerpts given are quoted because they set forth with great clearness the purport of the life work of John Muir.

In bringing about that condition of wide-spread ownership of securities no one has played a more prominent part than John Muir.

It was some thirty years ago that Mr. Muir, coming from the West where he had played an important part in transportation affairs and the upbuilding of new territory, arrived in New York and soon thereafter established the banking and brokerage business which bears his name. A success from the very start, the business, run along the conventional lines of a Stock Exchange firm, soon assumed large proportions.

Successful in the brokerage business as he had been in his railroad operations, Mr. Muir was, however, not satisfied merely to make money. Accustomed to thinking along

broad lines and in a big way, he began to sense after a while the big impending changes in the country's attitude toward Wall Street, since so strikingly brought out. It was all very well to go on as everyone else around him seemed to be going on, he once told the writer, *but all his life he had been accustomed to anticipate and not to follow.*

If the time was at hand when the old order was about to change and the small investor really to become a factor and exert an influence on the country's industrial affairs, it was as a *leader* in the movement and not as a trailer that he wanted to participate in its progress.

HE DARED DO IT

Being a highly practical man, Mr. Muir fully realized the risks of swinging over his prosperous and entirely conventional Wall Street business into the channels of catering to the man with but a small amount of money to invest. Having made up his mind to do it, however, that was exactly what he did do. The right of the little fellow to the same investment advantages and privileges as the big fellow—that became the guiding principle of the house. . . .

That the Partial Payment Plan as developed by the Muir firm survived the ferocious attacks made upon it from the beginning, is a wonderful tribute to its soundness from an economic point of view. . . . But none of these (attacks) had the slightest effect in changing the course of action of the Scotsman with the red hair and the twinkling blue eye.

GOVERNMENT ENDORSEMENT

And then the Partial Payment Plan, under the stimulus of carefully-directed and informative advertising began to take hold.

"Is it only another name for the old margin game?" laughed Muir. "Come and look at our books. Come and look at the names of the thousands and thousands of people who never in all their lives before were able to save a cent, but who now are gradually acquiring ownership of

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

June 28, 1917.

Dear Mr. Muir:

Permit me to extend to you, and through you to each member of your Liberty Loan Committee, my warm thanks and deep appreciation of the patriotic service you rendered your country in connection with the Liberty Loan of 1917. The result could not have been accomplished without the effective aid of such patriotic citizens as yourself and the members of your Committee. Loyally and unselfishly you gave the Government your best efforts and you can enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that you have contributed immeasurably to the first signal victory America has won in this righteous war. I shall be obliged if you will convey this message to every member of your Committee. I should be happy to write a personal letter to each if it were physically possible for me to do so.

I also take this opportunity to express the hope that you will preserve your admirable organization and that I may have your assistance again when the Government has to place additional issues of bonds.

With kind regards and best wishes, I am,

Cordially yours,

Mr. John Muir,
61 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

LETTER FROM SECY. OF TREASURY WILLIAM G. MCADOO, RELATIVE TO LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE.

sound stocks and bonds through regular monthly payments."

They did come and take a look, some of them—and then went out and adopted the same system themselves.

But rapid as was the spread of the "Invest-While-You-Save" idea prior to the war, that was as nothing to what happened when the Government called John Muir to Washington as Chairman of the Baby Bond Committee and officially adopted the Partial Payment Plan in connection with the flotation of the Liberty Loans.

"If the plan is good as applied to Liberty Bonds, why isn't it good as applied to any other high grade securities?"

The logic was irresistible. All over the country people who had liked the idea but had been a little skeptical as to its workings began to start Partial Payment accounts. In Liberty Bonds, in corporations and municipal bonds, in preferred stocks, in high grade securities of every kind, the thing began to get under way.

John Muir's big idea had got across. . .

Against Opposition

Here again, there was encountered determined opposition, but here again the Scotsman's determination won out.

"This business of issuing $100 bonds is a nuisance," cried out the corporations. "It costs a lot of money to engrave them; it costs a lot of money to handle them; it makes no end of extra work bothering with these coupons for small amounts."

"All very true," came back the retort from the man who was beginning to get the small investing public back of him. "But if the investor—the man who lends you the money on which you do your business—wants $100 bonds, you've got to give him $100 bonds.

"Besides, forget for a moment the slightly added expense and think of the new fields from which to draw money you are opening up, when you tap this vast new reservoir of

investment capital. And—remember that of every man or woman, every voter, who buys even one of your $100 bonds, you make, for all time—a friend."

John Muir's small denomination bond idea, too, like his Partial Payment Plan, has won out. There are still certain corporations which cling to the old idea that bonds are for the rich and that the public can go hang, but their number is constantly decreasing. Almost every day there is an addition to the number of bonds that can be had in small denominations. Rapidly, very rapidly, the "Magnificent Unit" is becoming a thing of the past. . . .

John Muir started the idea and everlastingly pounded at it until the merits of the thing had been made so unmistakably plain that of its own momentum it could roll along. . . . It is a great work which the man has done and is still doing.

"John Muir?—if it weren't for him and his firm, I'd never have started saving as I have and accumulated money as I have"—all over the country there are thousands of people who will tell you just that.

It's a great tribute to the work of the man.

July 6, 1917

Dear Mr. McAdoo:

I duly received your valued favor of June 28th and have conveyed to each committee member your highly esteemed commendation of the efforts of the Baby Bond Committee in helping to make the Liberty Loan the great success of which you may be so justly proud.

The popular and widespread manner in which attained, points to an achievement in perfect harmony with the democratic principles of your administration.

We will not only maintain our present organization for future service but we are busy now collating detailed information of the many phases of experience brought out in handling the Liberty Loan.

Thanking you for your kind expressions and with sentiments of high regard, I am

Yours faithfully,

John Muir

JM::BMR

Hon. W. G. McAdoo,
Secy. of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

JOHN MUIR'S REPLY TO LETTER OF WILLIAM G. McADOO.

Chapter XIX

CHECK!

THERE was an anxious air on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange the morning of July 11, 1918. Stocks had been steadily on the decline since the market opened and members were trying to ferret out the cause. Summer dullness had hit the market and the heat was not having a sprightly effect on the members.

At eleven o'clock the Exchange ceased all activity for one hour, in honor of the memory of ex-Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, whose funeral took place then. Just before the cessation of business the big gong rang and silence quickly fell on the crowd below the rostrum.

The Chairman made a brief announcement. All the members of the firm of John Muir & Company who were members of the Stock Exchange—John Muir, Edwin H. Muir, and Charles A. Burbank—were suspended for one year from that date. The news flew quickly outside the Exchange and to the press.

The *Herald* came out with the headlines,

ODD LOT KING CHARGED WITH VIOLATING RULES AND SUSPENDED

The *American* said:

Wall Street, and particularly the Stock Exchange element, was amazed yesterday morning when announcement was made from the rostrum of the New York Stock Ex-

change of the suspension of trading privileges of John Muir and Company, one of the largest Odd Lot stock brokerage houses in the country. . . .

John Muir and Company handles accounts for about 14,000 customers, the majority of whom purchase small lots of stocks and bonds through the easy payment plan that the firm established. . . .

The *Tribune* said:

The announcement of the suspension of the members of the Muir firm excited great interest in Wall Street where the house has long been one of the best known in the district by reason of its policy of catering to the person of small means.

The News Ticker read:

Declines continued up until 11 o'clock and rallies were feeble. U. S. Steel seemed to be a particular object of attack and sold down to another low mark for the day of 87¾ off 3¾.

The suspension of several members of a well-known Odd Lot house was given as one of the reasons for the precipitated decline.

Altogether newspapers in some sixty odd cities, representing twenty-eight states and Canada, reported the suspension. The New Rochelle *Standard Star*—a city where John Muir had recently purchased a home—expressed itself.

The announcement (of the suspension) created considerable discussion in Wall Street, as John Muir, head of the firm, is one of the best known men in the Street and was Chairman of the Liberty Loan Baby Bond Committee.

The Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Times* said:

Governors of the Stock Exchange brought something akin to a sensation into the summer dullness of Wall Street yesterday by suspending John Muir and Edwin H. Muir, his son, of the firm of John Muir and Company, from membership for one year.

The account which puts the situation best from the floor viewpoint was that published the following day in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, by their Wall Street correspondents.

When the big bell on the south wall of the Stock Exchange rang at 3 o'clock to mark the end of business the financial district was still trying to figure out how much of today's decline in prices was due to the unexpected announcement made shortly before 11 o'clock that all of the members of the firm of John Muir and Company had been suspended by the Stock Exchange for one year.

Between 11 o'clock and 12 the Exchange was closed out of respect to ex-Mayor Mitchel. During that hour everybody had a chance to find out exactly what was behind the Muir announcement. Nevertheless, when trading was resumed at 12 o'clock, prices continued to decline.

According to an announcement made around 11 o'clock, Muir had already transferred 4,000 orders of his customers to other houses. However, despite the general belief that the firm has no less than 10,000 separate accounts and was by far the largest odd-lot house in the country, it is a question whether the suspension of the firm was a real factor, as many claimed, in today's stock market decline.

Inasmuch as the market turned weak late yesterday afternoon, it is likely that today's decline was started by a bear raid, based on the belief that there would be considerable public excitement and uncertainty immediately fol-

lowing the announcement of the suspension of the Muir firm.

There are two different classes of so-called odd-lot houses in Wall Street, one brokers, the other dealers. Muir was a broker and did business with the general public. But in executing his orders Muir did business with the odd-lot dealers. There are three or four firms in Wall Street known as odd-lot dealers who confine their transactions to the Stock Exchange firms having odd-lot orders to execute.

From all that could be learned today Muir's trouble with the Stock Exchange was that he took in a new partner, but paid him a salary instead of allowing him to participate in the profits of the firm. In other words, Muir is said to have broken one of the Stock Exchange rules regarding the splitting of commissions. When the new partner learned that he was not going to join in the profits he is said to have gone to the Stock Exchange governors with his story.

In the Spring of 1917 the demands made by his Chairmanship of the Liberty Loan Baby Bond Committee were such that John Muir for the first time since his initiation to the Stock Exchange was forced to leave the floor. It was believed that another floor member was necessary, as John Muir's son, Edwin H. Muir, was in the army, although in his place there was a substitute.

A man named Charles A. Burbank, for some time connected with Charles M. Schott, Jr. & Co., odd lot dealers in stocks, was taken into the firm of John Muir & Co. Burbank acquired a seat on the Stock Exchange. The agreement under which Burbank became a partner allowed him a *minimum* of five thousand dollars per annum in monthly withdrawals. He was to enjoy the results of any new business he might be able to create on the floor, separate and apart from the guarantee.

On Burbank's first day on the floor of the Stock Exchange he made a mistake. Shortly after another, the two running into a loss of around ten thousand dollars. Other errors were made and proved costly.

Burbank persisted in withdrawing more than the pro rata amount due him under the agreement and his attention was directed to it.

Shortly after February, 1918, Burbank abruptly quitted the offices of the firm and never returned. Nor did he appear on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Having been a former telephone boy on the floor, he had more or less of an extended acquaintance among the members.

March 15th John Muir was called before the Committee on Commissions and asked regarding his relations with Burbank and consequently wondered. When he realized that his relationship with Burbank might be construed as an infraction of the rules of the Stock Exchange, he wished to discontinue the agreement with Burbank.

The Governing Committee, however, has power over partnerships and it was decided to await the action of that Committee.

Two and a half months passed. May 29th Burbank entered the floor of the Stock Exchange for the purpose of doing business. Promptly Burbank and the Stock Exchange were notified that Burbank was considered no longer a member of the firm of John Muir & Co.

Within two weeks the firm received from the Stock Exchange an announcement charging that John Muir and his firm were indulging in acts that were detrimental to the interests and welfare of the Exchange and were given ten days to answer.

John Muir answered fully and completely. His youngest son, Edwin H. Muir was at Camp Upton, but also a

member of the Stock Exchange as well as a member of the firm of John Muir & Co.

It would be absurd to give a thought to the possibility that John Muir would consciously enter into an agreement which would seek to evade a single rule of the Stock Exchange in which he had been a member for more than twenty years. And on the technicality that Burbank was being paid a guaranteed sum of a minimum of five thousand dollars per year John Muir, his son Edwin and other members of the firm, were suspended for one year from the Stock Exchange on the ground of violating the Commission Rule.

In short, Burbank was not able to measure up to his requirements.

The personal relationship with customers has never been questioned nor has there ever been occasion for questioning any dealings with the customers of John Muir & Co.

The Odd Lot Review, long since passed out of the firm's hands, printed in full the charges, specifications and the answer. The paper's former editor, Paul Mack Whelan, then with the Naval Reserve, wrote an article entitled:

John Muir's Work Has Made His Name Secure

Whelan said Muir's work of financial education and the ideas he had championed against odds were the basic principles of a new financial era, and would dominate the future. It has been even so. John Muir sounded the prophetic note which has been partially and will be completely fulfilled.

The article is worth reproducing in full, but only the most significant parts are quoted.

Some time there will be told the story of the development of the American nation from a thriftless stage into the greatest group of savers and investors in the world. . . . Fairness will dictate devoting a chapter to the work of John Muir.

Long before the war . . . Mr. Muir's advocacy of Odd Lots and the Partial Payment Plan was the panacea for destructive socialism and industrial unrest.

John Muir is a practical man. No one who ever met the gaze of his keen blue eyes or caught the glint of his hair, as red at three score and ten as it was fifty years ago, would doubt it for a moment. Back of him when he entered the field of finance was a life work of hard and successful effort in railroad construction and operation.

To say that Mr. Muir started out specializing in Odd Lots with the idea of opposing socialism and achieving the financial independence of the United States would be far from his concrete thought. . . . Here was a field (Odd Lots) limited only to the population of the country, and John Muir believed that there was a big business and good profits in establishing the facilities to provide this service and in widely advertising the fact that it was available. . . .

John Muir has made a national success and a big fortune on original lines while standing absolutely on his own feet —in Wall Street. It is only people who know the financial district well who will understand the full weight of this sentence. . . . The record of John Muir & Company with their customers over a long period of years is one of exceptional fairness. . . .

The New York Stock Exchange has itself benefited greatly from Mr. Muir's activities and from the similar aggressive work of other firms which were stimulated by his example. In the years in which he has been specializing in Odd Lots he has interested hundreds of thousands of new purchasers in New York Stock Exchange securities.

He brought to bear on the financial situation new ideas on

advertising and on policy towards the public which were not only vindicated in themselves, but so quickly endorsed and incorporated by the Treasury Department when this country entered the war, as to have become an integral part of the financial thinking of the nation.

His championship of quarterly reports and his conception of the proper relation between the investor, the director, and the executive were laughed at when first put forward, but they are sure to be a part of the financial scheme of the future.

Mr. B. C. Forbes, in *Forbes Magazine*, said:

The New York Stock Exchange has an unhappy knack of doing things which displease the public. It insists upon hedging its doings with secrecy on the plea that it is run on the lines of a private club. Periodically a demand arises that the Exchange be forced to incorporate, but heretofore each movement of this kind has been frustrated. The latest act of the Stock Exchange Governors to excite public comment is their suspension of John Muir & Company from the "privileges" of the institution for one year. The charge made was that this firm had as a partner a man who, while clothed with all the powers and responsibilities of other partners, was not compensated in a way acceptable to the Governors in that he received a minimum guarantee in lieu of a percentage of the firm's net profits.

It is admitted that this partner could bind the firm in every way, and that the firm had to stand back of every transaction and deal he made, so that so far as the public was concerned it did not matter one iota whether he received at the end of the year a share of the profits or a fixed salary or a commission. As a matter of fact, the public have no exact knowledge of how any Stock Exchange partner is remunerated—nor had it ever occurred to outsiders to demand information on this point. The matter would seem to be one for arrangement between

the members of each firm, so long as each and every partner was legally empowered to act for the firm and could be held legally responsible for all his acts committed as a member of the firm.

To impose so drastic a punishment upon a firm because its lawyers neglected technically to comply with all the multivarious rules of the Exchange is less calculated to impress the public with the fairness of the Governors than to excite suspicion that their action was instigated by other motives. It is notorious that certain reactionary Governors have from the very start objected to the pioneer efforts of John Muir to build up the great business he has built up among investors of moderate means. These old-fashioned gentlemen are more enamored of the "dignity" of the Stock Exchange than of seeing Americans become, as the French are, a nation of small investors. At one time they actually forbade all business on the partial payment plan, the method which John Muir has developed so successfully, but they were ultimately compelled to adopt a more reasonable and more progressive attitude. This may throw some light on the latest inexplicable action of the Governors.

From all over the United States and other countries came letters to John Muir. Every one was friendly and offered condolence and advice, as well as testifying to the good work done by the firm in the past.

From Korea came these words:

I have read of the temporary suspension of your firm for a technical error of no account, but it is remarked that the treatment of customers was "entirely satisfactory."

I would like to confirm this and at the same time thank you for the unfailing courtesy and attention received at your hands. Even if I dealt in millions, instead of such trifling business as I can afford, I could not ask for a greater measure of service.

A message from Cuba:

This week I have heard about the action of the Board of Governors against Mr. Muir.

Just a year ago I came here to take charge of some engineering work. After a month I went in a local bank to buy a draft to send it as usual on my partial payment account to your company, and when I mentioned the name Muir, the manager told me, "You are dealing with one of the fairest and most reliable houses I ever heard of." I knew it before but it was pleasing to hear it said here.

ILLINOIS

You may be assured that your customers have the utmost confidence in the firm and I for one have never had anything but the best treatment in all my dealings.

OHIO

I hope the action will not injure your business, for I believe you are doing a great service to the small investors of the country. How I regret that I did not know twenty years ago the way to save and buy a share at a time of small bonds and seasoned stocks.

CHICAGO, ILL.

I have carefully read the records of the matter between you and the Stock Exchange, and am at a loss to understand why they should have taken such drastic action. The offense, if it really can be called offense, as I see it, did not warrant such disciplinary measures.

I would like to express my complete confidence in you, and appreciation of the great educational work in which you are engaged.

TRENTON, N. J.

Allow me to state that during the three years which I have transacted business with your firm, I have found your

methods most satisfactory and efficient, especially when compared with those of other Odd Lot houses with whom I have had more or less dealings during the same period.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is too bad the Stock Exchange authorities did not stretch a point in the matter, and had they known of the wide esteem in which your firm is held in Western-Central Pennsylvania, it might have had some effect.

In my thirteen years here I can truthfully say that your firm has been the cause of more investment buying of securities on the Board than any other method I know of. Not so much through your firm but in an educational way.

TEXAS

I was sorry to learn that the New York Stock Exchange had criticized your house so severely for a rather light offense and trust it will not prove very detrimental to your business.

In fact, after reading of the affair in the New York *Times*, I decided to continue my account with your house, believing it the only fair thing for all your customers to do.

TORONTO, CANADA

The writer has traveled widely over the Dominion of Canada, and for years and years has been actively engaged in the business of one of America's largest corporations throughout the United States. During this time I have found everywhere the great work which is being done by John Muir & Company in educating the small investor to the real value of securities listed on the Stock Exchange.

I believe firmly that John Muir & Company have done more to insure the popular circulation than any other one concern or combinations of concerns, in the stock and bond business. . . . Nowhere have I found a concern who transacted their business on more satisfactory lines, and who tried more to safeguard their customers, than the firm of John Muir & Company.

JOHN MUIR OF WALL STREET

From upstate New York a doctor wrote to *The Odd Lot Review.*

The recent publicity given the suspension of the firm of John Muir & Company for the period of one year from the New York Stock Exchange proves conclusively that the matter is of general interest. I for one have gone over all the facts in the case most thoroughly and I have talked the matter over with many people. . . .

I concede that the partnership contract as entered into was a technical violation of the rules of the New York Stock Exchange. But it seems to me there was no intent on the part of the firm to evade any of the requirements of the Exchange; otherwise, they would have taken particular pains to cover up their tracks instead of proceeding in the open manner followed.

There is a provision on the New York Stock Exchange supposed to govern cases, such as I believe the present to be, of unintentional violation of partnership agreements. This gives the Exchange power to order dissolution. Would it not have been far better and a more equitable course to have followed in this instance?

John Muir & Company are doing a national work. They must have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars advertising the value of thrift and the right of the small investor to the same opportunity as his brother more favored with the world's goods. They have been a big factor in the successful distribution of the small Liberty Loan bonds throughout the country. The practice of thrift was never more essential than at the present moment.

The public's education on financial matters must be maintained if it is to become the potential reconstructive influence of the future it should be made. John Muir & Company to date have demonstrated their ability along these educational lines. Why hinder them?

If there had been the slightest criticism levelled at the firm as to its methods of treatment of customers, I would advocate the most severe penalty, but considering the work the firm is doing, suspension for a year on a partnership technicality seems out of all proportion.

This was all almost a decade ago. In the years that have elapsed he and his firm have come back, and come back strong. The proof is in the record in the years between.

Chapter XX

A PIECE OF EARTH

BREAKFAST was over late on Sunday morning in August, 1899, at 912 President Street. Mrs. Muir had seen the younger children off to Sunday School and was dressing for church.

John Muir sat in the big black leather armchair ruminating. From '66 to '99 in this city of Brooklyn: churches, baby carriages, rubber plants, and Greenwood Cemetery!

"I only sleep here," he thought. "My life is in New York. Everyone is moving there. Why should I stay here?"

He got up.

"Libbie," he called to his wife, "I saw an advertisement of a row of beautiful houses in West 86th Street, New York. I want to look at them. Come on with me, will you?"

"Why, it's Sunday morning, Johnnie," said his wife, remonstrating. "I'm going to church."

John Muir made another appeal only to meet further objection.

"Brooklyn is our home, Johnnie. I don't want to leave it."

"All right," said Muir abruptly.

He turned to his eldest daughter, an interested auditor.

"Will you go with me?" he demanded.

He met a quick response and the two were on their way down-stairs, the wife and mother still protesting.

"Libbie," Muir called back over his shoulder, just

17 West 86th Street.

before slamming the front door, "I'm not coming back to this town till I'm brought in a hearse to Greenwood."

John Muir and his daughter made a thorough inspection of Number 17 West 86th Street, from fourth floor to cellar and on that same Sunday morning, in less than half an hour, the house was his. He bought it from the man who had in turn purchased the property from a Mr. Zborowski.

More than fifty years before, some time in the Seventies, when John Muir was getting his bearings as an officer of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, a man came to New York from England. He was named William Elliott Morris Zborowski. Poland doubtless saw his birth and that of his father, but he was an English subject at the time of his migration to America. He bought a large tract of land then well out in the country, which was known as the Zborowski farm. It ran from the north side of what is now 85th Street to the property in between 87th and 88th Streets and he bought it all at a tax sale, very cheap.

Some years later Zborowski realized that far in the future his little farm would be a fine residential section. Perhaps he was far-sighted enough to see the effect of the recently plotted Park in the center of the city, on the surrounding territory. At any rate, he did a most unusual thing. He restricted his land.

The usual restriction in the Eighties was against tenement houses, the modern apartment house of course not being dreamed of. And when judges rule today about these restrictions, they usually hand down a decision that since apartment houses cannot be classed as tenement houses, said restrictions are null and void.

The restriction Zborowski placed on part of his farm—the curious part is, he did not restrict all of it—is now famous in the annals of real estate in New York City.

The restriction covered a plot of five hundred and eighty feet on 87th Street, two plots on 86th Street, where Numbers 7 and 11 are now, and a solid plot from where Number 17 was, to Number 49, about four hundred and fifty feet in all. These last two plots were sold to a man named Clark, and the restriction on this property read thus:

> No building shall be built on the property specified above except a private dwelling or private dwellings, which term shall exclude flats, tenements, or apartments, *no matter how expensive or substantial the building may be.*

The amazing part of this restriction is in italics. With uncanny foresight Zborowski had envisioned the luxurious apartment of today, towering fourteen and sixteen stories above the city dwellings. Had he also foreseen the marble, and the mirrors, the heavy decorating and noble doormen, to say nothing of the miracle of steel structure responsible for it all? We can only wonder what was back of that last clause.

The south side of 86th Street remained a vacant lot for the years between the minority and majority of the heir to the property, then a small boy. After that, expensive dwellings began to go up, four-story white and brown-stone front houses of the rich. The street was known for many years as a millionaire's street. A wealthy brewer resided there, a merchant prince from an exclusive Fifth Avenue mart, the late-lamented "Diamond Jim," and others.

About ten years ago the city of New York wanted to put a street-car line through 86th Street and the residents were up in arms. They met with the Board of Estimate and protested, and the result was no clang of trolleys disturbed the peace.

"Diamond Jim" Brady is already a legend. His myr-

iad diamonds gleaming on broad bosom, dazzling confirmed first-nighters with their brilliance, have long since gone the way of all jewels whose owner has also gone the way of all flesh.

Whispered tales of the magnificence of his residence at Number 7 West 86th Street seem indeed vague whispers, ghosts and shadowy things, when one stands in the entrance of the house destined ere long for the wreckers.

The marble hall remains, and a curious sliding window on which an Indian seems to move when a breeze shifts the pane. The closet lined with Paisley shawls, where wraps of well-known actresses sometimes hung, is now merely a closet, the shawls having long ago been carefully taken out.

The ebony table with elephant tusks, the huge chandelier on which many tiny figures cavort, together with the side pieces of opalescent lights flanked by more ivory tusks, have gone to Crestlawn, the New Rochelle residence of John Muir. This chandelier and its side pieces cost Brady seventy-five hundred dollars twenty years ago. They were made especially for him abroad.

Over the basement of Number 7, although it is rented, prosaically enough, as are the rest of the rooms in the house, there hangs a faint spell. Here was where "Diamond Jim" played host to his friends, the magnificence of his parties giving the name of "Little Monte Carlo" to the famous basement. Roulette wheels spun around in the tobacco smoke, for although the host did not smoke or drink there were always fine cigars and liqueurs for his guests.

But "Diamond Jim" ate. Ask George Rector, former host of the famous restaurant now vanished into the mists of the years. Ask any tavern on Broadway. How many oysters was it one night? Six dozen? Johns

Hopkins gave him a new stomach when the original Brady organ refused to function longer, and with care he would have lasted a number of years. Back on Broadway, the smell of ether well out of his nostrils, the old life called and again he ate. This time there was a funeral and the pall-bearers gathered. "Diamond Jim" had passed.

John Muir bought the Brady house in 1924. It may have been lingering sentiment for all the Brady poker parties but it was probably the fact that sixty-five thousand dollars was fairly cheap for twenty-five feet of frontage on West 86th Street.

One Saturday morning shortly after the purchase he came into his office more briskly than his usual lively gait. His mind was not on the brokerage business of John Muir & Co. Possibly his memory had harked back twenty-five years to a confrere since departed, Edwin Hawley.

A beautiful tract of land at Babylon, Long Island, had been apportioned into luxurious homes for the sons and daughters of a man once well-known in New York's history. The old man had died and his heirs from one cause or another were not able to maintain the residential gifts their father had made them.

One of these heirs was an intimate of Edwin Hawley. Getting into desperate straits financially and finding himself forced to sell his home and surrounding tract on which were woods and lakes, he approached Hawley and asked him to buy it.

Hawley demurred. He did not fancy paying an exorbitant price for old sake's sake, yet he wanted the property.

Later, Hawley saw John Muir.

"Johnnie, get that property for me down at Babylon,

Crestlawn, New Rochelle, N. Y.

will you?" he asked. "I can build a fine place there. I'll give you a good slice as a commission. If you get it for me now you can occupy it all this summer."

John Muir, acting as the agent for Hawley, secured this valuable property. Hawley erected a palace and furnished it in his usual lavish style. One of the unusual things he did was to import six black swans from Austria to float on the lake on his estate.

On this particular morning in 1924, John Muir decided to have someone do for him what he had done so long ago for Hawley.

"Charlie," he said to his secretary, "I want to buy some houses on 86th Street."

His secretary waited for more. It came.

"I want a lot of them, quick," John Muir said, "and I want them cheap."

Without further words the secretary started on the quest of real estate—cheap—on 86th Street. He found an agent. Casually he mentioned property and at last got around to his point.

"For yourself?" The agent was frankly skeptical.

"Certainly," responded the secretary blandly and paid two hundred and fifty dollars to bind Number 23 West 86th Street until Monday. On that Monday in fifteen minutes, Numbers 21 and 25 were also bought for John Muir.

Under the existing restriction mentioned above, the houses were worth what was paid for them and no more.

The problem of raising the restrictions on the north side of 86th St. between Central Park West and Columbus Ave. had been attempted unsuccessfully several times by various real estate operators in the City of New York, who saw the necessity of doing so to establish the true value of the property; but it was due to the persistence of

a red-haired gentleman, past his 76th birthday, that this stupendous feat was at last accomplished.

An average price of twenty-five hundred dollars per front foot was paid for most of the property. Each house averaged about twenty-five feet of frontage. This price held more or less, except for the last two plots. This is always true when one is acquiring plottage. One pays through the nose, as it were, for the last bits necessary to complete the project.

These houses were Numbers 45 and 47. The latter house was owned by the Hungarian Society of New York and with a little discussion they sold their property. Number 45, however, was another matter.

Prior to this, John Muir's lawyers had searched the title to the whole block of property to get the history of the restriction. They had tried to get the Title Guaranty and Trust Company to insure them against the restriction but the Company refused to do it. They said the consents of all the owners on the south side of 87th Street, east of Columbus Avenue, the west side of Central Park West, and also the owners on the north side of 86th Street were necessary to remove the restriction.

This was an impossible task. Again the lawyers searched the title to see if the Company was right. After a long series of conferences the Title Company agreed that if John Muir, through his attorneys, could obtain the consents of the owners of Numbers 9, 37, 39, 41, 45, and 47, they would insure that apartment houses could be built on the property. This was at last accomplished with the exception of Number 45, and the respective houses were added to the Muir plottage.

Number 45 remained, and became the key to the entire situation. The owners refused to sign a release unless Mr. Muir agreed to purchase their house at the ex-

orbitant figure of $140,000, and give them a lease with a provision therein that they should occupy the house as long as their invalid sister lived. There was a further stipulation that as long as they occupied the house the residences on either side of them would not be torn down.

All of the terms were agreed to. The property had to be acquired and although the terms were hard, they must be accepted. The lease tied up three houses—seventy-five feet—from being wrecked and apartments erected on the site. Thus John Muir came to own practically a solid block of property, for a little later he acquired Numbers 57 and 59. He owned everything except Numbers 5, 9, 13, 15, and 55. Number 3 he had bought and later sold. The statement has been made that this is the largest contiguous plottage of land that had been assembled from various owners in the Borough of Manhattan in many years.

On December 1, 1925, when John Muir was in his seventy-ninth year, plans for the John Muir apartment house at 27 West 86th Street, were completed, as the restriction had finally been removed. It was triumph and it was sweet, for the struggle had been long and hard. The same day the title was passed to the five houses where the Hotel Brewster now stands, next to the John Muir, and a little later, Numbers 37 to 41—sixty-seven feet—were sold, on which has been built the Hotel Hortense. Still another apartment house is being erected on the site of Numbers 49 to 53. Ere long West 86th Street will be a series of splendid modern apartment houses and apartment-hotels. The era of the private house has passed.

Before starting seriously in New York City real estate, and after having resided at 17 W. 86 St. for many years, John Muir decided to move to a suburb. This was in

the year 1914, and one day, while driving through one of the beauty spots of Westchester County, known as New Rochelle, he noticed a fine house on Braemar Avenue which he immediately bought, and so became one of its prominent residents. Later, with his appreciation of the beauty of majestic Long Island Sound, he purchased another residence for his family on Sound View Avenue, and finally in 1917, he acquired "Crestlawn," an extensive property, on North Avenue, now his summer residence.

With his keen business foresight Mr. Muir began to realize the possibilities of property development in New Rochelle, and accordingly, formed one of his largest real estate holding companies, known as Highwood Park Co., Inc. His first venture was to acquire title to a tract of land on the corner of Webster and Winyah Aves, consisting of about 8½ acres, which he named "Brae Crest." This property was subsequently developed and disposed of so rapidly, that it soon led to his purchase of another parcel upon which he built moderately priced dwellings. Finally an opportunity presented itself to buy the magnificent 21 acre estate and manor house of solid fieldstone—which still stands—of the late Consul Geo. Allen Bergholz, formerly American Vice-Consul to China.

For years Mr. Bergholz and his mother, who traveled with him over the world, lived there when not engaged in missions for the United States Government. It was finally sold to a mayor of New Rochelle, and from this last owner John Muir bought the entire property in 1919.

A hobby of Mr. Bergholz had made Highwood Park unusually attractive. From all over the world, and he traveled far and wide, Mr. Bergholz had brought trees of every sort that would grow in New York State. There were countless varieties and as they were well-cared for

"John Muir" Apartment.

they grew and prospered. After the estate left the Bergholz hands, some of the trees were cut down and others died from lack of proper care, so the original number is sadly depleted. But the collection, which was once considered the finest of its sort, still has a great many trees and is one of the sights of New Rochelle.

There was a beautiful lake on the Highwood property, toward the rear. While John Muir was still developing the estate, the Westchester Parkway Commission bought the lake and started to make it part of the Westchester County Highway System. Very lovely homes are now in Highwood Park. They are the finest type of residences in Westchester County

. . . . . .

As each year of wedded life unfolded itself, the rosy hue of happiness became more mellow, and as the golden half century approached, John Muir and his beloved wife found themselves joyfully surrounded by the second and third generations; and so it was when they celebrated their fifty-third wedding anniversary. Looking at the upturned happy faces of his children and grandchildren, and his mind comparing the new age with the old, John Muir jocundly and affectionately read to them his poetic tribute:

THE STORY OF MARY AND JOHN

Years fifty and three have now quickly fled
Since Mary in marriage was willingly led;
What came of the union on that happy morn
Is the story of Mary and John.

The ages of both footed up thirty-eight,
When each to the other pledged troth to its mate;
Naught else but this pledge did their pockets adorn
In the story of Mary and John.

JOHN MUIR OF WALL STREET

The times were quite hard, the outlook was blue,
But hope still was high and of bright rosy hue;
When children began to be born
In the story of Mary and John.

To the West both turned with inquisitive eyes,
First mid-west, then far west they sought for Youth's prize;
The hard times departed, but children came on
In the story of Mary and John.

Then soon their keen eyes looked again to the East;
The children looked too, half a dozen at least,
'Though a number were yet to be born
In the story of Mary and John.

For thirty odd years they lived in New York,
Surrounded by friends, but uncalled on by stork,
When the second generation came on
In the story of Mary and John.

The slight thus imposed by no call from the stork,
Quickly started, in finance, a new kind of work,
In the size of the sales of the small Baby Bond
In the story of Mary and John.

No longer in numbers to equal the first,
The speed of the children was promptly reversed;
The births were so few, they created a yawn
In the story of Mary and John.

But hold—one family alone of the eight
Determined their parents to emulate;
Six children appeared, of these they kept one
In the story of Mary and John.

What became of the rest? This much can be said:
Five soon were turned back to the family head.
They now play about on top of Crest Lawn
In the story of Mary and John.

Mrs. John Muir in 1921.

What then is the sequel of this racial crop,
Can our Country progress if birthings thus stop?
If one or two children's the American size,
A tax on no families, for big ones a prize.
Make the poor breeders pay, let the babies come on
Is the moral of story of Mary and John.

In June, 1923, a great sorrow came to John Muir. Not since the death of his second child, little Agnes Ella, more than forty-five years before had death entered the home. Now the great leveller took John Muir's wife. For fifty-five years Mary Elizabeth Muir had been a faithful wife, friend and partner of her husband. He took every business problem to her for advice and guidance.

Libbie Muir had been in every sense a sharer of her husband's burdens and joys. Now she was gone and loneliness remained.

. . . . . .

"What's cotton doing?" the question came in hearty tones from a man behind a desk on the sixteenth floor of an office in 50 Broadway. He is a big man, fully six feet, tipping the scales at two hundred pounds.

A visitor who has just come in is flattered to meet the head of one of the brokerage firms which has an old and established reputation in Wall Street. But when this stout gentleman, whose hair gleams as redly in the sunlight as a red-headed youth of twenty, begins to talk of his experiences in the West in the early days, wonder creeps into the visitor's mind. He brings his thoughts back from the miracle of Wall Street which he is seeing for the first time, and thinks, "How old is this man?"

A man enters from an adjoining room, and the visitor meets the red-haired man's son. Another surprise. Son? The question of age is now paramount. It all but quivers on his lips.

Then John Muir laughs. He knows what is going on in the visitor's mind.

"How old do you think I am?" his favorite question comes at last.

More bewildered than ever the visitor says, "Why around sixty, I should judge."

Another hearty laugh.

"I'm eighty years old today. And tomorrow I'm going to Europe."

The visitor is still recovering.

"What part of Europe?" he asks courteously, though a trifle lamely.

"Scotland."

And John Muir's eyes look out of the window across the Hudson to the Jersey hills. He sees in his mind's eye Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, the Trossachs, and the grave of the poet he has long loved.

There is a sound of music in the street. A member of the firm rushes in.

"Call J. M.," he says—the affectionate abbreviation for the head of the firm. "The kilties are going down the street."

So out of the window the office force hangs with the man who is eighty years young. He thrills in response to something Scotch—not necessarily from a bottle—as no schoolgirl ever thrilled at the thought of her first beau.

From a Canadian farm to the narrower vistas of the Wall Street canyons. From Scotland and all that rugged historical background to the world's greatest city. It is a story, and now it has been told.

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